

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 C

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

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
C
In our darkest hours
G
we have all asked for some
F
angel to come
C G
sprinkle his dust all around
C G
but all our crying voices they can't turn it around
F Am D Am
you've had some crazy conversations of your own.

Am D
We've got rules and maps
Am D
and guns in our backs but we still can't just
Am D E
behave ourselves even if to save our own lives so, says I,

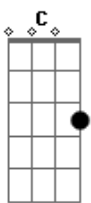
Am D (3 vezes)
WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND.

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

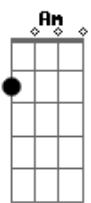
Am D (3 Vezes)

E

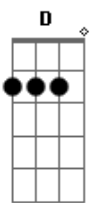
Acordes



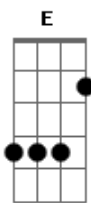
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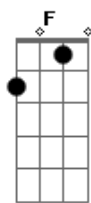
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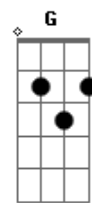
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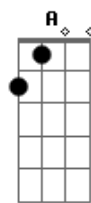
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