

Twenty One Pilots - Neon Gravestones

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(Neon gravestones try to call)
                             Tom:
Intro: Bm Gb A E G
                                                                 Call (For my bones)
                                                                 Call, call, call (Call, call)
Bm Gbm A E
What's my problem?
                                                                 Call (Call)
Well, I want you to follow me
                                                                 Call (Call)
Down to the bottom
Underneath the insane asylum
                                                                 Promise me this (Call, call)
Keep your wits about you while you got 'em 'Cause your wits are first to
                                                                       Bm
                                                                 If I lose to myself
                                                                     Em
Go while you're problem-solvin'
                                                                 You won't mourn a day
And my problem?
                                                                 And you'll move onto someone else
We glorify those even more when they
                                                                 Promise me this
                                                                       Bm
                                                                 If I lose to myself
My opinion, our culture can treat a loss like
                                                                    Em
Gbm
It's a win
                                                                 You won't mourn a day
And right before we turn on them
                                                                           D
                                                                 And you'll move onto someone else
We give 'em the highest of praise
                                                                 (Ooh, call, ooh, call)
And hang their banner
From the ceiling
                                                                 Neon gravestones try to call
Communicating, further engraving
                                                                 (Neon gravestones try to call)
G
An earlier grave is an optional way, no
                                                                 Neon gravestones try to call for my bones
                                                                 (Neon gravestones try to call)
Neon gravestones try to call
(Neon gravestones try to call)
                                                                 But they won't get them
                                                                          Bm
Neon gravestones try to call for my bones
                                                                 No, they won't get them
(Neon gravestones try to call)
                                                                 They won't get them
Call (For my bones)
                                                                        D
Call, call, call (Call, call)
                                                                 But they won't get them
      Gbm A E
Call (Call)
                                                                 Don't get me wrong, the rise in awareness
Call (Call)
                                                                 Is beating a stigma that no longer scares us
What's my problem?
                                                                 But for sake of discussion, in spirit of fairness
Don't get it twisted
                                                                 Could we give this some room for a new point of view?
It's with the people we praise who may have assisted
                                                                 And could it be true that some could be tempted
I could use the streams and extra conversations
                                                                 To use this mistake as a form of aggression?
I could give up, and boost up my reputation
                                                                 Em
                                                                 A form of succession?
I could go out with a bang
                                                                 A form of a weapon?
They would know my name
They would host and post a celebration
                                                                 Thinking "I'll teach them"
My opinion will not be lenient
                                                                 Well, I'm refusing the lesson
My opinion, it's real convenient
                                                                 It won't resonate in our minds
Our words are loud, but now I'm talking action
                                                                 I'm not disrespecting what was left behind
        Ε
We don't get enough love?
                                                                 Just pleading that it does not get glorified
Well, they get a fraction
                                                                 Maybe we swap out what it is that we hold so high
They say, "How could he go if he's got everything?
I'll mourn for a kid, but won't cry for a king"
                                                                 Find your grandparents or someone of age
                                                                 Pay some respects for the path that they paved
Neon gravestones try to call
(Neon gravestones try to call)
                                                                 To life, they were dedicated
Neon gravestones try to call for my bones
                                                                 Now, that should be celebrated
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Acordes

