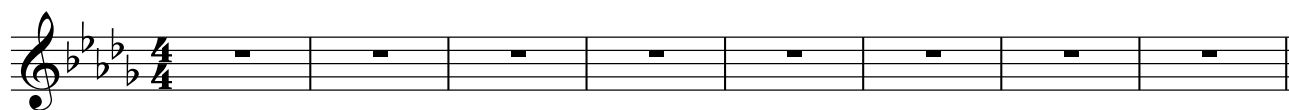


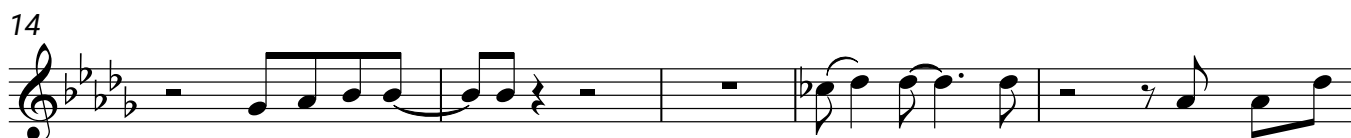
## After the Landslide

Matt Simons

♩ = 120



Ly - ing\_ here in my head, in my head, in my head done with the hi - ding,



sick of the figh - 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