

# Hands Like Houses - This Ain't No Place For Animals

Tom: E

Dbm  
The gasoline is mixing with the oxygen.  
B  
In this carousel, the silence is so surreal.  
Dbm B  
I've been misled down empty streets to the heart that never beats  
A B Dbm  
Of a body that I can't keep.

B Dbm B A B  
We're blessed with these, these horrors for highways.  
Dbm B Dbm B A  
This city turns, no longer content to just brush shoulders.  
B Dbm B A Dbm  
Have we lost our touch?

Dbm  
A light goes on.  
Dbm A B Dbm  
We throw our blankets aside.

Dbm Bm A B  
It's been hours now and we still know nothing, we still know nothing

B Dbm B Dbm  
The scars just don't heal the same, when we collide.

B A  
I'd never say that we step to the other side  
B Dbm  
to keep us from brushing shoulders.  
B A B  
But it's collisions we need to remind us that we're alive.

A B  
I'd never say that you make me sick,  
Dbm B  
but you're turning all the questions to cancers.  
A B  
Someone call in the emergency  
Dbm B  
And we'll peel back the dressings so we can see  
A B  
The kind of things that the surgeons see,

Dbm B  
When the bloodwork won't give us the answers.  
A B Dbm B  
They'll never tell us, cause they don't know whats killing us.

Dbm B Dbm  
My heart's at a million miles an hour as we brace for the impact,  
B Dbm  
It makes time stand still, forcing momentum into a moment  
B A B  
So for a split second, I see your face  
Dbm  
In between all the broken glass, hanging like a mobile.  
A B Dbm B  
This is a picture we'll never quite forget.

Dbm  
The surgeons pick, they pick at my body.  
B Dbm  
Their fingers dance, they dance all around me.

Dbm A B  
Hold still while they pick at my body.  
B Dbm  
They'll dance all around me.

Dbm B A  
Breathe your anaesthetic words to slow us down.

B  
Tear back the skin to find, to chase a pulse back home.  
A B  
I'd never say that you make me sick,  
Dbm B  
but you're turning all the questions to cancers.  
A B  
Someone call in the emergency  
Dbm B  
And we'll peel back the dressings so we can see  
A B  
The kind of things that the surgeons see,  
Dbm B  
When the bloodwork won't give us the answers.  
A B Dbm B  
They'll never tell us, cause they don't know whats killing us.

## Acordes

