

# Skid Row - Wasted time

tom:  
F (forma dos acordes no tom de D )  
Capostrate na 3ª casa  
Intro: Am Em G Em G  
Am Dm7 C Aadd9 E

Am E7  
You and I together in our lives  
Am Dm  
Sacred ties would never fray  
Am E7  
Then why can't I let myself tell lies  
Cm Dm  
And watch you die every day

F G C G  
I think back to the times  
Am G  
When dreams were what mattered  
C G Am G Em  
Tough talking youth naivete  
F Am  
You said you never let me down

But the horse stampedes and rages  
In the name of desperation G

[Refrão]

C G Am F  
Is it all just wasted time  
C G  
Can you look at yourself  
Em  
When you think of what  
F  
You left behind  
C G Am F  
Is it all just wasted time  
C G  
Can you live with yourself  
Em  
When you think of what  
F Am E7 Am Dm E7  
You've left behind

Am E7  
Paranoid delusions they haunt you  
Am Dm  
Where's my friend I used to know  
Am E7  
He's all alone He's buried deep within a  
Am Dm  
Carcass Searching for a soul

F G C G Am  
Can you feel me inside your heart  
G  
As it's bleeding  
C G Am G Em  
Why can't you believe you can't be loved  
F Am  
I hear you scream in agony  
C  
And the horse stampedes and rages  
G  
In the name of desperation

## Acordes

[Refrão]

C G Am F  
Is it all just wasted time  
C G  
Can you look at yourself  
Em  
When you think of what  
F  
You left behind  
C G Am F  
Is it all just wasted time  
C G  
Can you live with yourself  
Em  
When you think of what  
F Am G F Em Dm  
You've left behind

F G , Am  
Ah Ah Ah Ah

[Solo] F Am F Am  
F Am C G  
C G Am F  
C G Am G Em

F Am  
You said you never let me down  
C  
But the horse stampedes, it rages  
G  
In the name of desperation

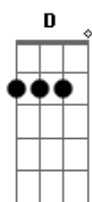
[Refrão]

C G Am F  
Is it all just wasted time  
C G  
Can you look at yourself  
Em  
When you think of what  
F  
You left behind  
C G Am F  
Is it all just wasted time  
C G  
Can you live with yourself  
Em  
When you think of what  
F G F  
You've left behind

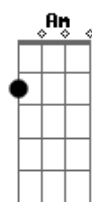
Am  
The sun will rise again  
G  
The earth will turn to sand  
C Dm  
Creation's colors seem to fade to grey  
Am  
And you'll see the sickly hands of time  
G  
Will write your final rhyme  
Cm A E Bb Gbm E  
And end a memory  
A E Gbm E  
I never thought you'd let it get this far, boy



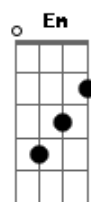
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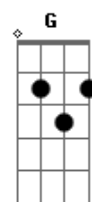
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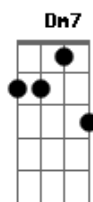
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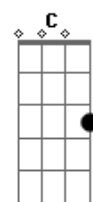
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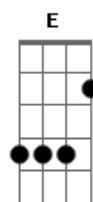
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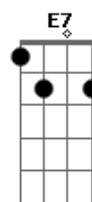
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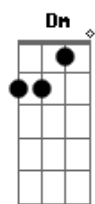
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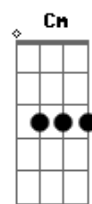
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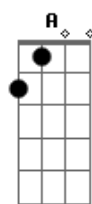
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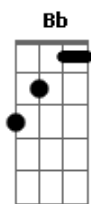
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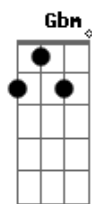
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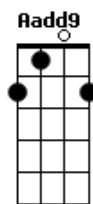
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