

VERSE 1:

*Am E G*  
After all these implements and texts designed by  
*D C D*  
intellects we're vexed to find evidently there's  
*G*  
still so much that hides.  
*Am E G*  
And though the saints dub us divine in ancient  
*D C D*  
fading lines their sentiment is just as hard to  
*G*  
pluck from the vine.

CHORUS:

*F D*  
I'll try hard not to pretend  
*F D E*  
allow myself no mock defense as I  
  
step into the night.

VERSE 2:

*Am E G D*  
Since I don't have the time nor mind to figure  
*C D*  
out the nursery rhymes that helped us out in  
*G*  
making sense of our lives  
*Am E G D*  
The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me  
*C D G*  
I value them but I won't cry every time one's  
  
wiped out.

CHORUS:

*F D*  
I'll try hard not to give in  
*F D E*  
batten down to fare the wind  
*F D*  
rid my head of this pretense  
*F D E*  
allow myself no mock defense as I  
  
step into the night

*Am E C D E*

*E*  
La la la la  
*E*  
La la la la

C      G  
La la la la  
Dm      F   G  
la la la la la la

(Repeat this once)

C              G  
Mercy's eyes are blue and  
Dm      F   G  
when she places them in  
C      G  
front of you  
Dm   F      G  
nothing holds a roman  
C      G  
candle to  
Dm      F      G  
the solemn warmth you feel  
F      C      F      C  
Inside

F      C      Bb      G      E

Now run through VERSE chords 1x  
(no words)

CHORUS:

F                      D  
I'll try hard not to give in  
F                      D      E  
batten down to fare the wind  
F                      D  
rid my head of this pretense  
F                      D  
allow myself no mock defense as I  
E  
step into the night

Am      E      C      D      E

E  
La la la la  
E  
La la la la

C      G      Dm      F      G