

Intro:

e|-5----(5)-----|  
 B|-5----(5)-----5-5-5-5--|  
 G|-7---(7)-(7)---7-5-----|  
 D|-7-----7-----|  
 A|-5-----7---|  
 E|-----|

Verse:

Am D  
 An address to the golden door  
 Am D  
 I was strumming on a stone again  
 Am D E  
 pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched  
 (run\*)  
 D|-----  
 A|--7--5-----  
 E|-----8--7-----  
 a tragic opera in my mind...

Am D  
 and it told of a new design  
 Am D  
 in which every soul is duty bound  
 Am D E  
 to uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies  
 (run\*) C  
 the fatal flaw of the red age

Chorus:

F C  
 Because it was nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
 F C  
 our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated  
 D F G  
 and because it made no money nobody saved no one's life this time

verse:

So we burned all our uniforms  
 and let nature take its course again  
 and the big ones just eat all the little ones  
 that send us back to the drawing board.

C  
 In our darkest hours  
 G  
 we have all asked for some  
 F  
 angel to come  
 C G  
 sprinkle his dust all around  
 C G  
 but all our crying voices they can't turn it around

*F*

*Am D Am E*

you've had some crazy conversations of your own.

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