

The Last Dinner Party - The Feminine Urge

tom:

Bm

[Parte 1]

Bm
A room at dusk

A
Mastering the art of lying still

Em
Breathe like a girl

G
Til my lungs fill

Bm
Oh pull your boots on boys

A
And push me down

Em **G**
I'm only here for your entertainment

[Refrão]

Gm
I am a dark red liver stretched out on a rock

Gbm **D**
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love

Em
Here comes the feminine urge I know it so well

G
To nurture the wounds my mother held

D
Oh, ballerina bend under the weight of it all

Am
Ain't it fun to hold the world in your hand?

G
Do you feel like a man when I can't talk back?

Gm
Do you want me or do you want control?

D
Failure to commit to the role, I admit

Am
Was a failure you achieved on your own

G
Do you want me to care when you just disappear?

Gm
I can't win them all

[Parte 2]

Bm
Run 'til I fall

A
How I wish the trees would swallow me

Em
Make me a forest

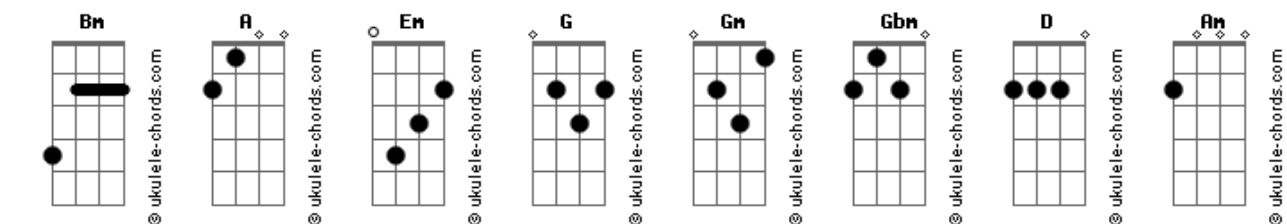
G
Take away my soul

Bm
I could never give

The curse of her

A **Em**

Acordes



I- I could never live with the guilt of lying

G
That people are kind

[Refrão]

Gm
I am a dark red liver

Stretched out on the rocks

Gbm **D**
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love

Em
Here comes the feminine urge

I know it so well

G
To nurture the wounds my mother held

D
Oh, ballerina bend under the weight of it all

Am
Ain't it fun to hold the world in your hand?

G
Do you feel like a man when I can't talk back?

Gm
Do you want me or do you want control?

D
Failure to commit to the role, I admit

Am
Was a failure you achieved on your own

G
Do you want me to care when you just disappear?

Gm
I can't win them all

[Refrão]

Gm
I am a dark red liver (ooh)

Stretched out on the rocks (oh-oh-ooh)

Gbm **D**
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love

(ooh-oh-ooh-ooh)

Em
Here comes the feminine urge

I know it so well (oh-oh-ooh)

G
To nurture the wounds my mother held

Gm
Give me that dark red liquor

Stretched out on the rocks

Gbm **D**
All the poison I convert it and I turn it to love

Em
Here comes the feminine urge

I know it so well

G
To nurture the wounds my mother held