## Holland, 1945

Neutral Milk Hotel



| ① = A ③ = C<br>② = E ④ = G             |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
|--|---------------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|---|------|
| <u>INTRO</u>                           | ,                   | -132              | 123-             | 1112             | 1 | 312- |
| C                                      |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| C G C G                                |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| VERSE 1                                |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| C G C                                  | •                   | (                 | j .              |                  |   |      |
| The only girl I've ever loved, v       | was born wit        | th roses in h     | ner eyes         |                  |   |      |
| C G                                    |                     | D                 | C                |                  |   |      |
| But then they buried her alive         | one evening         | nineteen-f        | orty-five        |                  |   |      |
| D G                                    | . D                 |                   | . C              |                  |   |      |
| With just her sister at her side       | _                   | eks before        | the guns         |                  |   |      |
| D (                                    |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| All came and rained on everyo          | one                 |                   | C                |                  |   |      |
| Novy shals a little boy in Spain       | Dlaving nie         | ,<br>nag fillad v | G<br>with flames |                  |   |      |
| Now she's a little boy in Spain        | Piaying pia         | nos mied v        | vitii Haines     | G                |   |      |
| On empty rings around the sur          | all sing to         | cay my dre        | eam has con      |                  |   |      |
| on empty rings around the sur          | i, all sing to      | say my arc        | an nas con       |                  |   |      |
| <u>CHORUS</u>                          |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| C                                      | G                   |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| But now we must pack up even           | ry piece            |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| $\mathbf{C}$ $\mathbf{G}$              | J 1                 |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| Of the life we used to love            |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| C                                      |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| Just to keep ourselves                 |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| G D D?                                 | 7                   |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| At least enough to carry on            |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| A TED CE A                             |                     |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| <u>VERSE 2</u>                         | C                   |                   |                  | C                |   |      |
| C G                                    | C<br>haal With w    | our dorle br      | athar wwan       | G<br>and in whit | 0 |      |
| And now we ride the circus wh          | neer, with y        | our dark or       | otner wrapp      | bea in white     | е |      |
| C G<br>Says it was good to be alive by | D<br>ut novy ho riv | las a aamat       | 'a flama         |                  |   |      |
| D G                                    |                     |                   | . s manne<br>C   |                  |   |      |
| And won't be coming back aga           |                     | h looks hett      | _                |                  |   |      |
| D                                      | G                   | ii iooks octi     | ci iioiii a s    | tui              |   |      |
| That's right above from where          | vou are             |                   |                  |                  |   |      |
| D C                                    | , ou uio,           | D                 |                  | G                |   |      |
| He didn't mean to make you cr          | v. with spar        |                   | and bullets      | •                |   |      |
| D C                                    | ),                  | D                 |                  | C                | Ĵ |      |
| On empty rings around your h           | eart the wor        | rld just scre     | ams and fa       |                  |   |      |

## **CHORUS**

## VERSE 3 G

Am G/B C G And here's where your mother sleeps

Am G/B C

And here is room where your brothers were born the

G Am G/B C

In - den - tions in the sheets

G Am G/B C G

D

Where their bo-dies once moved but don't move anymore

C G C G

And it's so sad to see the world agree

D

That they'd rather see their faces filled with flies

G Am G/B C G D

Oh, and I'd want to keep white roses in their eyes

CGCDCG