

# SIX FEET UNDER

Words and Music by  
FINNEAS O'CONNELL

Moderately slow, in 2

$\text{♩} = 68$



Help; I lost \_\_\_ my - self \_\_\_ a - gain, \_\_\_ but I \_\_\_

*mp*



\_\_\_ re - mem - - - ber you. \_\_\_



Don't come back: \_\_\_ it won't \_\_\_ end well, \_\_\_ but I wish .

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Bm A G

— you'd tell me to. — Our love is


§ Bm A Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

six feet un - - der. I can't help but won -


A Bm A Em


- der: if our grave was wa - tered by the rain,

G A Bm




would ros - es bloom? \_\_\_\_\_




To Coda 


G A Bm




Could ros - es bloom \_\_\_\_\_  
 Could ros - es bloom? \_\_\_\_\_



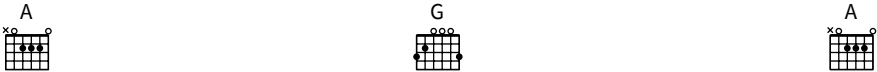
A Gmaj<sup>7</sup> Bm



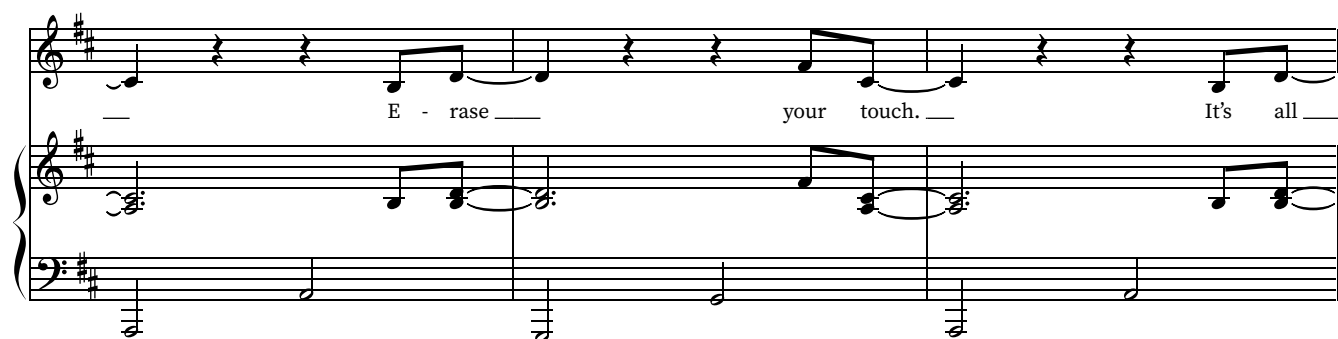
a - gain? \_\_\_\_\_ Re - trace \_\_\_\_\_ my lips. \_



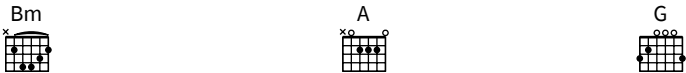
A G A




— E - rise — your touch. — It's all —



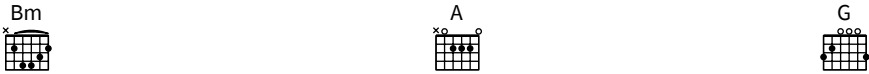
Bm A G



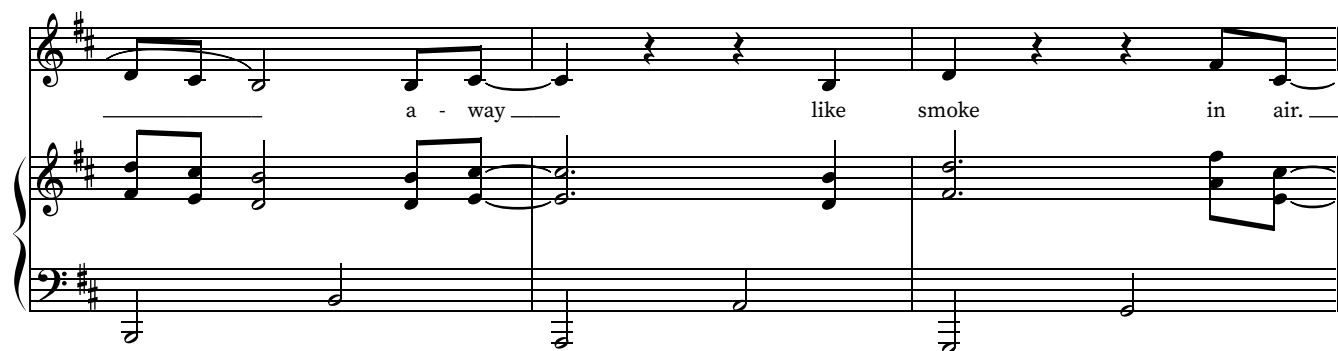
— too much — for me. — Blow .




Bm A G




— a - way — like smoke in air. —



A Bm A G




How can you die care - less - ly?




⊕

N.C. D.S. al Coda


A G



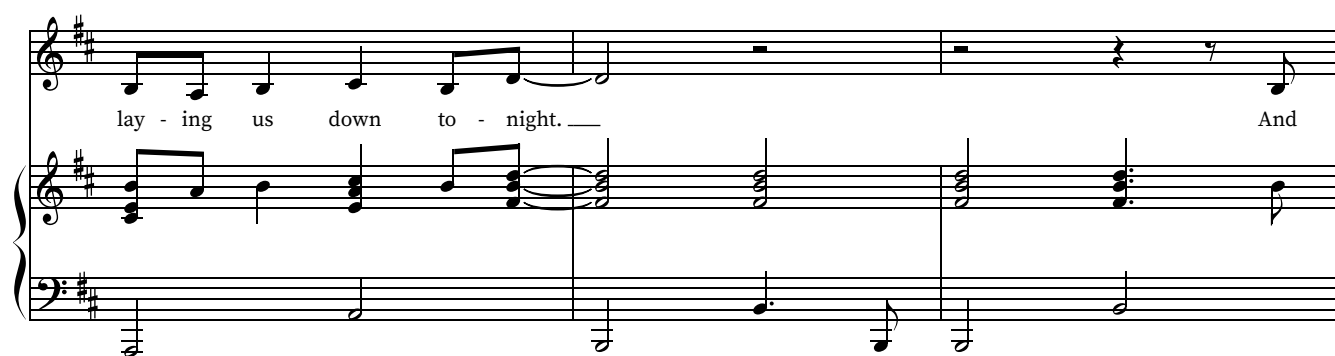
Our love is They're play - ing our sound,



A Bm



lay - ing us down to - night. And







all of these clouds cry - ing us back to life, \_\_\_\_\_





but you're cold as the \_\_\_\_\_ night. Six feet un -





- der. I can't help but won - - der: if our





grave was wa - tered by the rain...

G A Bm Bm

Bloom. \_\_\_\_\_  
Bloom \_\_\_\_\_

1. 2.

A Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_

Bm A G

Help; I lost \_\_\_\_\_ my - self \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain, .

A Bm A G

— but I \_\_\_\_\_ re - mem - - - ber you. —