

Under The Rug - Some Kind of Hell

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tom:
You punched a hole
In the windshield of my twenty ten Accord
Some kind of hell
Is coming for us baby
( D D D )
Still out for blood
You screamed like hell at some old lady and her dog
Which backed away like
You might give it rabies
[Refrão]
My, my, my, my love
There's nothing left at the bottom of the bottle
Your half unfinished novel is sitting on the stairs
I know the signs I've been learning how to read them
                Cm
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 oh
  Gb7 Am G
Oh, alright
( D D D )
I punched a hole
In the windshield of your twenty ten Accord
I'd say I'm sorry
D D D
But I'm not sorry
And I hate your mom
Hopped up on Xanax that the state helps her afford
With money meant
For your sweetheart little brother
[Refrão]
There's nothing left that I really need to say here
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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
No need for us to pretend that you will be alright
[Solo] C Em E Am C Em E
I had the strangest dream
I was looking out from your eyes
At me
And I, I saw myself for real
 C Em
And not like in a mirror
 Eb Gb7
But clearer
And oh, beloved like a friend
Like the visions of pretend things
Pretend things
Now, we'll never be ok
But God herself did make us
Eb Gb7
Naked
Clean, just like we were born
So, too, shall, we be torn
        Ab
From our bodies
Like, it's as if each tree
Were an old desreted shrine
Eb Gb7
Unlighted
Done, and pining to be free
To crumble in its last gasp
 Ab
To black ash
Once again to reconnect
With the pieces of itself that
Eb Gb7
It left behind
The closed lids of your eyes
Do you dream the same dreams
The same fires?
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