

# Mother Mother - All The Dying

tom: G

When I see a face of anonymity A Dbm  
 Crying on the street, it does something to me A Dbm  
 I?make?believe malady, tragedy A Ab D  
 Flowers?on the grave is a beautiful?thing A Db  
 'Cause flowers on the grave still means they're getting something A D  
 But when the flowers ain't there, and the grave is bare A Ab  
 I think of old dead bones that don't get theirs D  
 I think of all the butchers and all the beef Dbm A  
 I think of all the flies in all the h?at Dbm A  
 I think of all the dying and dying and dying Dbm Dbm  
 Dying and dying and decomposing D  
 Dying and dying's for real D  
 Wh?n I see the damned in their dire straights A Dbm  
 Damning all the men with those American names A D  
 I say "don't damn the man, damn your hand A  
 For makin' a fist and shaking it all around" Ab  
 Damn the hand, damn your hand D D

Oh, you can damn the butchers and damn the beef  
 Oh, you can damn the flies in all the heat Dbm A  
 Or you can damn the dying and dying and dying Dbm Dbm

[Solo] A Dbm Bm F  
 Dying and dying and decomposing A Dbm  
 Dying and dying's for real A D  
 Dying and dying and pounds of posy A Dbm  
 Dying and dying's forever A D

When I hear the crying of a siren in the night A B E  
 I think of piles of writhing people, fighting for their lives A B E  
 I see an image of a body, broken and beet red A Abm  
 I hear the a cappella angels singing for the dead D Cm Dm Em  
 I think of all the butchers and all the beef Dbm A  
 I think of all the flies in all the heat Dbm A  
 I think of all the dirt that lays a bed for bones Dbm C E A  
 I think of all the words that get written on the stones Dbm C E A  
 I think of all the surf that come crashing over souls Dbm E  
 I think of all the dying Dbm  
 All the dying Dbm  
 All the dying Dbm  
 All the dying Dbm

## Acordes

