

Will Wood And The Tapeworms - Cicada Days

tom:
D

The greener grass grows where the wildfires fertilize

With ashes of sparrows, peppered moths, and butterflies.
Ghosts of

Trees and termites

Bloom in the beanstalk

And if you get lightheaded when standing too fast, is it from

Shaking out the weight of phosphenes and past salt deposits,
on

Warm little rivers

That burst from our words

[Pré-Refrão]

And god knows crying ain't gonna change a thing

She said "take care" but I take more than I bring

[Refrão]

She said, "It just feels inhumane to lose this much

'Cause when you leave you know you take more than your love."

Just one week of cicada days, we're losing touch

And I know it just feels inhumane to lose this much

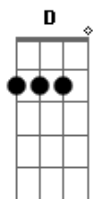
(Em G)

[Primeira Parte]

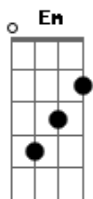
Our nerves were braided under ceiling stars, that were all

Glow in the dark, hanging over queen-sized

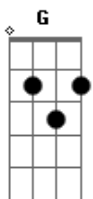
Acordes



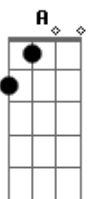
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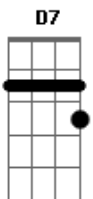
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Purple waves of ancient chemicals. Just whisper

Did you ever build with those endangered bones? Well the

Ground looks soft enough to bury this now. Ohhhh

Please, oh no

[Pré-Refrão]

And then my sponsor said "Do nothing. Nothing works."

And then my doctor said "Don't do that if it hurts."

[Refrão]

She said, "It just feels inhumane to lose this much

'Cause when you leave you know you take more than your love."

The seasons of cicada days we can't make up

And I know it just feels inhumane to lose this much, woah

[Ponte]

Let all my red flags fade to white, yeah, I give up

Don't let me leave, I'll only take more than I gave. Okay,
I'll pack my stuff

Here at the end of days, my god, what have I done

Christ, now it feels damn inhumane to get all I've dreamed of

Woahhhh!

[Final]

Keep coming back, it works if you work it

So work it, you're worth it, it won't if you don't

One day at a time, tomorrow's too late, amen