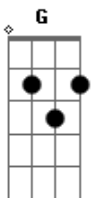


Brand New - Play Crack The Sky

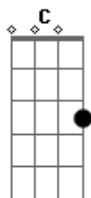
Tom: G
Intro: G C G C
G C Em7 B7sus4
We sent out the SOS call
It was a quater past four
In the morning
When the storm broke our second anchor line.
Four months at sea.
Four months of calm seas
Only to be pounded in the shallows
Off of the tip of Montauk Point.
They call them rogues.
They travel fast and alone,
One hundred foot faces
Of God's good ocean gone wrong
What they call love is a risk,
Cause you will always get hit
Out of nowhere
By some wave and end up on your own.
The hole in the hull defied the crews attempts
To bail us out.
And flooded the engines and radio
And half buried bow.
Your tongue is a rudder.
It steers the whole ship.
Sends your words past your lips
Or keeps them safe behind your teeth.
But the wrong words will strand you.

Come off course while you sleep.
Sweep your boat out to sea
Or dashed it to bits on the reef.
The vessel groans
The ocean pressures its frame.
Off the port I see the lighthouse
Through the sleet and the rain.
And I wish for one more day
To give my love and repay debts.
But the morning finds our bodies
Washed up thirty miles west.
They say that the captain
Stays fast with the ship
Through still and storm.
But this ain't the Dakota.
And the water is cold.
We won't have to fight for long.
This is the end.
This story's old
But it goes on and on
Until we disappear.
Calm me and let me taste
The salt that you breathed
While you were underneath.
I am the one who haunts your dreams
f mountains sunk below the sea.
I spoke the words but never
Gave a thought to what they all could mean.
I know that this is what you want.
A funeral keeps both of us apart.
You know that you are not alone.
Need you like water in my lungs.

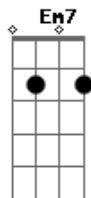
Acordes



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