

The Wonder Years - Stained Glass Ceilings

```
Maybe I could've done something
                            tom:
                Gb (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
                                                                Maybe I could've made a difference
                            Afinação: Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb
            [Primeira Parte]
                                                                (B A B A)
Like a burning monk
                                                                [Ponte 1]
You're my light flare out in the dark
                                                                John Wayne with a God complex Tells me to buy a gun
You're my constant call to arms
                                                                Like shooting a teenage kid is gonna solve any problems
Took the blindfold off
                                                                Like it's an arms race
They'd left chalk outlines where the future was
                                                                Like death don't mean nothing
It's a goddamn war of attrition
                                                                To know the heavy price of living poor
It's a death by a thousand cuts
                                                                Walled in by red lines, backed into a corner
And if these motherfuckers made it to heaven
                                                                Not knowing growing up what it's like to belong here in
They burned the bridge when they got across
                                                                America
[Refrão 1]
                                                                [Ponte 2]
They're gathering anchors
                                                                If everyone's built the same then how come building's so
They're gathering rope
                                                                fucking hard for you?
You push into heaven all alone
                                                                It's something we're all born into
                                                                               Dbm
They're grabbing your ankles
                                                                Nothing's left up to gray
They won't let you go
                                                                It's black or white and sometimes black and blue
The ebb and the distant flow
                                                                It's something we're all born into, whoa-oh
They're cutting your wings off
                                                                Now I know what's in a name
Built you ceilings out of stained glass
                                                                Not just my father
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                Three-fifths a man makes half of me
                                                                Why should I bother?
Well you cut like gravel in my skinned knee
                                                                Merchants of misery stacking the deck
The wound will close eventually
                                                                Fuck your John Waynes
You'll stay as a reminder of how fucked this world can be
                                                                Fuck your God complex
Held your funeral on a Tuesday
Holy waters, November cold
                                                                I have everything in front of me
The kid who pulled the trigger
                                                                But can't reach far enough
Knew tomorrow couldn't promise him hope
                                                                To touch those fever dreams
[Refrão 21
                                                                They call America
All these bastards are gathering rope
                                                                I am the ghetto's chosen one
You push into heaven all alone
                                                                The privileged bastard son
They're grabbing your ankles
They won't let you go
                                                                They're gathering anchors
The ebb and the distant flow
                                                                They're gathering rope
They're cutting your wings off
                                                                You push into heaven all alone
Built your ceilings out of stained glass
                                                                They're gathering anchors
They were cutting your wings off
                                                                They're gathering rope
I was staring at my idle hands
                                                                You push into heaven all alone
```

Oferecimento Lojalele.com.br

No, all alone [Final] Dbm

Acordes

