Vampire Weekend - Giving Up The Gun

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Tom: A
                                                                 (verse )
                                                                 Α
   (intro) A
               Gbm
                    F
                        D
                                                                 Gbm
(chorus )
                       Gbm
                                                                 Е
   Your sword's grown old and rusty
F
                   D
Burnt beneath the rising sun
                   Gbm
Α
   It's locked up like a trophy
   Е
                    D
Forgetting all the things it's done
And though it's been a long time
You're right back where you started from
I see it in your eyes
That now you're giving up the gun
(verse )
                                                                 (chorus )
Α
  When I was 17
                                                                 Α
Gbm
   I had wrists like steel
                                                                 F
F
                 D
  And I felt complete
                                                                 Α
And now my body fades
                                                                    F
Behind a brass charade
And I'm obsolete
But if the chance remained
To see those better days
I'd cut the cannons down
My ears are blown to bits
                                                                 (bridge 7x)
From all the rifle hits
                                                                 Α
But I still crave that sound
                                                                    Е
(chorus )
                       Gbm
Α
   Your sword's grown old and rusty
                                                                 (chorus )
F
                   D
                                                                 A
Burnt beneath the rising sun
                   Gbm
                                                                 F
Α
   It's locked up like a trophy
   F
                    D
                                                                 Α
Forgetting all the things it's done
                                                                    F
And though it's been a long time
You're right back where you started from
I see it in your eyes
That now you're giving up the gun
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Acordes



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I heard you play guitar
   Down at a seedy bar
                            D
   Where skinheads used to fight
Your Tokugawa smile
And your garbage style
Used to save the night
You felt the coming wave
Told me we'd all be brave
You said you wouldn't flinch
But in the years that passed
Since I saw you last
You haven't moved an inch
                       Gbm
   Your sword's grown old and rusty
                   D
Burnt beneath the rising sun
                   Gbm
   It's locked up like a trophy
                    D
Forgetting all the things it's done
And though it's been a long time
You're right back where you started from
I see it in your eyes
That now you're giving up the gun
              Gbm
   I see you shine in your way
                  D
Go on, go on, go on
                       Gbm
   Your sword's grown old and rusty
                   D
Burnt beneath the rising sun
                   Gbm
   It's locked up like a trophy
                    D
Forgetting all the things it's done
And though it's been a long time
You're right back where you started from
I see it in your eyes
That now you're giving up the gun
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