

Intro

D D D D

.
D G D G

Verse

I've got a cupboard with cans of food, filtered water,
er,

And pictures of you and i'm not coming out
Until this is all over

And i'm looking through the glass where the light
bends

At the cracks

And i'm screaming at the top of my lungs pretending

The echoes belong to someone

Someone i used to know

And we become silhouettes when our bodies finally go

Ba ba ba...

Chorus

I wanted to walk through the empty streets

And feel something constant under my feet,

But all the news reports recommended that

I stay indoors

Because the air outside will make our cells

Divide at an alarming rate until our shells

Simply cannot hold all our insides in,

Em

And that's when we'll explode

D

(and it won't be a pretty sight)

Bridge

Em

And we'll become silhouettes when our bodies fin-

ally go

Ba ba ba...

And we'll become silhouettes when our bodies fin-
ally go

Ba ba ba...

And we'll become silhouettes when our bodies
finally go

Ba ba ba...

And we'll become silhouettes when our bodies
finally go

Ba ba ba...

Solo

D G

.

Outro

And we'll become
And we'll become

