

# Mø - No Mythologies To Follow

Tom: Bb

Intro: Gm Eb Gm F  
Gm Eb Bb F

Gm Eb  
Born free, hanging in the trees  
Gm F  
And waiting for the duties coming for me  
Gm Eb Bb  
All we ever do is count the time, following something  
F  
Riddles in their diamond rings  
Gm Eb  
Please cure the disease  
Gm F  
Come on, baby, get a pretty picture of me  
Gm Eb  
While the world is dreaming about gold  
Bb F  
Digging in their holes, oh, digging in their sleepless dreams  
Gm Eb  
You make me wanna spit on your honor  
Bb F  
Go with the bus waiting 'round the corner  
Gm Eb  
To seek the fire and my desires  
Bb F  
If we could all just do as I do

Gm  
Where, where do we go?  
Eb  
Where the, where the wind blows  
F  
We're the youth on our own  
F  
Waiting for our call  
Gm  
Where, where do we go?  
Eb  
Where the, where the wind blows  
F  
Generation with no mythologies to follow  
( Gm Eb Bb F )

Gm Eb  
Born free, who am I to be  
Gm F  
When nothing in the world will have to rely on me?  
Gm Eb Bb  
I remember good old times, the starships in your eyes  
F  
Now we're just getting drunk and die  
Gm Eb  
You make me wanna waste by our wonder  
Bb F  
Only the gods save you when I'm gone  
Gm Eb  
And we walk in fire like every riot  
Bb F  
And we do not know what to do

Gm  
Where, where do we go?  
Eb  
Where the, where the wind blows  
F  
We're the youth on our own  
F  
Waiting for our call  
Gm  
Where, where do we go?  
Eb  
Where the, where the wind blows  
F  
Generation with no mythologies to follow  
Gm Eb  
We go on and we go on, go nowhere every day  
Bb F  
We're trying to suppress that nothing matters anyway  
Gm Eb  
Ride and ride until you're hollow  
F  
We got no mythologies to follow  
Gm Eb Bb  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
F  
Ooh  
Gm Eb  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
Bb F  
We got no mythologies to follow

Gm Eb  
You make me wanna spit on your honor  
Bb F  
Go with the bus waiting 'round the corner  
Gm Eb  
To seek the fire and my desires  
Bb F  
If we could all just do as I do

Gm  
Where, where do we go?  
Eb  
Where the, where the wind blows  
F  
We're the youth on our own  
F  
Waiting for our call  
Gm  
Where, where do we go?  
Eb  
Where the, where the wind blows  
F  
Generation with no mythologies to follow

Gm Eb  
We go on and we go on, go nowhere every day  
Bb F  
We're trying to suppress that nothing matters anyway  
Gm Eb  
Ride and ride until you're hollow  
F  
We got no mythologies to follow

## Acordes

