

## Past And Pending - Shins

Intro-            E            D            A            G  
                  E            D            A            D

E                            D                            A                            G  
"as someone sets light to the first fire of Autumn  
E                            D                            A                            D  
we settle down, to cut ourselves apart.  
E                            D                            A                            G  
cough and twitch from the news on your face  
E                            D                            A                            D  
and some foreign candle burning in your eyes

                          E            D            A            G  
                          E            D            A            D  
E                            D                            A                            G  
held to the past, too aware of the pending  
E                            D                            A                            D  
chill as the dawn breaks and finds us up for sale  
E                            D                            A                            G  
enter the fog another low road descending  
E                            D                            A                            D                            A  
away from the cold lust, your house and summertime

(Chorus-- Change from slow strumming of A to fast strumming before chorus)

A                            G                            A  
blind to the last curse of the fair  
                          G                            A  
pistols and countless eyes  
                          G                            A  
a trail of white blood betrays  
                          C                            D                            A  
the reckless route your craft is running  
A                            G                            A  
feed till the sun turns into wood  
                          G                            A  
dousing an ancient torch  
                          G  
loiter the whole day through  
                          C                            D                            A  
and lose yourself in lines dissecting love

                          E            D            A            G  
                          E            D            A            D  
E                            D                            A                            G  
your name on my cast and my notes on your stay  
E                            D                            A                            D  
offer me little but dotting on a crime  
E                            D                            A                            G  
we've turned every stone and for all our inventions

E                                  D                                  A                                  D                                  A  
in matters of love lost, we've no recourse at all

(Chorus)

A                                  G                                  A  
blind to the last curse of the fair  
                                G                                  A  
pistols and countless eyes  
                                G  
a trail of white blood betrays  
                                C                                  D                                  A  
the reckless route your craft is running  
                                G                                  A  
feed till the sun turns into wood  
                                G                                  A  
dousing an ancient torch  
                                G                                  C                                  D  
loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines dissecting,  
                                C                                  D                                  C                                  D  
lose yourself in lines dissecting, lose yourself in lines dissecting..."