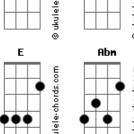


Mother Mother - All The Dying

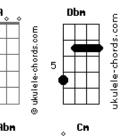
tom: When I see a face of anonymity Crying on the street, it does something to me Ab D I?make?believe malady, tragedy Flowers?on the grave is a beautiful?thing 'Cause flowers on the grave still means they're getting something But when the flowers ain't there, and the grave is bare I think of old dead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

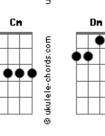
Oh, you can damn the butchers and damn the beef Dbm Oh, you can damn the flies in all the heat Dbm Dbm Or you can damn the dying and dying and dying [Solo] A Dbm Bm F Dying and dying and decomposing Dying and dying's for real Dbm Dying and dying and pounds of posy Dying and dying's forever When I hear the crying of a siren in the night I think of piles of writhing people, fighting for their lives Abm I see an image of a body, broken and beet red Cm Dm Em I hear the a cappella angels singing for the dead Dbm I think of all the butchers and all the beef Dbm I think of all the flies in all the heat Dbm C I think of all the dirt that lays a bed for bones Dbm I think of all the words that get written on the stones I think of all the surf that come crashing over souls Dhm I think of all the dying All the dying Dbm All the dying Dbm All the dying

Dbm **Acordes**

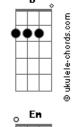


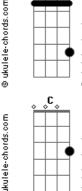
Damn the hand, damn your hand





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