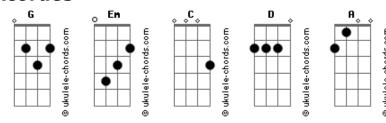


## **Thrice - The Artist In The Ambulance**

```
tom:
                                                                     Em
                                                               There's A difference between sleight of hand, and giving
                                                               everything you have
Late night, brakes lock, hear the tires squeal
                                                               There's a line drawn in the sand, I'm working up the will to
Red light, can't stop so I spin the wheel
                                                               cross it and
My world goes black before I feel an angel lift me up
                                                                                                 Fm
                                                               I hope that I will never let you down
And I open bloodshot eyes into fluorescent white
                                                               I know that this can be more than just flashing lights and
They flip the siren, hit the lights, close the doors and
                                                               sound
I am gooone
                                                               Rhetoric can't raise the dead
[Bridge]
                                                               I'm sick of always talking when there's no change
( C G D )
                                                               Rhetoric can't raise the dead
Now I lay here owing my life to a stranger
                                                               I'm sick of empty words, let's lead and not follow
And I realize that empty words are not enough
                                                               Late night, brakes lock, hear the tires squeal
I'm left here with the question of just
                                                               Red light, can't stop so I spin the wheel
What have I to show except the promises I never kept?
                                                               My world goes black before I feel an angel steal me from the
I lie here shaking on this bed, under the weight of my regrets Em
                                                               Greedy jaws of death and chance, and pull me in with steady
I hope that I will never let you down
                                                               They've given me a second chance, the artist in the ambulance
I know that this can be more than just flashing lights and
sound
                                                               I hope that I will never let you down
(Em C G D)
                                                               I know that this can be more than just flashing lights and
Look around and you'll see that at times it feels like no one
                                                                                            Ċ
                                                               Can we pick you off the ground, more than flashing lights and
                                                               sound
```

## Acordes



It gets me down but I'm still gonna try to do what's right, I