

Ways To Die

Phillip Mills

Capo: 1

G C G C G

Roast - ed, squashed, or minced by trolls.
Starv - ing 'neath an e - vil moon,

C G D7 G C G

Stumb - ling in - to Gob - lin holes, where their King would have us slashed,
wolf eyes glow - ing in the gloom. Baked or toast - ed, fried and scorched;

C G D7 G D7 G

beat - en, bit - ten, chomped, and gnashed Throt - tled like some
ref - uge tree turns in - - to torch. Grabbed by tal - ons,

C G C G D7 G

poor, blind fish. Caught by doors of stone and squished. Chopped and stabbed by
one more fright: heart at - - tack from fear of height. Af - ter all I've

C G C G D7 G G7

friend and foe. Now down the av - a - lanche we go. There's
seen and heard, why would I trust this gi - ant bird?

C G C

one, two, three, four things that want to beat us; five, six, sev - en, eight

G C Am7

things that want to eat us. In a mon - ster's pan - try or fall - ing from the

G Am C C G7 C G

sky, who ev - er dreamed there'd be so man - y ways to die?

C G C G D7
 Some-where there's a mag - ic land, where auth - or sat with pen in hand,
 G C G C G D7 G
 glean - ing praise while we have bled. If I meet him, he is dead!
 G7 C G C
 There's one, two, three, four things that want to beat us; five, six,
 G C
 sev - en, eight things that want to eat us. In a mon - ster's pan - try or
 Am7 G Am C C G7
 fall - ing from the sky, who ev - er dreamed there'd be so man - y ways to
 C G D7 G
 die?

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