

The Midnight - Wave

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tom:
                                                                  I'll never even know your name
                Gb
            Gb
                                                                   (I will keep dreaming)
We are not a sentimental age
                                                                   (I will keep dreaming)
We don't want our parent's china or their ticker tape parades
                                                                   (I will keep dreaming)
       Gb
We are not a sentimental age
                                                                   (I will keep dreaming)
We're out getting high on fire escapes
                                                                                  Abm Gb
                                                                   (I will keep dreaming)
                           Abm
We are hooking up with strangers we will never see again
                                                                   (I will keep dreaming)
We are not a sentimental age
                                                                   (I will keep dreaming)
We are not a sentimental age
                                                                  Gb
                                                                  We are not a sentimental age
( Abm Gb Abm )
                                                                  On our shoulders is a boulder of a debt we cannot pay
                          Abm
When I dream, we're all melting together
                  Abm
                                                                  We are not a sentimental age
Synchronized in a mass embrace
                                                                                                   Abm Gb
                                                                  {\tt Diagnosis} \ {\tt says} \ {\tt I} \ {\tt tend} \ {\tt to} \ {\tt disengage}
                Abm
Beads of water folding together
                                                                                       Abm
                                                                        Gb
                                                                  I'd rather have my privacy, I'd rather have my space
                    Gb
Like a north shore wave
       Gb
                                                                  These are just the pills I have to take
How strange
                                                                   Abm
                                                                  We are not a sentimental age
                                 Gb
      Abm
We're parts of each other how strange
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Acordes

