

Bbm F
 From ripe, to green
F# G#
 Too real, too late
Bbm F
 Should I lie down, or stand up
F# G#
 Or walk around again?
Bbm F
 My eyes finally right opened out
F# G#
 My eyes finally right opened shut
Bbm F
 To find my fount of sound
F# G#
 That Ears the touch of my tears
Bbm F
 Smell the taste of all we waste
F# G#
 Could feed the others
Bbm F
 But we smother each other with the nettle
F# G#
 And Pucker the sour sugar sweet weather
Bbm F
 It blows through our trees, swims through our sees
F# G#
 Flies to the last gasp left on this earth,
Bbm F F# G#
 Oh ohoh oh-oh oh

Bbm F F# G#
 It's a long lonely journey from death to birth
Bbm F F# G#
 It's a long lonely journey from death to
Bbm F F# G#
 It's a long lonely journey from death to birth
Bbm F F# G#
 It's a long lonely journey from death to ...birth
Bbm F
 Should I die again? Should I die around?
F# G#
 The pounds of matter willing to space
Bbm F F# G#
 I know I'll never know until I come face to face
Bbm F
 With my own cold dead face
F# G#
 Oh With my own wooden case
Bbm F
 You with me la la ohohoh
Bbm F F# G#
 It's a long lonely journey from death to birth
Bbm F F# G#

It's a long lonely journey from death to

Bbm F F# G#

It's a long lonely journey from death to birth

Bbm F F# G#

It's a long lonely journey from death to ...birth

[AKORTR](#)