

# Hippo Campus - Baseball

Tom: Gb

m [Intro] A Dbm Gbm E  
A Dbm Gbm E

A Dbm D Gbm  
I saw a cigarette contend

It was the smell of death that kept strolling in  
A Dbm D Gbm

Maybe that henna'd back of yours  
Db E

That held me back, back from keeping score

A Dbm  
There goes that moonboy

Looking jungly

With all his leaves a-growing

A Dbm  
Split down that long back

He would've thought that

E  
If you got to know him  
A Dbm  
True blue with your fists up

You little kiss up

E  
Wishin' things were heavy

A Dbm  
That's fine in the end though

Where'd all our friends go

E  
We can dip if you're ready

( A Dbm Gbm E )  
( A Dbm Gbm E )

A Dbm Gbm E  
I bet you take me for a fool

A Dbm Gbm  
Nothing like, like rules the cool sensation of Pollock and Jules

A Dbm Gbm E  
Some weird abandon in sheets

A Dbm  
Though the tongue tastes good

Gbm E  
My grammar's falling from the cheeks

A Dbm  
There goes that moonboy

Looking jungly

E  
With all his leaves a-growing

A Dbm  
Split down that long back

D  
He would've thought that

E  
If you got to know him  
A Dbm  
True blue with your fists up

D  
You little kiss up

E  
Wishin' things were heavy

A Dbm

That's fine in the end though

D  
Where'd all our friends go

E  
We can dip if you're ready

( A Dbm Gbm )  
E A Dbm Gbm

I was wrong

E A Dbm Gbm  
You were a friendly kid

E A Dbm Gbm  
I was wrong

E  
You were a friendly kid

A Db Gbm E  
Fill the rafters

A Db Gbm D  
Right field dances

Em D  
Baseball diamonds

A Db Gbm E Dm E7  
Take our chances out

A Dbm D  
There's somethin' fiction 'bout the way that reality's going  
A Dbm Gbm  
Seems like the chakra's playing hopscotch

D  
Anxiety growing

A Dbm D  
Some cordial framework of the sunset; A yellow made out of gray

A Dbm D  
My bones are tired of the body that woke me up today

A Dbm  
There goes that moonboy

D  
Looking jungly

E  
With all his leaves a-growing

A Dbm  
Split down that long back

D  
He would've thought that

E  
If you got to know him  
A Dbm  
True blue with your fists up

D  
You little kiss up

E  
Wishin' things were heavy

A Dbm  
That's fine in the end though

D  
Where'd all our friends go

E  
We can dip if you're ready

( A Dbm Gbm )

E A Dbm Gbm  
I was wrong

E A Dbm Gbm  
You were a friendly kid

E A Dbm Gbm  
I was wrong

E  
You were a friendly kid

A  
I was wrong, I was wrong, I was wrong

## Acordes

