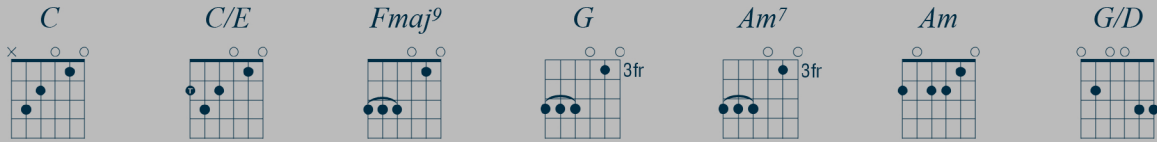


phase

Evan Stephens Hall // Pinegrove

(capo 2, drop D)



C/E *Fmaj9*
that night when i lifted my head up & i was seeing what was trembling there

G *Am7* *Fmaj9*
on the edge of my restless eyelid on the tip of the horizon's lash

C/E *Fmaj9*
on the lip of the collapsing letter in the lap of the confusing moon

G *Am7* *Fmaj9*
i'm reduced to an estranged illusion i'm consumed by all the shit in my room

C/E *Fmaj9*
well & maybe i could pick my room up carve a path on my moonlit floor

G *Am7* *Fmaj9*
through the colors i adorned my body with in the ritual of life i adored

C/E *Fmaj9*
but nowadays i usually just get up put on a sweater from the day before

G *Am7* *Fmaj9*
like you said it's got to get better i wear my shadow like a uniform

C *Fmaj9* *Am* *G/D* *C/E* *G/D* *Fmaj9*
& i'm torn right through divided right in two

C/E

Fmaj⁹

so well i do align my library by the colors on the spine of my books

G

Am⁷

Fmaj⁹

when i'm looking for resolution but there's wreckage everywhere i look

C/E

Fmaj⁹

& there's bramble scratching at the window & there's silver shining on the thorns

G

Am⁷

Fmaj⁹

i could have sworn the moon was singing to me strung in a phase so strange & torn

C/E

Fmaj⁹

but now the stars look fake & strung up & the colors on my floor are worn

G

Am⁷

Fmaj⁹

& the hues on my body are muted in the shadow of my uniform

C

Fmaj⁹

Am G/D C/E G/D Fmaj⁹

& i'm torn right through divided right in two

C

Fmaj⁹

Am G/D C/E G/D Fmaj⁹

i'm lost & i'm losing the brightest light i knew

C

i knew

Fmaj⁹

Am G/D C/E G/D Fmaj⁹