Björk - Play Dead

No light, no air to live in

A place called "hate"

F The city of fear

Ст

Cm

Eb F F7 Cm

Ab

Eb

Cm Cm Cm Cm

Tom: Eb Intro: Cm Fm Fm Fm Fm Fm Bb2 C2 Cm Fm Bb Cm Darling, stop confusing me Fm Bb With your wishful thinking Cm Fm Bb Ab Ab Hopeful embraces Cm Dm I have to go through this Dm Cm I belong to here where no-one cares and no-one loves Cm Dm

It stops the hurting Cm Fm Bb Ab Ab I play dead Fm Gm Fm Fm Cm Cm And the hurt stops Cm It's sometimes just like sleeping Dm Cm Cm Curling up inside my private tortures Cm I nestle into pain Cm Cm Hug suffering F Eb Caress every ache Eb F F7 Cm

Cm

Fm

Bb

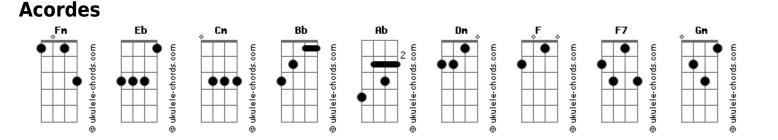
Dm

Dm

I play dead

Cm Cm Cm Cm Ab

> I play dead It stops the hurting



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