

## **Chris Cornell - Through The Window**

```
Tom: Db
                                                                Looking for a life you could
m (forma dos acordes no tom de Bm )
                                                                Create
Capostraste na 2º casa
                                                                                     Fm
                                                                And become somebody else, yeah
                                                                With another face
The clouds that gathered turned to rain
                                                                With another name
The candles on your sill burned out
                                                                No more suffering
The weather on your face
                                                                I wish that i could find a seed
Turned to match the mood outside
                                                                And plant a tree that grows so high
Reading through poems that you saved
                                                                So that i could climb
That make the gloomy hours make sense
                                                                And harvest the ripe stars
Or do they lose their power
                                                                For you and i to drink
With the yellowing of age
                                                                And spit the ashes from our mouths
I saw you suffering
                                                                And put the grey back in the clouds
Through a foggy window in the
                                                                And send them packing with our bags
Rain
                                                                Of old regrets and sorrows
When you thought no one was watching, yeah
                                                                'cause they don't do a thing but drag us down
                                                                So far down
Going through your memories
Like so many prisons to escape
                                                                The past is like a braided rope
And become someone else
                                                                Each moment tightly coiled inside
With another face
And another name
                                                                I saw you suffering
No more suffering
                                                                Through the yellow window of a
You sold the best of yourself out
                                                                With everybody watching, yeah
On a chain of grey and white lies
                                                                Too tired for imagining
One syllable at a time
                                                                That you could ever love somebody
You should have made them pay
                                                                else
A higher price
                                                                From somewhere far away
I saw you suffering
                                                                From another time
Through the cracked and dirty
                                                                From another place
Window pane,
                                                                With another life
I was ashamed that i was
                                                                And another face
Watching, yeah
                                                                And another name
Going through your imagination
                                                                And another name
                                                                No more suffering
```

## **Acordes**

