

As The World Caves In

Matt Maltese

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1. My feet are ach-ing, and your back is pret-ty tired, and we've
 2. Put your finest suit on I paint my fin-ger-nails. Oh, we're

p

with pedal

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drunk a cou-ple bot-tles babe, and set our grief a-side. The pa-pers say it's dooms-day, the
 go-ing out in style, babe, and ev-'ry-thing's on sale. We creep up on ex-tinc-tion, I

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but-ton has been pressed. We're gon-na nuke each oth-er up, boys, till old Sa-tan stands im-pressed.
 pull your arms right in. I weep and say good-night, love, while my or-gans pack it in.