

R.E.M. - Hope

Tom: C

C
 You want to go out Friday, and you want to go forever,
 you know that it sounds childish, that you've dreamt of
 alligators.
F
 You hope that we are with you, and you hope you're
 recognised,
 you want to go forever, you see it in my eyes.
F
 I'm lost in the confusion and it doesn't seem to matter,
C
 you really can't believe it, and you hope it's getting
 better.
C
 You want to trust the doctors, their procedure is the
 best,
 but the last try was a failure, and the intern was a mess.
 And they did the same to Matthew and he bled 'til Sunday
 night.
F
 They're saying don't be frightened,
 but you're weakened by the sight of it.
F
 You lock into a pattern, and you know that it's the last
 ditch.
C
 You're trying to see through it, and it doesn't make
 sense.
F
 But they're saying: Don't be frightened! and they're
 killing alligators,
C
 and they're hog-tied and accepting of the struggle.
C

You want to trust religion, and you know it's allegory,
 but
 the people who are followers have written their own story.
F
 So you look up to the heavens and you hope that it's a
 spaceship,
C
 and it's something from your childhood,
 you're thinking don't be frightened.
Em
 You want to climb the ladder, you want to see forever,
C
 you want to go out Friday, and you want to go forever.
F
 And you want to cross your dna,
C
 to cross your dna with something reptile.
F
 And you're questioning the sciences and questioning
 religion,
C
 you're looking like an idiot, and you no longer care.
F
 And you want to bridge the schism,
C
 a built-in mechanism to protect you.
F
 And you're looking for salvation, and you're looking for
 deliverance,
C
 you're looking like an idiot, and you no longer care.
 Cause you want to climb the ladder, you want to go
 forever,
 you want to go out Friday, you want to go forever...

Acordes

