

The Oak - Mother's Love

Tom: D

m ^{Eb}
 There was a family ^{Dm}
 So many people, so many thoughts ^{Am}
 The most obsessed by the greediness ^G
 Forgotten by love ^F
 There was a mother ^{Em}
 She worked hard to give the best ^{Am}
 So much suffering she had to pass ^G
 (And at the end) had nothing but ^{Dm}
 selfishness in offer (in offer) ^{Em} ^G

^C ^{Dm}
 Knives and arrows aimed on the second son ^{Em} ^F
 A flood of fake intentions covering the sun ^{Am} ^G ^F ^{Dm}
 So many gifts that no one asked for ^C ^{Dm} ^{Em}
 The only things missing were the respect and love ^F

^{Gm}
 Oh the grief ^{Am} ^G ^F
 Never was so full of regrets ^{Gm} ^{Am} ^G
 They will never be relieved ^F ^E ^G ^A
 Greediness and fake tears on a grave ^E ^G ^A

^{Am} ^E ^G ^A ^{Am} ^E
 They blind themselves for betraying their beloved mother ^G ^A
 And, oh the ambition burned their heart ^{Am} ^E ^G ^A ^{Am} ^E
 You can blame me I accept, but in the eyes of a child, there ^A ^{Am}
 is no ill ^E ^G ^{Am}
 And life is not a big deal ^E ^G ^{Am}

^C ^{Dm} ^{Em}
 (E G A)

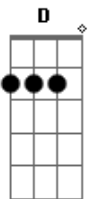
^F
 Knives and arrows aimed on the second son ^C ^{Dm} ^{Em} ^F
 A flood of fake intentions covering the sun ^{Am} ^G ^F ^{Dm}
 So many gifts that no one asked for ^C ^{Dm} ^{Em}
 The only things missing were the respect and love ^F
 Oh the grief ^{Gm}
 Never was so full of regrets ^{Am} ^G ^F
 They will never be relieved ^{Gm} ^{Am} ^G
 Greediness and fake tears on a grave ^F ^E ^G ^A
 (E G A)

^{Em} ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 A Dark cloud hangs over your heads ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 God I'm trying not to judge, but is so unfair ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 Brothers fighting for gold and all the filth ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 One day they will breathe their own guilt ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 (E G A Am)

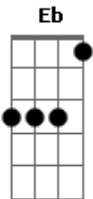
^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 And oh good when this day comes to ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 Life ^E ^G ^A ^{Am} ^E
 They will fell the grief as waves in their ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 Eyes ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 (E G A Am)

^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 oh the second son, always did ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 The best to please ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 God he has always been used, indeed ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 By the knife, and by the life ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 The mother, wherever she is ^G ^A ^{Am}
 tries to have some relief ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 From the struggle ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 She deserve this ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 One day she will smile again in forever peace ^E ^G ^A ^{Am}
 (E G A)

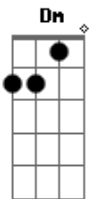
Acordes



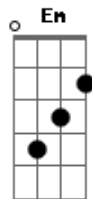
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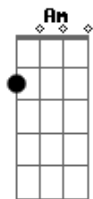
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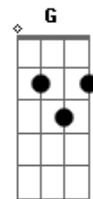
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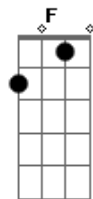
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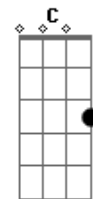
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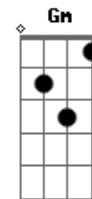
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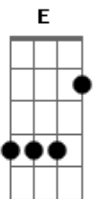
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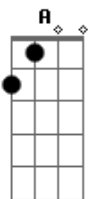
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