

# The Wytches - Track 13

tom:

Intro: Am Am Am Am

Am G F C  
In her sunshine blouse

Am F G G C  
She prefers to keep the desperate men out

Am F  
And they stay far away

C G  
And then she'll feel ok

F G Am Am Am Am  
Cause the smile on her face is poison

Am G F C  
In her rotary chair

Am G F C  
She's spinning too fast as it spits out her hair

Am F  
And she's well known

C G F G Am  
For her tendencies grown, as the number on the scales shivers

( Am Am )

Dm  
And we fight like the crows

C  
Shoulders, elbows, are covered in blows

From the farm girls last perge

Dm  
Between selling me your love all passing

C  
Well I fell with no pain

E

But it hurts just the same

Am G F C  
Annabelle's in the rain

Am G F C  
Reading those dreams, for the number or name

Am F C G  
Well she comes across like an animal lost

F G Am Am Am Am  
But her cage is the cleanest around

Am G F C  
And her parents hold her down in the night

Am G F C  
Before closing her eyes, she said everything's fine

Am F C G  
When she next arrives, with her conscience divine

F G Am  
And a smile on her face artificial

F G Am Am Am Am  
Yes the smile on your face artificial

Dm  
Well I search through her paths

Running family since birth

C  
And I feel like a one

Bury body in dirt

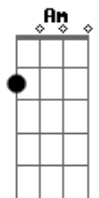
Dm  
On my birthday I scream

Every day's a bad dream

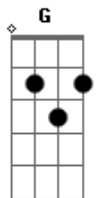
C  
Or a story to sell

E Am  
Stop reading me? annabelle

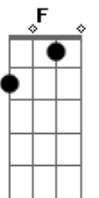
## Acordes



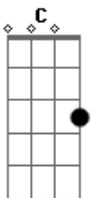
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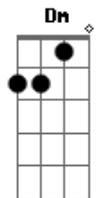
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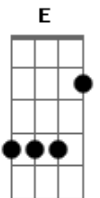
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