

# [D]. [D] [D] [D]

## Intro

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## 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,

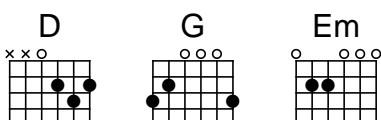
But all the news reports recommended that  
I stay indoors

Because the air outside will make our cells

Divide at an alarming rate until our shells

Simply cannot hold all our insides in,

And that's when we'll explode



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(and it won't be a pretty sight)

## Bridge

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...

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

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## Outro

And we'll become  
And we'll become