



No one will remember,
 What happened here today,
 Already tomorrow,
 The radio will lie,
 The truth can make you fly,
 Or cry and want to die.

The grace of a pebble,
 Without any chisel,
 Or touch of this cripple
 Master race.

The grace of a pebble,
 Is lost in the gravel.
 That's what you shovel
 Every day.

You walked with the devil.
 They gave you a medal.
 You'll throw in the towel,
 In this final race.
 So, Roll the dice . .

You are the king, you are the slave,
a d7
You are the change, yet you stay the sa-ame,
G e (G) F7^m

You are the things, you thought you owned,
a d7
You are the thought, that will save your so-oul,
G e (G) F7^m

After the wind and rain, a new day breaks,
a C⁺6/9 d 9 Esus7
But don't deny what you are. So
d7 G F7^m

Roll the dice, and dri-ink your wine, but don't forget on whose side you are.
a C⁺6/9 d 9 E sus 7 d7 e (G) F7^m
There's a scene that they didn't mean, blame the blind man for what you see.

Stars do shine, and smiles can lie, but in the end the blind man will die.

Child in the mine, honey in the hive, shake the earth and walk in the sky.

A man in a suit appeared to me,
He showed his heart outside of him,
The heart was beating in the rain,
And I felt sorry or was afraid,
Didn't know what to say
Then in my head, yet from the sky,
He started to explain,
All of his words fell down on me,
Colder than the rain,
The main in the suit will make you wise,
And help you on your waaaaay,