```
Radioactive
                                       [Chorus 2]
[Verse 1]
                                                Am
                                       I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones
Am C
                                                       D
I'm waking up to ash and dust
                                       Enough to make my systems blow
 D
I wipe my brow and I sweat my rust
                                       Welcome to the new age, to the new age
 C G D
                                                           D
I'm breathing in the chemicals
                                       Welcome to the new age, to the new age
         C
                                       Am C G
                                       Whoa, whoa, I'm radioactive, radioactive
I'm breaking in, shaping up, then
                                       Am C G
                                                                Am
                                       Whoa, whoa, I'm radioactive, radioactive
checking out on the prison bus
        C
This is it, the apocalypse
                                       [Bridge]
Whoa
                                                 C G
                                       All systems go, sun hasn't died
[Chorus 1]
                                              C G D
                                       Deep in my bones, straight from inside
             Am
I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones
                                       [Chorus 3]
Enough to make my systems blow
                                                    Am
                                       I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones
Welcome to the new age, to the new age
Welcome to the new age, to the new age
                                       Enough to make my systems blow
Whoa, whoa, I'm radioactive, radioactive
                                       Welcome to the new age, to the new age
Whoa, whoa, I'm radioactive, radioactive
                                       Welcome to the new age, to the new age
                                       Whoa, whoa, I'm radioactive, radioactive
[Verse 2]
                                       Whoa, whoa, I'm radioactive, radioactive
           C
I raise my flags, don my clothes
It's a revolution, I suppose
We're painted red to fit right in
Whoa
         C G
Am
I'm breaking in, shaping up, then
checking out on the prison bus
This is it, the apocalypse
Whoa
```