

Annabelle Dinda - The Hand

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The strike, the pause
                tom:
                                                               The message from God forbid she shows emotion
                Cm (forma dos acordes no tom de Am )
Capostraste na 3º casa
                                                               This isn't rage, it's worth a mention
                                                               This is a fake internal tension
Every time a guy writes a song, he's a cowboy, a sailor
Playing with the world in his palm like the first pioneer
                                                               Sometimes, I spread out one opinion
Every time he opens his mouth, it's a loud movie trailer
                                                               And stand on its back to gauge attention
Clipping every image and sound he thinks proves he was here
                                                               This isn't rage, it's too specific
                                                               I like to hate symbolic limits
A hand, a spike, a physical fight
                                                               This is no statement, I'm complicit
A flash of light, a curtain
                                                               This is a dream, God put me in it
A toll, a tithe, the passage of time
                                                               A hand, a spike, a physical fight
A height, a dive, a burden
A girl, a night, a typical type
                                                               The wind around the willow
A siren in the water
                                                               A toll, a tithe, the passage of time
                                                               The melting down the window
A scroll, a nod, a message from God
                                                               The now, the then, the thinking of when
A son, a Holy Father
                                                               The siren in the water
Every time a guy writes a song, he's a sailor, a cowboy
                                                               A strike, a pause, a message from God
Holding out the world in his palm like he made it himself
                                                           F7M Does that make me His daughter?
Every time I open my mouth, I think: Wow, what a loud noise
Still on the soapbox, just hoping I seem underwhelmed
                                                               A hand, a shove, a valley, a jump
                                                               A score under the wire
The hand, the pen, the writing again
                                                               Just sweep me up, just sweep me up
The wind around the willow
                                                               And take me somewhere higher
The felt, the ice, the passage of time
                                                               Just sweep me up, just sweep me up
The melting down the window
                                                               And take me somewhere higher
The now, the then, the thinking of when
                                                               F7M
                                                               Just sweep me up, just sweep me up
The bottle in the ocean
                                                               And take me somewhere higher
Acordes
    F7M
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