

# The Script - Six Degrees Of Separation

Tom: E

You've read the books,  
You've watched the shows,  
What's the best way no one knows, yeah,  
(Medicated?), hypnotized.  
Anything to take it from your mind.  
But it won't go,  
You're doing all these things out of desperation,  
Oh, whoa,  
You're going through six degrees of separation.

You hear the drinking, take a toll  
Watch the past go up in smoke.  
Fake a smile, yeah, lie and say  
You're better now than ever, and your life's okay  
When it's not, whoa  
You're doing all these things out of desperation,  
Oh, whoa,  
You're going through six degrees of separation.

First, you think the worst is a broken heart  
What's gonna kill you is the second part  
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle  
And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself  
Fifth, you see them out with someone else  
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little  
(My mother ain't no help?), it's every man for himself) (2x)

You tell your friends, yeah, strangers too,

Anyone flowing all around you, yeah  
Tarot cards, Gems and stones,  
Believing all that shit is gonna heal your soul.  
We'll it's not, no  
Your only doing things out of desperation,  
Oh, no  
Your goin' through six degrees of separation.

First, you think the worst is a broken heart  
What's gonna kill you is the second part  
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle  
And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself  
Fifth, you see them out with someone else  
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little  
No there's no starting over,  
Without finding closure,  
You take them back, no hesitation,  
That's when you know you've reached the sixth degree of separation  
(Repeat)

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What's gonna kill you is the second part  
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle  
And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself  
Fifth, you see them out with someone else  
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little  
(My mother ain't no help?), it's every man for himself) (2x)

## Acordes

