The Devil Makes Three - The Bullet

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                         tom:
                    Am
Intro: Am  G  Am  G
       Am  G  Am  G  Am

 Am                      G   Am  G   Am
Well he opened up his shop at the age of nineteen

 Am      G      Am  G    Am
Stealing anything the eye could see
 Am            G       Am  G    Am
Said gather round, you people, anything you need
Am                      G
I'll keep my name on your lips
Am        G            Am
And put the word out on the street

[Refrão]

Am                   C          Am         Dm
And I will ride til my fingers, they are down to the bone
Am      C             Am        Dm
Wander til I can't remember my own home

Am             C           Am   Dm
Drink til I don't know the meaning of alone
Am                    Em      Am
Until that bullet flies to carry me home
 Am              Am              C
'til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies
 C             Em                        Am
That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home
 Am             Am          C
'til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies
 C             Em                        Am
That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home
 Am           G         Am  G   Am
Well he never, ever smiled but he always seemed pleased
Am           G           Am  G  Am
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Said I'll never live down upon my bended knees
Am           G           Am  G   Am
Said I see the game and the game, it sees me
Am       G        Am  G   Am
And we will dance until they bury me

[Ponte] Am  C  Am  Dm  Am
        C  Am  Em  Am  C
        Am  Dm  Am  Em  Am  Em

Am                    G           Am  G   Am
So I will rise like the ashes from a building as it burns
Am          G        Am  G   Am
Screaming at my enemies you'll all have your turn
Am         G        Am  G    Am
The more pain I feel, the less that it hurts
Am         G       Am  G   Am
The more I move on, the more I am sure

[Refrão]

Am                   C          Am         Dm
That I will ride til my fingers, they are down to the bone
Am      C             Am        Dm
Wander til I can't remember my own home
Am             C           Am   Dm
Drink til I don't know the meaning of alone
Am                    Em      Am
Until that bullet flies to carry me home
 Am              Am              C
'til that bullet flies, that bullet flies, that bullet flies
 C             Em                        Am
That bullet flies, that bullet flies to carry me home
 Am             Am          C
'til that bullet flies, that bullet flies, that bullet flies
 C             Em                        Am
That bullet flies, that bullet flies to carry me home

[Final] Am  Em  Am
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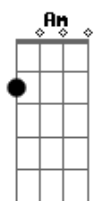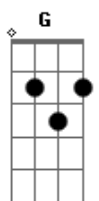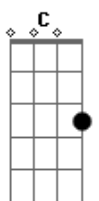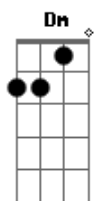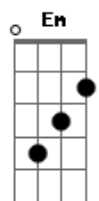
Acordes