

DEATH OF A SALESMAN (Low)

1

A / E

A E
So I took my guitar

F#m C#m
And I threw down some chords

D A E
And some words I could sing without shame

A E
And I soon had a song

F#m C#m
I played it around

D A E
For some friends but they all said the same

A E
They said music's for fools

F#m C#m
You should go back to school

D A E
The future is prisons and math

1

DEATH OF A SALESMAN (Low)

2

 A E
So I did what they said
 F#m C#m
Now my children are fed
 D A E
'Cause they pay me to do what I'm asked

 A E
I forgot all my songs
 F#m C#m
The words now are wrong
 D A E
And I burned my guitar in a rage

 A E
But the fire came to rest
 F#m C#m
In your white velvet breast
 D E A
So somehow I just know that it's safe.

2