

# Twenty One Pilots - Forest

Tom: F

( Bb F Dm C ) 8x

Bb F Dm C  
I don't know why I feed on emotion  
Bb F Dm C  
There's a stomach inside my brain  
Bb F  
I don't want to be heard  
Dm C  
I want to be listened to  
Bb F Dm  
Does it bother anyone else  
C  
That someone else has your name?  
Dm C Bb  
Oh, does it bother anyone else  
F Dm C  
That someone else has your name, your name  
F C  
I scream, you scream  
Dm Bb Gm  
We all scream 'cause we're terrified  
Bb C  
Of what's around the corner  
F C  
We stay in place  
Dm Bb Gm  
?Cause we don't want to lose our lives  
Bb C  
So let's think of something better.  
Bb F Dm C  
Down in the forest we'll sing a chorus  
Bb F Dm C  
One that everybody knows  
Bb F Dm C  
Hands held higher, we'll be on fire  
Bb F Dm C  
Singing songs that nobody wrote.  
Bb F  
My brain has given up  
Dm C  
White flags are hoisted  
Bb F  
I took some food for thought  
Dm C  
It might be poisoned  
Bb F  
The stomach in my brain  
Dm C  
Throws up on to the page  
Bb F Dm  
Does it bother anyone else  
C Bb F Dm  
That someone else has your name?  
C Bb  
Does it bother anyone else  
F Dm C  
That someone else has your name?  
F C  
I scream, you scream  
Dm Bb Gm  
We all scream 'cause we're terrified  
Bb C  
Of what's around the corner  
F C  
We stay in place

Dm Bb Gm  
?Cause we don't want to lose our lives  
Bb C  
So let's think of something better.

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Ponte: Dm C F Bb

Dm  
Quickly moving towards a storm  
Moving forward, torn  
In to pieces over reasons  
Of what these storms are for  
C  
I don't understand why everything I adore  
Takes a different form when I squint my eyes  
F  
Have you ever done that  
When you squint your eyes  
And your eyelashes make it look a little not right  
Bb  
And then when just enough light  
Comes from just the right side  
And you find you're not who you're suppose to be?  
Dm  
This is not what you're suppose to see  
Please, remember me? I am suppose to be  
C  
King of a kingdom or swinging on a swing  
Something happened to my imagination  
F  
This situation's becoming dire  
My treehouse is on fire  
And for some reason I smell gas on my hands  
Bb  
This is not what I had planned  
This is not what I had planned.

Bb F Dm C  
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Bb F Dm C  
We'll sing a chorus  
Bb F Dm C  
Hands held higher, we'll be on fire  
Bb F Dm C  
Singing songs that nobody wrote.

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Bb F Dm C  
Singing songs that nobody wrote.

Bb F Dm C  
Hands held higher  
Bb F Dm C  
We'll be on fire  
Bb F Dm C  
Hands held higher  
Bb F Dm C  
We'll be on fire

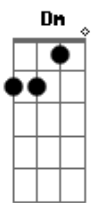
## Acordes



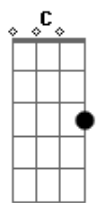
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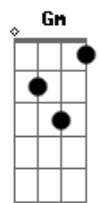
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