

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

