

# The Wonder Years - Stained Glass Ceilings

tom:  
 Gb (forma dos acordes no tom de G )  
 Afinação: Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb

[Primeira Parte]

Like a burning monk  
 You're my light flare out in the dark  
 You're my constant call to arms  
 Took the blindfold off  
 They'd left chalk outlines where the future was  
 It's a goddamn war of attrition  
 It's a death by a thousand cuts  
 And if these motherfuckers made it to heaven  
 They burned the bridge when they got across  
 [Refrão 1]

They're gathering anchors  
 They're gathering rope  
 You push into heaven all alone  
 They're grabbing your ankles  
 They won't let you go  
 The ebb and the distant flow  
 They're cutting your wings off  
 Built you ceilings out of stained glass  
 [Segunda Parte]

Well you cut like gravel in my skinned knee  
 The wound will close eventually  
 You'll stay as a reminder of how fucked this world can be  
 Held your funeral on a Tuesday  
 Holy waters, November cold  
 The kid who pulled the trigger  
 Knew tomorrow couldn't promise him hope  
 [Refrão 2]

All these bastards are gathering rope  
 You push into heaven all alone  
 They're grabbing your ankles  
 They won't let you go  
 The ebb and the distant flow  
 They're cutting your wings off  
 Built your ceilings out of stained glass  
 They were cutting your wings off  
 I was staring at my idle hands

Maybe I could've done something  
 Maybe I could've made a difference

( B A B A )  
 ( B A B A )

[Ponte 1]

John Wayne with a God complex Tells me to buy a gun  
 Like shooting a teenage kid is gonna solve any problems  
 Like it's an arms race  
 Like death don't mean nothing  
 To know the heavy price of living poor  
 Walled in by red lines, backed into a corner  
 Not knowing growing up what it's like to belong here in America

[Ponte 2]

If everyone's built the same then how come building's so fucking hard for you?  
 It's something we're all born into  
 Nothing's left up to gray  
 It's black or white and sometimes black and blue  
 It's something we're all born into, whoa-oh  
 Now I know what's in a name  
 Not just my father  
 Three-fifths a man makes half of me  
 Why should I bother?  
 Merchants of misery stacking the deck  
 Fuck your John Waynes  
 Fuck your God complex  
 I have everything in front of me  
 But can't reach far enough  
 To touch those fever dreams  
 They call America  
 I am the ghetto's chosen one  
 The privileged bastard son  
 [Final]  
 They're gathering anchors  
 They're gathering rope  
 You push into heaven all alone  
 They're gathering anchors  
 They're gathering rope  
 You push into heaven all alone

# Acordes

