

The Shins - So Says I

Tom: C

Am D
An address to the golden door
Am D
I was strumming on a stone again
Am D E
pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched

a tragic opera in my mind...

Am D
and it told of a new design
Am D
in which every soul is duty bound
Am D E
to uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies

the fatal flaw of the red age

Because it was F C
nothing like we'd ever dreamt
our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated
and because it made no money nobody saved no one's life this time

Am D
So we burned all our uniforms
Am D
and let nature take its course again
Am D E
and the big ones just eat all the little ones

that send us back to the drawing board.

Am D (3 Vezes)

Am
In our darkest hours
we have all asked for some
angel to come
sprinkle his dust all around
but all our crying voices they can't turn it around
you've had some crazy conversations of your own.
Am D Am
We've got rules and maps
and guns in our backs but we still can't just
behave ourselves even if to save our own lives so, says I,

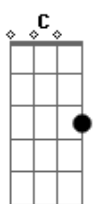
WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND. (3 vezes)

E C
Cuz this is nothing like we'd ever dreamt
Tell Sir Thomas More we've got another failed attempt
Cuz if it makes them money they might just give you life this time.

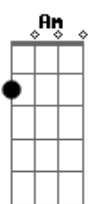
Am D (3 Vezes)

E

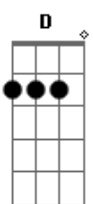
Acordes



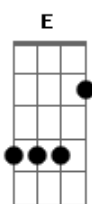
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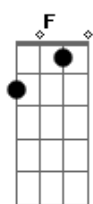
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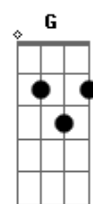
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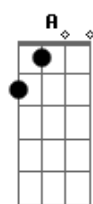
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