

Bright Eyes - An Attempt To Tip The Scales

Tom: C

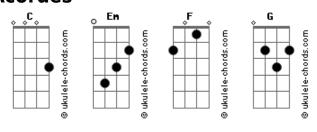
C
Em
Did you expect it all to stop
F
G
at the wave of your hand?

C
Em
Like the sun is just going to drop
F
G
if it's night you demand.

C
Em
Well, in the dark we are just air
F
G
so the house might dissolve.
C
Em
But once we are gone, who is gonna care
F
G if we were ever here at all?

F
Well, summer is going to come
G
and it's gonna cloud our eyes again.
There is not need to focus
F
When there is nothing that it worth seeing.

Acordes



C Em

So we trade liquor for blood
F G
in an attempt to tip the scales.
C Em

I think you lost what you loved
F G
in that mess of details.

C Em

They seemed so important at the time
F G
but now you can't even recall
C Em
any of the names, faces, or lines.
F G
It is more the feeling of it all.

F

Well, winter is going to end and
G Em
I'm going to clean these veins again.
F
So close to dying that I finally can
G
start living.

C Em F G