

Intro:

e|-5---(5)-----|  
B|-5---(5)-----5-5-5-5--|  
G|-7---(7)-(7)---7-5-----|  
D|-7-----7-----|  
A|-5-----7---|  
E|-----|

Verse:

Am D  
An address to the golden door  
Am D  
I was strumming on a stone again  
Am D E  
pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched  
(run\*)  
D|-----  
A|--7--5-----  
E|-----8--7-----  
a tragic opera in my mind...

Am D  
and it told of a new design  
Am D  
in which every soul is duty bound  
Am D E  
to uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies  
(run\*) C  
the fatal flaw of the red age

Chorus:

F C  
Because it was nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
F C  
our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated  
D F G  
and because it made no money nobody saved no one's life this time

verse:

So we burned all our uniforms  
and let nature take its course again  
and the big ones just eat all the little ones  
that send us back to the drawing board.

C  
In our darkest hours  
G  
we have all asked for some  
F  
angel to come  
C G  
sprinkle his dust all around  
C G  
but all our crying voices they can't turn it around

*F*

*Am D Am E*

you've had some crazy conversations of your own.

[Akorabi](#)