

Hole - Petals

Tom: C

C Em C Em
She's the angel on top of the tree
C Em
Sugarheart, here she comes
Am
She's going to fall on me

C Em
Innocence was our fire
C Em
We told the truth
C Em Am
I miss the sweet boys in the summer of their youth

Am C
Tear the petals off of you
Em
And make you tell the truth
Am C Am
Tear the petals off of you
Am C
Tear the petals off of you
Em
And make you tell the truth
Am C Am
Tear the petals off of you

C Em C Em
They will make you so, so cynical
C Em
The fire burns the flesh
Am
Destroyed the best and made us old

C Em
She's the grace of this world
C Em C Em
She's too pure for the likes of this world
Am
This world is a whore

Am C
Tear the petals off of you
Em
And make you tell the truth
Am C Am

Tear the petals off of you
Am C
Tear the petals off of you
Em
And make you tell the truth
Am C Am
Tear the petals off of you

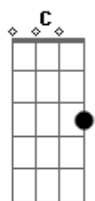
E A
Oh...it's all mine
E A
And hey...it's all mine
E A
And hell is all mine

C E
I never knew what I could be
C E
All the darling buds of May
F A
They fall with no sound
F D
They carry you down
F D
They carry you down

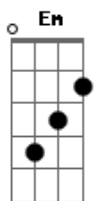
C Em
All the lilies bloomed and blossomed
C Em
Wilted and they're shivering
C Em
I can't stop their withering
Am
Oh, this world is a war

Am C
Tear the petals off of you
Em
And make you tell the truth
Am C Am
Tear the petals off of you
Am C
Tear the petals off of you
Em
And make you tell the truth
Am C Am
Tear the petals off of you

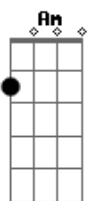
Acordes



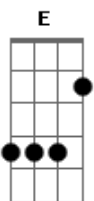
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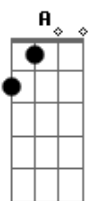
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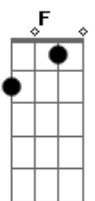
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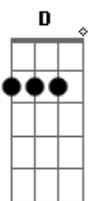
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