

Chekhov's Gun

INTRO

D F#m D F#m

VERSE 1

D F#m
Even gold turns black under the soles
Em
Broken CDs in the potholes,
G
Out of reach just like the things you can't control
D F#m
Eyes caught in brighter lights
Em
Oh dear, the fear will never fade
G
It hides between the fine lines of your face

CHORUS 1

F#m G
And maybe this will fade with fame
F#m G
Or shadow you like a given name
A G
Sometimes truth's disguised in a tangled shame
A
You hide away inside your room
G A
Close your eyes so change and pain just feel the same

INTERLUDE

D F#m D F#m

VERSE 2

D F#m
You've got it figured out
Em
But people aren't logical
G
They'll drink the glass regardless of how full
D F#m
They live oblivious
Em

To days that burn like cigarettes

G

And fall in piles of things you soon forget

CHORUS 2

F#m G

And maybe this will fade with fame

F#m G

Or shadow you like a given name

A G

Sometimes truth's disguised in a tangled shame

A

You hide away inside your room

G A

Close your eyes so change and pain just feel the same

INTERLUDE

D F#m D F#m - A

BRIDGE

G A

Your life's a power play

D

Your curtain's contradictory

F#m

You shred the script and fake your victory

G A

It's hidden in peripheral

D

And so it glints like Chekhov's gun

G A

The shot goes off, and yet the show goes on

INTERLUDE

D F#m D G - A

CHORUS 3

F#m G

And maybe this will fade with fame

F#m G

Or shadow you like a given name

A G

Sometimes truth's disguised in a tangled shame

A

You hide away inside your room

G

A

Close your eyes so nothing's changing

G

A

Not a moment's left worth taking

G

A

Everything's mundane, nothing else remains

G

A

Cause change and pain will always feel the same

OUTRO

D F#m D F#m

D F#m D G - A

D