

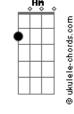
The Wytches - Track 13

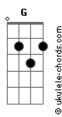
tom: Intro: Am Am Am Am In her sunshine blouse G She prefers to keep the desperate men out And they stay far away And then she?ll feel ok Am Am Am Am Cause the smile on her face is poison In her rotary chair She?s spinning too fast as it spits out her hair And she?s well known For her tendencies grown, as the number on the scales shivers (Am Am) Dm And we fight like the crows Shoulders, elbows, are covered in blows From the farm girls last perge Between selling me your love all passing Well I fell with no pain

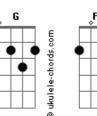
But it hurts just the same Annabelle?s in the rain Reading those dreams, for the number or name Well she comes across like an animal lost

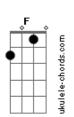
F G Am Am Am Am But her cage is the cleanest around And her parents hold her down in the night Before closing her eyes, she said everything?s fine When she next arrives, with her conscience divine F G Am And a smile on her face artificial Yes the smile on your face artificial Well I search through her paths Running family since birth CAnd I feel like a one Bury body in dirt On my birthday I scream Every day?s a bad dream Or a story to sell

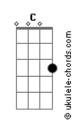
Acordes

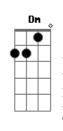


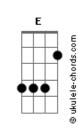












Stop reading me? annabelle