

# The Shins - So Says I

Tom: C

Am D  
An address to the golden door  
Am D  
I was strumming on a stone again  
Am D E  
pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched

a tragic opera in my mind...

Am D  
and it told of a new design  
Am D  
in which every soul is duty bound  
Am D E  
to uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies

the fatal flaw of the red age C

Because it was F C  
nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated F C  
and because it made no money nobody saved no one's life this time D F G

Am D  
So we burned all our uniforms  
Am D  
and let nature take its course again  
Am D E  
and the big ones just eat all the little ones  
  
that send us back to the drawing board.

Am D (3 Vezes)

Am  
C  
In our darkest hours  
G  
we have all asked for some  
F  
angel to come  
C G  
sprinkle his dust all around  
C G  
but all our crying voices they can't turn it around  
F Am D Am  
you've had some crazy conversations of your own.

Am D  
We've got rules and maps  
Am D  
and guns in our backs but we still can't just  
Am D E  
behave ourselves even if to save our own lives so, says I,

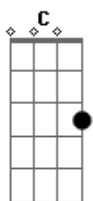
WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND. Am D (3 vezes)

E C  
Cuz this is F C  
nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
Tell Sir Thomas More we've got another failed attempt F C  
Cuz if it makes them money they might just give you life this time. D F G

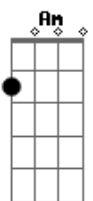
Am D (3 Vezes)

E

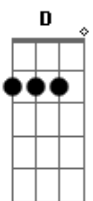
## Acordes



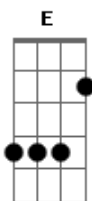
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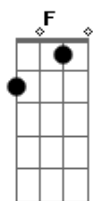
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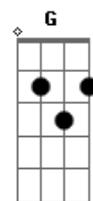
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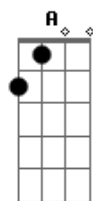
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