

The Killers - Why do I Keep Counting

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Tom: E
                                                               Won't let me forget
                                                               Bridge:
                                                               Gb Ab
        There's a plane and I am flying
                                                               I took one last good look around
        There's a mountain waiting for me
                                                               So many unusual sounds
                                                               Gbm Gm Abm
Oh these years have been so trying
                                                                I gotta get my feet on the ground
I don't know if I can use them
                                                               Help me get down
                                                               I can make it (pick slide)
Am I strong enough
                              To be the one?
            Will I live to have some children?
                                                               Help me get down
Chorus 1:
                                                                I can make it
                                                               Help me get down
Help me get down
I can make it
                                                               Help me get down
                                                                I can make it
Help me get down
                                                               Help me get down
Help me get down
                                                                    Abm
                                                                                       Dbm
                                                                If I only knew the answer
I can make it
Help me get down
                                                                             Α
                                                                                       В
    Abm
                                                                I wouldn't be bothering you, Father
If I only knew the answer
             Α
                       В
I wouldn't be bothering you, Father
                                                               Help me get down
                                                               I can make
Help me get down
                                                               Help me get down
I can make it
Help me get down
                                                               Help me get down
                                                                     Cm
Help me get down
                                                               I can make it
                                                               Help me get down
I can make it
                                                                    Dbm
Help me get down
                                                                If I only knew the answer
    Dbm
If I only knew the answer
                                                                And if all our days are numbered
And if all our days are numbered
                                                               Would you help me get down?
Then why do I keep counting?
                                                                    Dbm
Interlude:
                                                                If I only knew the answer
Verse:
                                                                If I change my way of living
Db
                                                                        Gbm
                                                               And If I pave my streets with the good times
My sugar sweet
       Eb
Is so atainable
                                                               Will the mountain keep on giving?
             Gb
Ab
     Db
                                                                      Dbm
                                                                                 В
                                                               And if all of our days are numbered
This behaviour so unexplainable
The days just slip and slide
Like they always did
                                                               Then why do I keep counting?
         Dh
The trouble is my head
                                                               EBEBEBEB E
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Acordes

