

# Four Chords

## The Classic Crime

I was once a boy in love with strangers  
As I watched them smoke their cigarettes I'd wave  
I was much too young to think of danger  
I was curious and innocent and brave Now the wrinkles in my face have gotten deeper  
I'm an old man that's just 25 years young  
I try to keep myself away from mirrors  
They remind me of the stupid things I've done Cause after all mans intellect and power  
All you get is 650, 000 hours  
If you're lucky then you're dead  
Says the voice inside my head  
Keeps me moving on  
Keeps me singing these songs So sing along (oh oh)  
Here we go (oh oh)  
We've been down this road  
About a thousand times before  
I'm breathing and bored  
So sing along (oh oh)  
Here we go (oh oh)  
Singing songs we wrote  
About a thousand times before  
I'm breathing and bored  
The same four chords  
The same four chords Now the beard upon my face has gotten thicker  
To protect me from the storms that come my way  
Maybe when life's done I'll be the singer  
In the band that plays outside of Heaven's gate Cause after all mans intellect and power  
All you get is 650, 000 hours  
If you're lucky then you're dead  
Says the voice inside my head  
Keeps me moving on  
Keeps me singing these songs So sing along (oh oh)  
Here we go (oh oh)  
Been down this road  
About a thousand times before  
I'm breathing and I'm bored  
So sing along (oh oh)  
Here we go (oh oh)  
Singing songs we wrote  
About a thousand times before

I'm breathing and I'm bored  
The same four chords  
The same four chordsThe same four chords!  
The same four chords!Even if I die tomorrow I'll be glad my life was filled with songs  
And even if I die tomorrow these four chords will keep me living on  
Even if I die tomorrow I'll be glad my life was filled with songs  
And maybe if I die tomorrow these four chords will keep me living on  
Even if I die tomorrow be glad my life was filled with songs  
And even if I die tomorrow these four chords will keep me living onOh oh, the song that we wrote  
Are playing back on the radio  
Oh oh, even if I die tomorrow  
These four chords will keep me living onSo sing along  
Oh oh, the song that we wrote  
Are playing back on the radio  
Oh oh, even if I die tomorrow  
These four chords will keep me living onThese four chords will keep me living onThese four chords will keep  
me living on

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