

# The Last Dinner Party - The Feminine Urge

tom:

Bm

[Parte 1]

Bm  
A room at dusk  
A  
Mastering the art of lying still  
Em  
Breathe like a girl  
G  
Til my lungs fill  
Bm  
Oh pull your boots on boys  
A  
And push me down  
Em G  
I'm only here for your entertainment

[Refrão]

Gm  
I am a dark red liver stretched out on a rock  
Gbm D  
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love  
Em  
Here comes the feminine urge I know it so well  
G  
To nurture the wounds my mother held  
D  
Oh, ballerina bend under the weight of it all  
Am  
Ain't it fun to hold the world in your hand?  
G  
Do you feel like a man when I can't talk back?  
Gm  
Do you want me or do you want control?  
D  
Failure to commit to the role, I admit  
Am  
Was a failure you achieved on your own  
G  
Do you want me to care when you just disappear?  
Gm  
I can't win them all

[Parte 2]

Bm  
Run 'til I fall  
A  
How I wish the trees would swallow me  
Em  
Make me a forest  
G  
Take away my soul  
Bm  
I could never give  
The curse of her  
A Em

I- I could never live with the guilt of lying  
G  
That people are kind

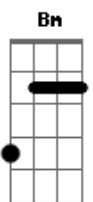
[Refrão]

Gm  
I am a dark red liver  
Stretched out on the rocks  
Gbm D  
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love  
Em  
Here comes the feminine urge  
I know it so well  
G  
To nurture the wounds my mother held  
D  
Oh, ballerina bend under the weight of it all  
Am  
Ain't it fun to hold the world in your hand?  
G  
Do you feel like a man when I can't talk back?  
Gm  
Do you want me or do you want control?  
D  
Failure to commit to the role, I admit  
Am  
Was a failure you achieved on your own  
G  
Do you want me to care when you just disappear?  
Gm  
I can't win them all

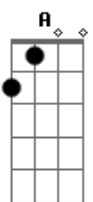
[Refrão]

Gm  
I am a dark red liver (ooh)  
Stretched out on the rocks (oh-oh-ooh)  
Gbm D  
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love  
(ooh-oh-ooh-ooh)  
Em  
Here comes the feminine urge  
I know it so well (oh-oh-ooh)  
G  
To nurture the wounds my mother held  
Gm  
Give me that dark red liquor  
Stretched out on the rocks  
Gbm D  
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love  
Em  
Here comes the feminine urge  
I know it so well  
G  
To nurture the wounds my mother held

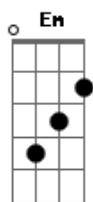
## Acordes



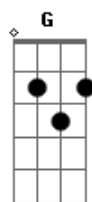
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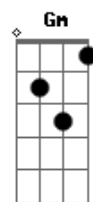
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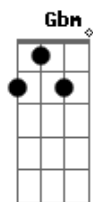
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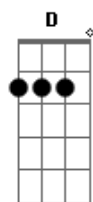
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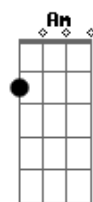
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