

The Royston Club - Cariatid

tom: C C F Am G
 I'm not a godly man, but every time we fucked
 I'd shout out ?Oh God, enough?
 To send up my own little prayer
 I'm not a lucky man, but darling you had me fooled
 You carved out a better man
 One that loved you through and through
 I used to spend whole evenings watching the movements of your mouth
 I'd take you all in, and thank God that I did, 'cause it's all
 That I'm left with now
 Trapped inside for another night
 These junkie fingers scroll me back to another life
 My eyes burn holes through pictures of you and I
 Cariatid, I miss you all the time
 Accepting it's over, I let the air run out
 All of these pictures of you and I
 Plastered on the hallways of my mind
 But now that it's over, I let the air run out
 (C F Am G)
 (C F Am G)
 I'm just a crooked man, I found God in sin
 I'd dig up the past again, just to watch you dancing within

I'm missing Call Lane and the cigarette stains, all the poetry
 I
 Never read
 Outrageously dreaming of us reconvening and you leading me back to bed
 Trapped inside for another night
 These junkie fingers scroll me back to another life
 My eyes burn holes through pictures of you and I
 Cariatid, I miss you all the time
 Accepting it's over, I let the air run out
 All of these pictures of you and I
 Plastered on the hallways of my mind
 But now that it's over, I let the air run out
 Oh, but I still wake up with things to tell you
 And I dream of you no matter who I'm sleeping next to
 Good God I resent you for leaving
 But I can't pretend I don't need you
 Cariatid, indulge in this sin
 I need your delicate fingers tracing my outline again
 Just once again
 I'm not a godly man
 But every time we fucked

Acordes

