

## **Radical Face - Holy Branches**

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Tom: A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Wring my soot-black hands
           Intro 2x: Gbm A E B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               And I don't sleep much
When you were young
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Days don't feel different
You'd bite your tongue
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               From the nights
Calm, always did what you were told
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              With no goals in mind
Never ran your mouth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               There's a hole in my chest
Lived life on tiptoes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               From the time I walked away
Only felt peace if by yourself
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               One I fill with sweat
When mistakes don't count
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               So now I know I'm nothin' they want
There's a hole in your chest
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               But everybody's bones are just holy branches
From the time that you were born % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Ride the breeze to cut patterns in the leaves
One that don't get filled
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              And in time we find some shelter
 'cause you've always known you're nothin' they want
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Spill our seeds and then wait for our turns
But everybody's bones are just holy branches
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               But for now we're adrift on the waves of discontent
Cast from trees to cut patterns into the world
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Trying to carve our place
And in time we find some shelter
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               All in hopes we'll be something they want
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               But I'm not holding my breath
Spill our leaves and then sleep in the Earth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Gbm A E Bm x4 over the "ooo-oo-oo" bit
And when we're there we'll belong
 'cause the Earth don't give a damn if you're lost
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Trace your fingers down my spine
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               B D
(Gbm A E Bm)(2x)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Make your home behind my eyes
Gbm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Line my skull with harmless lies
Now I live alone
Working the belly of machines
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               I'll bide my time until I'm something they want.
Acordes
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