VERSE 1:
Am E G
After all these implements and texts designed by
D C D
intellects we're vexed to find evidently there's G
still so much that hides.
Am E G
And though the saints dub us divine in ancient
D C D
fading lines their sentiment is just as hard to
G
pluck from the vine.
CHORUS:
F D
I'll try hard not to pretend
F D E
allow myself no mock defense as I
step into the night.
VEDCE 2.
VERSE 2:
Am E G D
Since I don't have the time nor mind to figure
C D
out the nursery rhymes that helped us out in
G
G
making sense of our lives
making sense of our lives $Am \qquad E \qquad G \qquad D$
Am E G D
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out. CHORUS:
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out. CHORUS: F D
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out. CHORUS: F D I'll try hard not to give in
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out. CHORUS: F D I'll try hard not to give in F D E
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out. CHORUS: F D I'll try hard not to give in
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Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out. CHORUS: F D I'll try hard not to give in F D E batten down to fare the wind F D
Am E G D The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me C D G I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out. CHORUS: F D I'll try hard not to give in F D E batten down to fare the wind F D rid my head of this pretense
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CLa la la la Dm F G la la la la la (Repeat this once) C G Mercy's eyes are blue and Dm F G when she places them in Cfront of you Dm F G nothing holds a roman Ccandle to Dm F G the solemn warmth you feel F C F C Inside F C Bb G E Now run through VERSE chords 1x(no words) CHORUS: I'll try hard not to give in batten down to fare the wind F D rid my head of this pretense F D allow myself no mock defense as I step into the night Am E C D E Ε La la la la La la la la

C G Dm F G