

# Tall Heights - Spirit Cold

Tom: A

m

How do I wake my spirit cold?  
 We always say when our history's told  
 If only we knew the things we know  
 There's a question ages old

Let me down easy, let me down slow  
 If all good things ever come and go  
 Let me back down in a place I know  
 Hold the nail for the hammer stroke

Ooooooh this my trash, this my tome  
 Ooooooh this my blood, this my bone

How do I learn my dreams to mold,  
 To lay them bare in the morning cold?  
 If they're still out there then the chasm grows  
 For all you know, for all you've known

Let me down easy, let me down slow  
 If all good things ever come and go  
 Let me back down in a place I know  
 Hold the nail for the hammer stroke

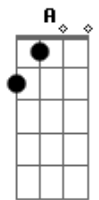
Ooooooh this my weapon, this my loam  
 Ooooooh this my blood, this my bone

How do I wake my spirit cold?  
 Most people die but others just go  
 She's still out there and the chasm grows  
 Steady are the feet in the morning glow

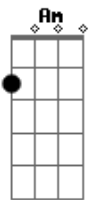
Ooooooh this my trash, this my tome  
 Ooooooh this my weapon, this my loam  
 Ooooooh this my mountain, this is my home

How do I wake my spirit cold?  
 There's a question ages old

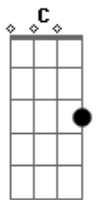
## Acordes



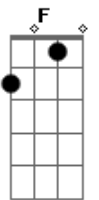
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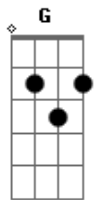
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