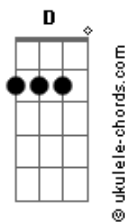
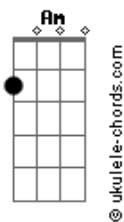
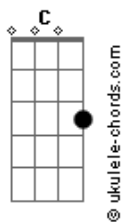
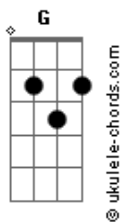


# Immaculate Fools - Wonder Of Things

tom:  
G

There's an ancient rage  
That lives in me  
As old as rain  
As old as dreams  
I can't stop now  
I'm in too deep  
I lose myself  
In the wonder of things  
  
There's a faultless god  
Who counts my sins  
He follows me around  
On devil's wings  
But I don't care  
What he thinks of me  
Not when I lose myself  
In the wonder of things  
  
There's a handsome witch  
Who sits by me  
Her magic tricks  
For all my needs  
While I sleep

## Acordes



She paints my dreams  
We lose ourselves  
In the wonder of things  
  
( G C G C )  
( G C Am D G )  
  
Where we walk  
Is sacred ground  
The songs we sing  
They go round and round  
You can't catch me  
You don't know how  
Not when I lose myself  
In the wonder of things  
  
Throw your arms  
Wide embrace all things  
From small to tall  
From fat to thin  
Catch them all  
Toe to chin  
And lose yourselves  
In the wonder of things  
  
[Final] G C G C  
G C Am D G