

Em G
Be it oil or gold or water, we have always treasured greed
Am D
We won't bite the dying hand of history

VERSE 4

Am G D
To my friends who think they'll save themselves some time
Am G D
Because your confidence has withered up and died
Em G
You are more than what you carry, you are more than what you hide
C D
You will never know how much you leave behind

CHORUS

Bm Em G C D
It used to be like a creek, flowing from a summit I could never see
Bm Em G C G
Now it's frozen dry, carving lines around my eyes, tracing knots along my spine
Am C
It's so hard to find the time to let it breathe
Am C Em
To find the line between the truth and the belief

BRIDGE

D C G
Every day dies in convulsion, I have to smile away my pride
D C G
But my nerves are buzzing rhythms like defective power lines
D C G
Burning holes into my memory, streaming smoke into the sky
Am C
One day we'll talk about what stars used to be like

Am D

CHORUS

Bm Em G C D
It used to be like a creek, flowing from a summit I could never see
Bm Em G C G
Now it's frozen dry, carving lines around my eyes, tracing knots along my spine
Am C
It's so hard to find the time to let it breathe

Am C

To find the line between the truth and the belief

Em - G D

Am G D

To find the line between the truth and the belief

Am - G D

Am - G D