Pink Bullets

Text und Musik: James Mercer (the Shins) Arrangement: Ed von Schleck pp I was just bo hands as cold as a win-ter pole you held a warm as cold as a win-ter pole you cold as a win-ter pole just bo ny hands as cold as you oh what a con trast you were oh what a con stone out flo-wing blood to hold. new trast flo-wing flo-wing blood to new blood to hold oh what a con new trast flo-wing blood to new flo-wing blood hold oh what a con stone out new to trast to the brutes in the halls to the brutes in the halls to the brutes in the halls my ti-mid young fin - gers held a de-cent a - ni-mal. to the brutes in the halls_ my ti-mid young fin - gers held to the brutes in the halls a de-cent a - ni-mal. o the brutes in the halls to the brutes in the halls_ my ti-mid young fin - gers held a de-cent a - ni-mal. the scent of your skin and some fo-reign flowers tied to a brick over the ram parts you tossed mf ah. ah. ah. ah ah ah mf ah. ah_ ah_ the years have been short but the days were long. sweet as a song sweet as a song the years have been short but the days were long. cool of a temperate breeze from ah_ ah.but the days were long.__ a temperate breeze from ah_

the years have been short but the days were long.

ah



