

MySpace Dot Com

Part 1

Dm a thousand years pass by
Dm and we remain distanced
by railroads and rivers
and cold waters of the ocean,
but mainly, my darling,
by the spell Her Majesty Routine... *C#*
this unforgiving spell she cast on us... *C#*
do you remember when?..
so skillfully ...
we never rose to protest
or even to ask
for a little,
just a tiny little bit more time... *F#*
do you remember when?..
Gm I know they were so beautiful once,
those thoughts and dreams inside my head -
they bloomed like Cherry trees
in Washington DC.
and yet, I never made it there on time. *F#*

→ instrumental | *Dm* | *Fm#* ||:

Part 2

just like the songs I failed to write.
just like the promises I made
to the insightful little self
I once proclaimed to be inside...
my shrinking soul, I pity days
you spent convincing me to try,
to make the effort, to endure
the hardships life has placed on us...
on every flakey one of us...
my drug of choice is every drug
on face of Earth... such dirty face...
why does she never wash it off?
the funny chunks of mountain peaks
and glacier needles... poke the sky!!!
just poke this ever lying sky!
why does it always get away
with giving hope?..
today I'll add another friend...
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and instrumental at the end: | *F#* | *Bm* | *D* | *F#* |