

# Radical Face - The mute

Tom: Db

(com acordes na forma de G )

Capotraste na 6ª casa

Intro: G C

Em Well, as a child I mostly spoke inside my head  
 Em I had conversations with the clouds, the dogs, the dead  
 Em And they thought my broken, that my tongue was coated lead  
 D But I just couldn't make my words make sense to them  
 D If you only listen with your ears... I can't get in  
 Em And I spent my evenings pullin' stars out of the sky  
 Em And I'd arrange them on the lawn where I would lie  
 Em And in the wind I'd taste the dreams of distant lives  
 D And I would dress myself up in them through the night  
 D While my folks would sleep in separate beds... and wonder why

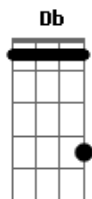
( Em C G ) (3x)  
 ( D C Em )  
 ( D C D )

( G )

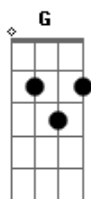
Em And through them days I was a ghost atop my chair  
 Em My dad considered me a cross he had to bear  
 Em And in my head I'd sing apologies and stare  
 D As my mom would hang the clothes across the line  
 D And she would try to keep the empty... from her eyes  
 Em So, then one afternoon I dressed myself alone  
 Em I packed my pillowcase with everything I owned  
 Em And in my head I said "goodbye," then I was gone  
 D And I set out on the heels of the unknown  
 D So my folks could have a new life of their own  
 D So that maybe I could find someone  
 D Who could hear the only words that I'd known

( Em C G ) (7x)  
 ( D C Em )  
 ( D C )  
 ( D )

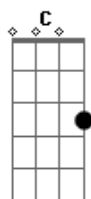
## Acordes



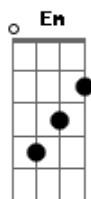
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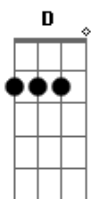
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