

Pink Bullets - Shins

Em D A x4

Em D A Em D A
I was just bony hands as cold as a winter pole

Em D A Em D A
you held a warm stone out new flowing blood to hold

Em D A Em D A
oh what a contrast you were to the brutes in the halls

Em D A Em D A

Em D A x6

G D

Over the ramparts you tossed

G D

the scent of your skin and some foreign flowers

G D F

tied to brick sweet as a song

C F

the years have been short but the days go slowly by

C

to loose kites falling from the sky

F C D

drawn to the ground and an end to flight