The Carpet Crawlers (Genesis)

```
    E          F#m7        E         F#m7                        C#
There is lambswool under my naked feet. The wool is soft and warm  - gives off some kind of heat.
    C#m                                    D              A                       E
A salamander scurries into flame to be destroyed. Imaginary creatures are trapped in birth on celluloid.
                    F#m7                    C#
The fleas cling to the golden fleece, hoping they'll find peace.
    C#m                                                D                          A       D
Each thought and gesture are caught in celluloid. There's no hiding in memory, there's no room to avoid.
```

```
    D              Em             D                    Em                            D
The crawlers cover the floor in the red ochre corridor. For my second sight of people, they've more lifeblood than before.
    D              Em                 D                    Em
They're moving in time to a heavy wooden door where the needle's eye is winking, closing on the poor.
```

```
                    F#m7                        A
                The Carpet Crawlers heed their callers:
                    A                       G/A
                    "We've got to get in to get out.
                    A                       G/D
                    We've got to get in to get out.
                    D              C        G/D
                    We've got to get in    to get out."
```

```
    D              Em             D                    Em                            D
There's only one direction in the faces that I see, it's upward to the ceiling, where the chamber's said to be.
    D              Em                 D                    Em
Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree, they are pulled up by the magnet, believing they're free.
```

```
                    F#m7                        A
                The Carpet Crawlers heed their callers...
```

```
    D                  Em                 D                            Em
Mild-mannered supermen are held in kryptonite, and the wise and foolish virgins giggle with their bodies glowing bright.
    D                  Em                 D                            Em
Through the door a harvest feast is lit by candlelight. It's the bottom of a staircase that spirals out of sight.
```

```
                    F#m7                        A
                The Carpet Crawlers heed their callers...
```

```
    D                  Em                     D                            Em
The porcelain mannikin with shattered skin fears attack. And the eager pack lift up their pitchers - they carry all they lack.
    D                  Em                     D                            Em
The liquid has congealed, which has seeped out through the crack. And the tickler takes his stickleback.
```

```
                    F#m7                        A
                The Carpet Crawlers heed their callers:
                    A                       G/A
                    "We've got to get in to get out.
                    A                       G/D
                    We've got to get in to get out.
                    D              C        G/D
                    We've got to get in    to get out."
                D              Em
                Got to get in to get out (got to get in to get out) …
```

```
                    F#m7                        A
                The Carpet Crawlers heed their callers...
```