

# John Mark McMillan - Setting Suns

Tom: <b>D</b>	Is how good you are to me
When everything's said and done	<b>Em</b>
Your all I really have	This body is a hole
In the midst of these setting suns	<b>G</b>
The city lights at best	My flesh one shallow grave
Are portraits of my friends	<b>D</b> <b>Dbm</b>
But they don't make amends	I am six feet below myself
For this ridiculous mess	
( <b>Em G D Dbm</b> )	
<b>Em</b>	<b>Em</b>
So I will float on	So I will float on
Every word you said	<b>G</b>
When the water of my ghosts	Every word you said
They rise above my head	<b>D</b>
And I will stand up on your back	When the water of my ghosts
In the middle of this sea	<b>Dbm</b>
When collectors of my debts	They rise above my head
They come to sink there teeth	<b>Em</b>
	And I will stand up on your back
And its all I can think about now	<b>G</b>
all I can think about now	In the middle of this sea
all I can think about	<b>D</b>
	When collectors of my debts
	<b>Dbm</b>
	They come to sink there teeth
	<b>G</b> <b>D</b> <b>Em</b>
	And its all I can think about now
	<b>G</b> <b>D</b> <b>Em</b>
	all I can think about now
	<b>G</b> <b>D</b> <b>Em</b>
	all I can think about
	Is how good you are to me

## Acordes

