

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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