

# John Frusciante - Hope

Tom: B

I feel the hope running low  
 we never found our way home  
 There is no more world  
 The land is gone  
 water is all that sur - vived that one  
 there are no escapes no escapes no escapes  
 gone are the days of mis - takes  
 our mis - takes  
 and did you see  
 the night wore on  
 and became the days that never begun

The disappearing day  
 You know where I'm from  
 Is the only place that for - ever stays young

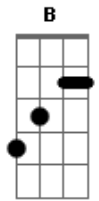
Lost at sea  
 we're lost at sea  
 I wouldn't know my face if you all were me  
 All we have is all we see  
 There is no more hope  
 There are no dreams

Solo1

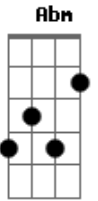
Solo2

Final solo

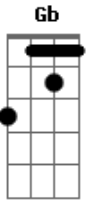
## Acordes



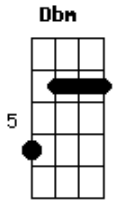
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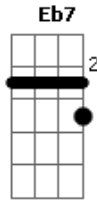
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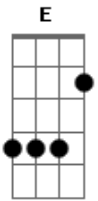
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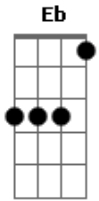
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