

Doesn't Remin Me

Audioslave

E A E A E

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

A E

Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

A E

With a graveyard tan carrying a cross

A E

Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

I like studying faces in a parking lot

Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

I like driving backwards in the fog

Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

E

A

D

E

R: The things that I've loved the things that I've lost
The things I've held sacred that I've dropped
I won't lie no more you can bet
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 ilke hammering nails and speaking in tongues

Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

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

D C

*: Bend and shape me

I love the way you are

Slow and sweetly

Like never before

Calm and sleeping

We won't stir up the past

So descretely

We won't look back

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

I like throwing my voice and breaking guitars

Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

I like playing in the sand what's mine is ours

If it doesn't remind me of anything