

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