

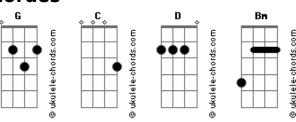
Car Seat Headrest - Beach Life-In-Death

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Tom: G
                                                               Cause it's not the sadness that hurts you
                                                               It's the brain's reaction against it
Last night I drove to Harper's Ferry and I thought about you
                                                               It's not enough to love the unreal
There were signs on the road that warned me of stop signs
                                                               I am inseparable from the impossible
The speed limit kept decreasing by ten
                                                               I want gravity to stop for me
As we entered a town about halfway there
                                                               My soul yearns for a fugitive from the laws of nature
It was almost raining at the train station
                                                               I want a cutscene
We threw our hoods on our heads at the train station
                                                                       Bm
                                                               I wanna cut from your face
        Bm
We threw rocks into the river
                                                               To my face I want a cut I want the next related video
The river underneath the train tracks
And when the train came it was so big and powerful
When it came into the little station
                                                               I don't want to go insane
           D
I wanted to put my arms around it
                                                               I don't want to have schizophrenia
But the conductor looked at me funny
                                                               The ocean washed over your grave
So we had to say goodbye that week
The Monopoly board still in the backseat
                                                               The ocean washed open your grave
         Bm
Took that nightmare left turn to get out of town
Ran into the decreasing speed limits again
                                                               (CGCG)
What should I do? Eat breakfast
What should I do? Eat lunch
                                                               Last night I dreamt he was trying to kill you
What should I do? Eat dinner
                                                               I woke up and I was trying to kill you
What should I do? Go to bed
                                                               It's been a year since we first met
Where can I go? Go the store
Where can I go? Apply for jobs
                                                               I don't know if we're boyfriends yet
Where can I go? Go to a friend's
                                                               Do you have any crimes that that
Where can I go? Go to bed
                                                               We can use to pass the time
(CDGBm)
                                                               I am running out of drugs to try and I
I wrote Beach Death when I thought you were taken
I wrote Beach Funeral when I knew you were taken
                                                               We said we hated humans
I wrote Beach Fagz, well it wasn't about you
                                                               We wanted to be humans
But it could've been, well no it couldn't have
                                                               We said we hated humans
I spent a week in Ocean City
                                                                                  G
And came back to find you were gone
                                                               We wanted to be humans
I spent a week in Illinois
                                                               Get more groceries get eaten get more groceries get eaten get
And came back to find you were still gone
                                                               more groceries get eaten
                                                               (CGCG)
I pretended I was drunk
When I came out to my friends
       D
                                                               A book of Aubrey Beardsley art
I never came out to my friends
We were all on Skype
                                                               Corrupted me in youth
                                                               And now I'm trapped inside my youth
And I laughed and changed the subject
She said, "What's with this dog motif?"
                                                               And you're in love with late stage youth
                                      C D G Bm
I said, "Do you have something against dogs?"
                                                               Thank god for the little things and and
                                                               Fuck god that they're little things I am
I am almost completely soulless
I am incapable of being human
                                                               Running out of prayers to sing and I
I am incapable of being inhuman
I am living uncontrollably
                                                               And pretty soon you'll find some nice young
It should be antidepression
                                                               Satanist with braces and one
As a friend of mine suggested
          Bm
                                                               Capital o significant Other
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And you can take him home to your mother And say "ma, this is my brother" We said we hated humans We wanted to be humans We said we hated humans We wanted to be humans Get more groceries get eaten get more groceries get eaten get more groceries Get eaten by the one you love When they put their lips around you You can feel their smile from the inside (C D) Last night I dreamt he was trying to kill you I woke up and I was trying to kill you Your ears perked up I perked up when your ears perked up You were a-looking around And I hoped it was for me I hoped you were using your sonar systems for me The ancients saw it coming You can see that they tried to warn them In the tales that they told their children But they fell out of their heads in the morning They said sex can be frightening

Acordes



But the children were not listening And the children cut out everything Except for the kissing and the singing When they finally found their home At Walt Disney Studios And then everyone grew up With their fundamental schemas fucked But there are lots of fish left in the sea There are lots of fish in business suits Bm That talk and walk on human feet Visit doctors, have weak knees Oh please let me join your cult I'll paint my face in your colors You had a real nice face I had an early death The ocean washed over your grave The ocean washed open your grave The ocean washed over your grave The ocean washed open your grave The ocean washed over your grave (how's your face, how's your body?) The ocean washed open your grave The ocean washed over your grave The ocean washed open your grave (we're too scared to do shit!) (CDGBm)