

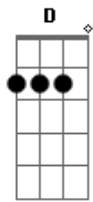
D.A - Da Wallach - Glowing

Tom: D

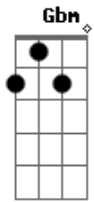
As much as you say that we won't decay
 The bombs went off a week ago
 The grass here is gray, been walking all day
 But I'm not sure we'll make it home
 So if you trust me, hold me close and
 We'll turn to sculptures made of sand

Once they find us, a thousand years from now
 We'll still be right here holding hands
 Still be glowing, smiling like we didn't give a damn
 The lights getting low and the dust to snow
 The broken windows went everywhere
 Your clothes may be torn but I'll keep you warm
 I'll shade your eyes from the firestorm

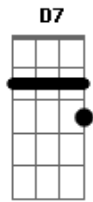
Acordes



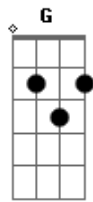
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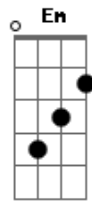
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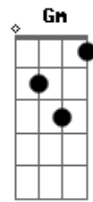
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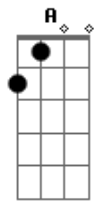
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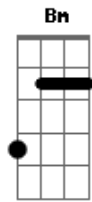
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