

KW

INTRO

D (omit 3rd)

VERSE 1

D (omit 3rd)

In streets still soft with sleep, whisper words that are worth the dirt beneath

D (omit 3rd)

Verbal arrows that you brought shot down the moon in a parking lot

D (omit 3rd)

I hit you in the dark, my fist imprinted with your teeth marks

D (omit 3rd) (stop)

And your skin struck cobblestone, realigned like a broken bone

CHORUS

F G D (omit 3rd)

If you play it right, keep me on the line

F G D (omit 3rd) (stop)

Hold your knives so tight, til your knuckles turn white

F G D (omit 3rd)

Every glove that fits was stitched by hypocrites

F G D (omit 3rd) (stop)

No one else to blame, there's no reward for a wicked fame

INTERLUDE

D (omit 3rd)

VERSE 2

D (omit 3rd)

Your eyes still follow me, like cigarette burns in a sweatshirt sleeve

D (omit 3rd)

Like a space you couldn't fill, you can try to drown me, but I'm hard to kill

D (omit 3rd)

You can struggle for my stride, cheer me on from the side with your pretender pride

D (omit 3rd) (stop)

I'll forgive but won't forget all the pain of your swaying threats

CHORUS

F G D (omit 3rd)

If you play it right, keep me on the line

F G D (omit 3rd) (stop)

Hold your knives so tight, til your knuckles turn white

F G D (omit 3rd)

Every glove that fits was stitched by hypocrites

F G D (omit 3rd) (stop)

No one else to blame, there's no reward for a wicked fame

SOLO

F - G D (omit 3rd)

F - G D (omit 3rd)

F - G D (omit 3rd) (stop)

F - G D (omit 3rd) (stop)

F - G D (omit 3rd)

F - G

INTERLUDE

D (omit 3rd)

VERSE 3

D (omit 3rd)

Just when we hit the dust, hands smelling like coins and decaying rust

D (omit 3rd)

Your heels were hazard-high, just the kind of crazy that would catch my eye

D (omit 3rd)

Your instructions still prevail, just a few canthrows round Crooked Tail

D (omit 3rd) (stop)

Your sling and slang in speech feels just like a lucid dream

CHORUS

F G D (omit 3rd)

If you play it right, keep me on the line

F G D (omit 3rd)

Hold your knives so tight, til your knuckles turn white

F G D (omit 3rd)

Every glove that fits was stitched by hypocrites

F G D (omit 3rd) (stop)

No one else to blame, there's no reward for a wicked fame

OUTRO

D (omit 3rd)