

The Oak - Mother's Love

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Tom: D
                                                                 Knives and arrows aimed on the second son
m Eb
There was a family
                                                                 A flood of fake intentions covering the sun
     Em
So many people, so many thoughts
                                                                 So many gifts that no one asked for
                                                                         C
                                                                                                                      Em
         Eb
The most obsessed by the greediness
                                                                 The only things missing were the respect and love
Forgotten by love
                                                                 Oh the grief
There was a mother
          Em
She worked hard to give the best
                                                                 Never was so full of regrets
So much suffering she had to pass
                                                                 They will never be relieved
                                                                                                                      E G A
                                                                 Greediness and fake tears on a grave
(And at the end) had nothing but
 selfishness in offer (in offer)
                                                                Е
                                                                        G
                                                            Em
                                                                                                 Am
                                                                     A Dark cloud hangs over your heads
Knives and arrows aimed on the second son
                                                                                                                        \mathsf{Am}
                                                                     God I?m trying not to judge, but is so unfair
A flood of fake intentions covering the sun
                                                                     Brothers fighting for gold and all the filth
                                              Dm
So many gifts that no one asked for
    C
                                                                     One day they will breathe their own guilt
The only things missing were the respect and love
                                                                  (EGAAm)
                                                                                E G A
Oh the grief
                                                                 And oh good
                                                                                    when this day comes to
                                                                 \mathsf{E} \quad \mathsf{G} \quad \mathsf{A}^{\mathsf{T}} \quad \mathsf{Am}
Never was so full of regrets
                                                                 Life
                      Αm
                                                                                            Αm
They will never be relieved
                                                                 They will fell the grief as waves in their
                                                         G
Greediness and fake tears on a grave
                                                                  Eyes
                                                                 (EGAAm)
(EGA)
                                                                 E G A Am
                                                                 oh the second son, always did
They blind themselves for betraying their beloved mother
                                                                 The best to please
                                                                 God he has always been used, indeed
                                                                 By the knife, and by the life
And, oh the ambition burned their heart
                                                               G The mother, wherever she is
                                                                 tries to have some relief
You can blame me I accept, but in the eyes of a child, there
                                                                 From the struggle
is no ill
                                                                 She deserve this
And life is not a big deal
                                                                 One day she will smile again in forever peace
                                Dm
                                                                 (EGA)
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Acordes

