

Ramshackle Glory - Your Heart Is A Muscle The Size Of Your Fist

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And hold on, and hold on
                                                                                         tom:
                                                                                                                                                                                                              Hold on for your life
Intro: D A Bm G
                                                                                                                                                                                                        DG DG DG DG
                                                                                                                                                                                                               This one goes out to Georgios, he knows how to dance
     Dalia never showed me nothing but kindness
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Abby Banks, your book is beautiful
     She would say: I know how sad you get
                                                                                                                                                                                                               And fuck anyone who says otherwise
     And some days, I still get that way
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Scott, I love you and you make me glad to be alive
     But it gets better
     It gets better
                                                                                                                                                                                                               I promise that I?m gonna pay you back
                                                                                                                                                                                                               You always know how funny everything is
     It gets better
     Sweetie, it gets better, I promise you
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Even when I?m so serious that it?s gonna be the death of me
     And she'd tell me
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Like the time
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                                                               that our friend Chuck came over to our house
                                                                                                                                                                                                               He said he needed somebody to take care of his pets
     Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist
                                                                                                                                                                                                                'Cause he was going out of town
     Keep on loving, keep on fighting
                                                                                                                                                                                                               I asked him where and he said: New Mexico
     And hold on, and hold on
                                                                                                                                                                                                               I asked if I could get a ride
     Hold on for your life
                                                                                                                                                                                                               He said: No, you don?t want to follow me
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Where it is I?m going
     Ian built a cabin in the woods to live in
                                                                                                                                                                                                               He backed out of the drive way
                                                                                                                                                                                                               That was the last time we saw him
     For years, terrifying noises kept him up at night
                                                                                                                                                                                                                'Cause he drove straight to his parent?s cabin
     With a twelve gauge under his pillow % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left(
                                                                                                                                                                                                               And put a bullet in his head
     He?s living in Boston now, going to art school
                                                                                                                                                                                                         [Refrão]
     I forgive him
     I forgive him
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist
     Hell, I?ll admit it: I?m proud of him
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Keep on loving, keep on fighting
     Serena?s an architect and a carpenter
                                                                                                                                                                                                               And hold on, and hold on
     She?s such a feminist she says she isn?t one
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Hold on for your life
     Because Goddamn, my gender shouldn?t matter!
     And her motorcycle glides through the streets of Providence
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist
     Down to the warehouse district
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    G
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Keep on loving, keep on fighting
     The paint job is as stunning as
                                                                                                                                                                                                               And hold on, and hold on
     Her knowledge of medieval building techniques
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Hold on for your life
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                                                         [Final]
     Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist
                                                                                                                                                                                                        DG DG DG DG
                                        G
     Keep on loving, keep on fighting
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DGAD DGAD

Acordes

