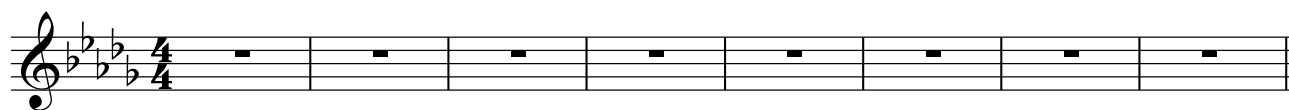


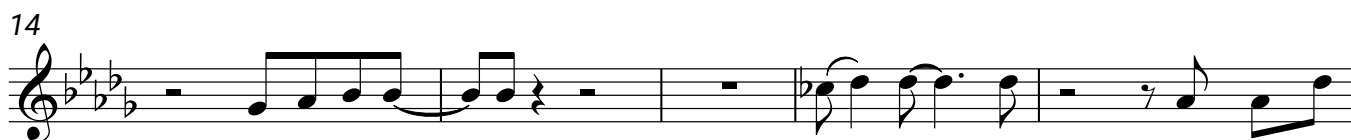
After the Landslide

Matt Simons

♩ = 120



Ly - ing_ here in my head, in my head, in my head done with the hi - ding,



sick of the fig - ting. Dy - ing_ here there's no-thing



left, no - thing left, no - thing left stuck in the mo -



ment, where are we go - in`?



It's been keep-ing me up all night__ `Cause I know what it feels like,



to be sta-ri-ng in-to head-lights__ pre-ten-din` that it's al - right.



I wan-na know what's next__ I'm gon-na see what's left,__ I'm gon-na see what's left