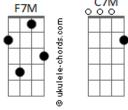


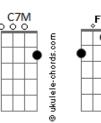
Interpol - Obstacle 1

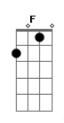
```
Tom: F
I wish i could eat the salt off your last faded lips % \left\{ 1\right\} =\left\{ 1\right
We can cap the old times make playing only logical harm
                                                                                                                                               Am
We can top the old lines clay-making that nothing else will
change.
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read,
she's bad
Oh, she's bad
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       C
C7M
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see
this face again
You go stabbing yourself in the neck
F7M
C7M
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see
this place again
                                                                                                                                                                                    C
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Αm
And you go stabbing yourself in the neck
We can find new ways of living make playing only logical harm
And we can top the old times, clay-making that nothing else
will change.
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad
Oh, she's bad
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	C7M It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this face again F7M C Am C7M You go stabbing yourself in the neck F7M C Am
	It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see this place again F7M C Am C7M And you go stabbing yourself in the neck
	F Am F Am It's in the way that she posed, F Am F Am it's in the things that she puts in my head
	F Am Her stories are boring and stuff. F Am
	She's always calling my bluff.
	She puts the, she puts the weights into my little heart, F $$\rm C7M$$ And she gets in my room and she takes it apart.
Э	F C7M She puts the weights into my little heart, F C7M
	I said she puts the weights into my little heart.
	F Am
	F Am She packs it away
	F C7M It's in the way that she walks F C7M
	Her heaven is never enough F C7M
	She puts the weights in my heart F C7M
	She puts, oh she puts the weights into my little heart.

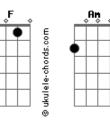
Acordes







C



Am

