

[D] [D] [D] [D] Even [D] something as small as an [D] apple
It's [G] simple and somehow com-[A]-plex
[D] Sweet and divine, the [G] perfect design
Can I [D/] speak to the [A/] archi-[D]-tect

There's a [D] canyon that cuts through the [D] desert
Did it [G] get there because of a [A] flood
[D] Was it devised or [G] were you surprised
When [D/] you saw how [A/] grand it [D] was

[Chorus] Was it [Bm] thought out at all or just [G] paint on a wall?
Is there [D] anything that you reg-[A]-ret?
I [D] don't understand, are there [G] blueprints or plans?
Can I [Bm/] speak to the [A/] archi-[D]-tect? [D]

Some-[D]-times I look in the [D] mirror
And [G] wish I could make a re-[A]-quest
Could I [D] pray it away? Am I [G] shapeable clay
Or [D/] is this as [A/] good as it [D] gets?

One [D] day, you're on top of the [D] mountain
So [G] high that you'll never come [A] down
Then the [D] wind at your back carries [G] ember and ash
And [D/] burns your whole [A/] house to the [D] ground

[Chorus] Is it [Bm] thought out at all or just [G] paint on a wall?
Is there [D] anything that you reg-[A]-ret?
I [D] don't understand, are there [G] blueprints or plans?
Can I [Bm/] speak to the [A/] archi-[D]-tect?

Instrumental [Bm] [D] [D] [G] [Bm] [D] [A] [G] [D] [D] [D] [D]

I [D] thought that I was too [D] broken
And [G] maybe too hard to [A] love
I was [D] in a weird place, then I [G] saw the right face
And the [D/] stars and the [A/] planets lined [D] up

[Chorus] Does it [Bm] happen by chance? Is it [G] all happenstance
Do we [D] have any say in this [A] mess?
[D] Is it too late to [G] make some more space?
Can I [Bm/] speak to the [A/] archi-[D]-tect?

This [D] life that we make, is it [G] random or fate?
Can I [Bm/] speak to the [A/] archi-[D]-tect?
[Bm/] Is there an [A/] archi-[D]-tect? [D]