Barrel of a gun.

Words and Music by Martin Gore

2nd time only

Do you mean this ho-ny creep, set up on weary feet who looks in need of vis-cious ap-pe-tite vi-sits me each night and won't be sat-is-
sleep that does-n’t come? 
-fied, won’t be de-nied.

Mm.
Mm.

Mm. 
Mm. 
This 
An 

twist-ed, tor-tured mess, this bed of sin-
ful-ness who’s long-ing for some
un-bear-a-ble pain, a beat-ing in
my brain that leaves the mark of

rest and feel-ing numb.
Cain right here in
side...
Em7

What do you expect of me,
What am I supposed to do?

what is it you want?
When every thing that I've done...

What ever you've planned for me,
Is leading me to conclude

I'm not the one.
I'm not the one.

I'm not the one.

Whatever I've done,
I've been staring down the barrel of a gun.

Whatever I've done,

I've been staring down the barrel of a gun. Whatever I've done.

(Whatever, whatever)
Is there something you need from me?
Are you having your fun?

I never agreed to be your holy one.
Whatever I've done,

I've been staring down the barrel of a gun.
The love thieves.

Words and Music by Martin Gore

Oh the tears that you weep
Alms for the poor,
You're holding court

for the tortured souls
for the wretched disciples
with your lips and your smile,

who fall at your feet
and the love they swore
your body's a halo

with their love begging bowls,
with their hearts on the bi-
their minds are on trial
all the clerks and the tailors, the

sure as A-dam is Eve, sure as

sharks and the sailors, all good at their trades but

sit at your table and feast on your holiness

Jo-nah turned whaler, they're crooked love thieves

they'll always be failures, as long as they're able,

and you are their jailor.
Love needs its martyrs, needs its sacrifices,
they live for your beauty and
pay for their vices.
Love will be the death of my lonely soul brothers,
but their
Spirit shall live on in the hearts of all lovers.

Love will be the death of my

Lonely soul brothers, but their spirit shall live on in

the hearts of all lovers...
Home.

Words and Music by
Martin Gore

Capo 4
N.C.

Here is a song from the wrong side of town where I'm bound

to the ground by the loneliest sound that pounds from within and is pin-
ning me down.
Here is a page from the emptiest sweetest stage.
Smelling sheets that cling to the backs of my knees and my feet, well I'm drown-

Of the deadliest trap ever laid. And I thank you for bringing me here, for showing me home, for singing these tears, finally...
1. All I've found that I belong here.

The heat

2. Bbm

Feels like home,

I should have known

from my first breath.

from my first breath.
God send the only true friend I call mine, pretend that I'll make amends

the next time, befriend the glorious end of the line. And I

thank you for bringing me here, for showing me home, for
singing these tears, finally I've found that I belong here.

repeat ad lib. to fade
It's no good.

Words and Music by Martin Gore

Capo 3 N.C.

I'm going to take my time,
I have all I'll be wait-

the time in the world-

ing patient ly,

to make you mine,
till you see the signs,

It is writ-

and come run-

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ten in the stars above,
- ing to my open arms,
the Gods decree
when will you realise,
you'll be right here by my side,
do we have to wait till our worlds collide,
one open up your eyes.

You can run but you cannot hide.
You can't turn back the tide.

Don't say you want me,
don't say you need me,
don't say you love
me, it's understood. Don't say you're happy out there without me, I know you can't be 'cause it's no good.
I'll be fine

2.
Instrumental ad lib.

I'm going to take my

time,

I have all the time in the world
It is written in the stars above.

Don't say you want to make you mine...
Cm

_me,

_don’t say you need _ me,

don’t say you love _ me,

it’s

un-der - stood... Don’t say you’re hap - py

out there with-out _ me,

I know you can’t

be

’cause it’s no good... Don’t say you want it’s no good.

repeat ad lib. to fade
Useless.

Words and Music by Martin Gore

Well it's about time
Watch the clock on the wall
Here I stand accused
it's beginning to hurt,
feel the slowing of time,
with your fist in my face,
time you made up your mind
hear a voice in the hall
feeling tired and bruised
just what is it all worth.
echoing in my mind.
with the bitterest taste.
All my useless advice,
All your stupid deals,

All my hanging around,
Got your head in the clouds,

All your cutting down to size,
You should see how it feels to Coda

All my bringing you down,
With your feet on the ground.

1. Cb
2. Cb
D® al Coda

CODA

All your stu-pid i-deals,
got your head in the clouds,

you should see how it feels

with your feet on the ground.
Sister of night.

Words and Music by
Martin Gore

\( j = 90 \)

N.C.

\( \text{Em} \)

\( \text{Em7/D} \)

when the hunger descends
when the longing returns

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and your body's a fire,

a inferno that never ends,

that burns,

that burns in desire's name.

move in for the kill.

Oh sister come for me,
Am7          Em          B7sus          B7
Hey sister, I feel it too.

Am7          Em          B7sus          B7          G
Sweet sister, just feel me, I'm trembling, you heal me.

Am7          Em          B7sus          B7
Hey sister, I feel it too.

N.C.
Sister of night
Sister of night

in your saddest dress
with the loneliest eyes

as you walk through the light,
tell yourself it's all right,
you're desperate to
he'll make such a per-
impress,  
perfect prize,  
so you slide to the floor  
but the cold light of day  
will  

feeling insecure,  
give the game away,  

Oh sister,  
come for me,  
embrace me,  
as sure me.  

Hey sister,  
I feel it too.
Sweet sister, just feel me. I'm trembling, you heal me.

Hey sister, I feel it too.

Instrumental ad lib.

repeat ad lib. to fade
Freestate.

Words and Music by Martin Gore

I can hear your soul crying,
Pick-ing up the con-ver-sa-tions,
I can taste the tears fall-ing,

listen to your spi-rit sigh-
deep in your im-a-gi-na-
the bit-ter-ness in-side you call-

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I can feel your desperation,
yearning for a liberation,
emotion of their only choices.
emotion of emancipation.
emotion of physicality.
emotion of liberation.
let your feelings show.
let your spirit grow.
let your senses overflow.

Step out of your cage, out onto the stage,

it's time to start, playing your part.

Freedom awaits, open the gates,
Open your mind,

Freedom's a state.

Instrumental
The bottom line.

Words and Music by
Martin Gore

Capo 1

N.C.

Like a cat dragged in from the rain, who goes straight back out to do it all over again,
pawn on the eternal board, who's never quite sure what he's moved towards,

I'll be back for more.
I walk blindly on.

It's And
something that is out of our hands,
heaven is in front of me,

something we will never understand,
your heaven beckons me enticing.

faithfully, when I arrive, it's gone,

it's a hidden law,

the apple

the river

falls, destiny calls,

the wise man knows,

I follow you.

I follow you.
I'm yearning, I'm burning, I feel love's wheels turning.

Like a moth on love's bright light,

I will get burned each and every night, I'm dying
to(o).

The sun will shine, the bottom line, I follow.
1. Cl
- low you. The sun will shine, the bot - tom

2. Cl
- low you. The sun will shine, the bot - tom

F#7
line, I fol - low you. The sun will shine, the bot - tom

Cl
line, I fol - low you. The sun will shine, the bot - tom

G#7

F#7
line, I fol - low you.
Insight.

Words and Music by Martin Gore

\[ \begin{align*}
C & \quad C(5) \quad C \quad Am6 \quad B \quad Bsus4 \quad B \quad G7 \\
C & \quad C(5) \quad C \quad Am6 \quad B \quad Bsus4 \quad B \quad G7 \\
C & \quad C(5) \quad C \quad Am6 \quad B \quad Bsus4 \quad B \quad G7
\end{align*} \]

This is an insight into my life, this is a strange flight I'm taking, my
true will carries me along.

This is a soul dance embracing me,

of ages rushing over me,

this is heighten

the first chance to put things right,

my senses, enlighten me,

move

F

-ing on guided by the light.

And the spirit of love
is rising within me, talking to you now, telling you clear-

ly the fire still burns.

Wisdom

bears.
And the spirit of love is rising within me, talking to you now, telling you clearly the fire still burns.

I'm talking to you now, the fire still burns,

whatever you do now, the world still turns.