

Vintage Culture - Pour Over

Tom: **D**

Turn the porchlight off

So you don't think I'm home

Wish you'd taste your words

But you sit at your throne

Drop after drop, keep filling me up

Keep twisting my arm, try giving you up

You're pouring over

I'm breathing water

I'm keeping my composure

Your small sins blur together

They follow me home

Did you make a mess, to prove you could?

Should I clean it up

Like you thought I would

When you pour over

Pour over me, me, me, me, me

Don't let me breathe

Pour over me, me, me, me, me

Don't let me breathe

[Solo] G Bm G Bm G Bm G Bm

You can't hear me say, with your head in the sand

That you're taking too much, i wear you like a brandy

I'm washing away and you're giving me up

Drop after drop, you don't give a fuck

G

Did you make a mess, to prove you could?

Should I clean it up, like you thought that I would?

Did you write it down? Did you leave it for me?

Did the words bend and blur?

Make me weak in the knees

When you pour over

Pour over me, me, me, me, me

Don't let me breathe

Pour over me, me, me, me, me

Don't let me breathe

[Solo] G Bm G Bm G Bm G Bm G

If I give you a flower

If I love you louder

If I give you an hour

You turn it sour

And I'm a coward

Did you make a mess, to prove you could?

Should I clean it up, like you thought that I would?

Did you write it down? Did you leave it for me?

Did the words bend and blur?

Make me weak in the knees

When you pour over

[Solo] G Bm G Bm G Bm G Gb G Bm G Bm G Bm G

Pour over me, me, me, me, me

Don't let me breathe

Pour over me, me, me, me, me

Don't let me breathe

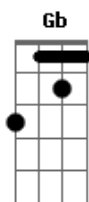
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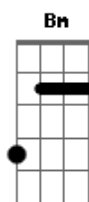
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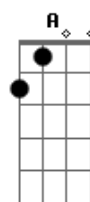
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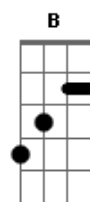
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