

# Under The Rug - Some Kind of Hell

tom:

Em  
You punched a hole  
C G  
In the windshield of my twenty ten Accord  
G  
Some kind of hell  
D  
Is coming for us baby  
( D D D )

C G  
Still out for blood  
C G C  
You screamed like hell at some old lady and her dog  
G  
Which backed away like  
D  
You might give it rabies

[Refrão]  
D7  
My, my, my, my love

Em Am  
There's nothing left at the bottom of the bottle  
D Eb Em  
Your half unfinished novel is sitting on the stairs  
Am  
I know the signs I've been learning how to read them  
Cm7 G  
No need for us to pretend that it will be alright

Gb7 Am G  
Alright  
Gb7 Am G  
Alright  
Gb7 Am G  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh oh  
Gb7 Am G  
Oh, alright  
( D D D )

C G  
I punched a hole  
C G C  
In the windshield of your twenty ten Accord  
G  
I'd say I'm sorry  
D D D  
But I'm not sorry

C G  
And I hate your mom  
C G C  
Hopped up on Xanax that the state helps her afford  
G  
With money meant  
D  
For your sweetheart little brother

[Refrão]  
Em Am  
There's nothing left that I really need to say here  
D Eb Em

Should I try to stay here or will I end up just like you  
I know the signs I've been learning how to read them Am  
Cm7 Am  
No need for us to pretend that you will be alright

[Solo] C Em E Am  
C Em E

F C  
I had the strangest dream  
Em  
I was looking out from your eyes  
Ab  
At me

F C  
And I, I saw myself for real  
C Em  
And not like in a mirror  
Eb Gb7  
But clearer

F C  
And oh, beloved like a friend  
Em  
Like the visions of pretend things  
Ab  
Pretend things

F C  
Now, we'll never be ok  
Em  
But God herself did make us  
Eb Gb7  
Naked

F C  
Clean, just like we were born  
Em  
So, too, shall, we be torn  
Ab  
From our bodies

F C  
Like, it's as if each tree  
Em  
Were an old desreted shrine  
Eb Gb7  
Unlighted

F C  
Done, and pining to be free  
Em  
To crumble in its last gasp  
Ab  
To black ash

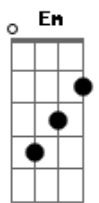
F C  
Once again to reconnect  
Em  
With the pieces of itself that  
Eb Gb7 F  
It left behind

F C  
The closed lids of your eyes  
A7  
Do you dream the same dreams  
Ab  
The same fires?

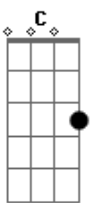
## Acordes



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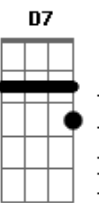
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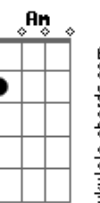
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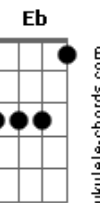
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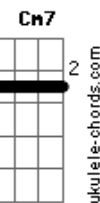
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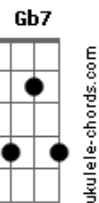
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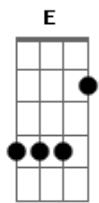
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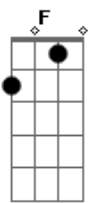
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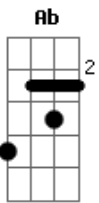
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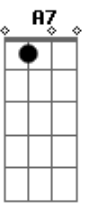
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