

Linea Aspera - Malarone

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Time spent in foreign lands is a cure
               tom:
Intro: Gm Cm Ab Eb G
                                                             It seems, and it triggered a change in me
       Gm Cm Ab Eb G
            Cm
                            Ab
                                                             Cm
                                                                  Ab
He's a protozoan, he's just a filthy protozoan
                                                             He's a protozoan, he's just a filthy protozoan
           Cm
                           Ab
                                                             Cm Ab Cm
He's a protozoan, he's just a filthy protozoan
                                                             Parasite in the bloodstream, this is unclean, this is unclean
                                                                                         Cm
                                                             I was twisted up in Cwezi shrines, and you were the anomaly
The roads are dry and dusty
                                                                 Eb
The roads are dry and dusty
                                                             A conceited disease
       Fb
                                                                Gm
And we're taking in the scenery
                                                             Time spent in foreign lands is a cure
Waving to the people in the fields
                                                             It seems, and it triggered a change in me
This is life to me
                                                             The roads were dry and dusty
            Eb
As far as the eye can see
                                                             The roads were dry and dusty
And you are dead, you are dead, you are dead to me
                                                             We were taking in the scenery
I was twisted up in Cwezi shrines, and you were the anomaly
                                                            Waving to the people in the fields
A conceited disease
                                                              This is life to me
                                                                         Eb
   Gm
                                                             As far as the eye can see
Time spent in foreign lands is a cure
It seems, and it triggered a change in me
                                                             And you were dead, you were dead, you were dead to me
 I was twisted up in Cwezi shrines, and you were the anomaly
Ravenous and unrelenting, pathogenic and parasitic
                                                             A conceited disease
This is unclean and it has to be treated
                                                             Time spent in foreign lands is a cure
                                                                                        Fb
Parasite in the bloodstream: this is unclean, this is unclean
                                                             It seems, and it triggered a change in me
And he's feeding, he's been feeding on everything
                                                                              He's just a filthy protozoan
                                                             . . .
                                                             Gm
                                                                                         Ab
I was twisted up in Cwezi shrines, and you were the anomaly
                                                                              He's just a filthy protozoan
A conceited disease
                                                             [Final] Cm
    Gm
                       Cm
Acordes
                        Jkulele-chords.com
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