

Doesn't Remind Me

Audioslave

E A (2x)

E A
1. I walk the streets of Japan till I get lost

E A
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

E A
With a graveyard tan carrying a cross

E A
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

E A
I like studying faces in a parking lot

E A
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

E A
I like driving backwards in the fog

E A
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

E D A Em
R: The things that I've loved the things that I've lost

E D A Em
The things I've held sacred that I've dropped

E D A Em
I won't lie no more you can bet

E D A E
I don't want to learn what I'll need to forget

2. I like gypsy moths and radio talk
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything
I like gospel music and canned applause
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything
I like colorful clothing in the sun
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything
I like hammering nails and speaking in tongues
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

R: The things that I've loved...

Dm
*: Bend and shape me
C
I love the way you are
A Am
Slow and sweetly
G E
Like never before
Dm
Calm and sleeping
C
We won't stir up the past
A Am
So discretely
G E
We won't look back

(solo)

R: The things that I've loved...

E **A**
3. I like throwing my voice and breaking guitars
E **A**
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything
E **A**
I like playing in the sand what's mine is ours
E **A** **E**
If it doesn't remind me of anything