

Alt-J - 3WW

tom:

G

D

There was a wayward lad
Stepped out one morning

D

The ground to be his bed
The sky his awning

D G

Neon, neon, neon

A

A blue neon lamp in a midnight country field

G

Cows surround so you lean on, lean on

A D

So much your hugs become hold ons

D D2 D

Oh these three worn words

Em

Oh oh-oh-oh that we whisper

A A Gbm

Like the rubbing hands of tourists in Verona

I just want to love you in my own language

(D)

Gbm E D

Well that smell of sex, good like burning wood

Bm A D

The wayward lad lay claim

Gbm E D

To two thirsty girls from Hornsea

Bm A D

Who left a note when morning came

Gbm E D

Girls from the pool say "Hi" (hi)

Bm A D

The road erodes at five feet per year along England's east coastline

Gbm E D

Was this your first time?

Bm A D

Love is just a button we pressed last night by the campfire

D D2 D

Oh these three worn words

Em

Oh oh-oh-oh that we whisper

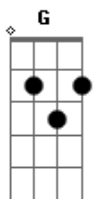
A A A Gbm

Like the rubbing hands of tourists in Verona

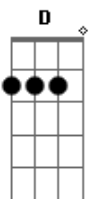
I just want to love you in my own language

(D)

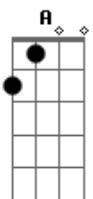
Acordes



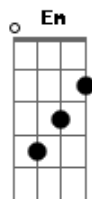
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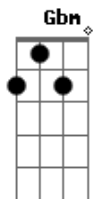
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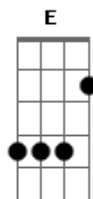
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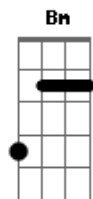
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