

[G] [G] [G] [G]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Instrumental [Em] [G] [Em] [C] [Em] [G] [D] [C] [G] [G] [G] [G]

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

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

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