

# The Wonder Years - Stained Glass Ceilings

tom:  
Gb (forma dos acordes no tom de G )  
Afinação: Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb

[Primeira Parte]

Like a burning monk  
You're my light flare out in the dark  
You're my constant call to arms  
Took the blindfold off  
They'd left chalk outlines where the future was  
It's a goddamn war of attrition  
It's a death by a thousand cuts  
And if these motherfuckers made it to heaven  
They burned the bridge when they got across  
[Refrão 1]

They're gathering anchors  
They're gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone  
They're grabbing your ankles  
They won't let you go  
The ebb and the distant flow  
They're cutting your wings off  
Built you ceilings out of stained glass  
[Segunda Parte]

Well you cut like gravel in my skinned knee  
The wound will close eventually  
You'll stay as a reminder of how fucked this world can be  
Held your funeral on a Tuesday  
Holy waters, November cold  
The kid who pulled the trigger  
Knew tomorrow couldn't promise him hope  
[Refrão 2]

All these bastards are gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone  
They're grabbing your ankles  
They won't let you go  
The ebb and the distant flow  
They're cutting your wings off  
Built your ceilings out of stained glass  
They were cutting your wings off  
I was staring at my idle hands

Maybe I could've done something  
Maybe I could've made a difference

( B A B A )  
( B A B A )

[Ponte 1]

John Wayne with a God complex Tells me to buy a gun  
Like shooting a teenage kid is gonna solve any problems  
Like it's an arms race  
Like death don't mean nothing  
To know the heavy price of living poor  
Walled in by red lines, backed into a corner  
Not knowing growing up what it's like to belong here in America

[Ponte 2]

If everyone's built the same then how come building's so fucking hard for you?  
It's something we're all born into  
Nothing's left up to gray  
It's black or white and sometimes black and blue  
It's something we're all born into, whoa-oh  
Now I know what's in a name

Not just my father  
Three-fifths a man makes half of me

Why should I bother?  
Merchants of misery stacking the deck

Fuck your John Waynes  
Fuck your God complex

I have everything in front of me  
But can't reach far enough  
To touch those fever dreams  
They call America

I am the ghetto's chosen one  
The privileged bastard son  
[Final]

They're gathering anchors  
They're gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone  
They're gathering anchors  
They're gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone

Acordes

**Gb**

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**G**

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**Eb**

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**Ab**

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**Db**

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**Bb**

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**E**

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**Dbm**

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**Abm**

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**A**

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**B**

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