

The National - Coat On a Hook

```
Two years since I saw you last curling your
                tom:
Intro: C G Am G
                                                              Hair with your pistol, telling me not to be
                                                              So melodramatic
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                 I'll be waving red flashlights on a roof on an island
Don't leave me here at this party
                                                              You always come back from things like this
 Like a coat on a hook
                                                              [Terceira Parte]
Two days, we're still not talking
                                                              Don't leave me here at this party
 You're the opposite of an open book
  G Am
Come back for me
                                                                Like a coat on a hook
                                                                Two days, we're still not talking
Everyone's nervous and looking at their feet
                                                                You're the opposite of an open book
I ask the same questions
                                                                Come back for me
To everyone I see
[Refrão]
                                                              Everyone's nervous and looking at their feet
                                                              I ask the same questions
 What am I missing? Where have you been?
                                                              To everyone I see
 What if they ask me about it? Where would I begin?
                                                              [Refrão]
 Friendships are melting, nothing is helping
 Nothing's worth keeping, promises cheapen
                                                                 Where are the ninety-nines? Everyone's missing
                                                                It's like a confession with nobody listening
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                Friendships are melting, nothing is helping
 From the beginning, I've had you
                                                                Nothing's worth keeping, promises cheapen
In my mind
                                                                 Two years since I saw you last curling your
                Dm
 Been d?ad slow swimming to you
                                                              Hair with your pistol, telling me not to be
                                                              So melodramatic
In the dead low tide
 This isn't your probl?m, believe me
                                                                It warms my face and gets my hands to open
 I know how I sound
                                                              Snakes in the water paths of our silverware soften
  Don't feel like myself anymore
                                                              Like it says on the prescription
When you're not around
                                                              [Final]
[Refrão]
                                                              Don't leave me here at this party
  Friendships are melting, nothing is helping
                                                              Like a coat on a hook
 Nothing's worth keeping, promises cheapen
Acordes
                                     ukulele-chords.com
```