

# Bastille - Glory

tom:  
 Capotraste na 4ª casa  
 Intro: Bm G D A  
           Bm G D A

[Primeira Parte]

Bm G  
 Deep in a corner of the night  
 D A  
 We were lying in the middle of the road  
 Bm G  
 Counting the planes as they flew by  
 D A  
 Inconceivable imagining them go  
 Bm G  
 And drunk we set the world to rights  
 D A  
 As we fell and hit our heads upon the curb  
 Bm G  
 You make me laugh until I die  
 D A  
 Can you think of any better way to choke?

[Pré-Refrão]

G Bm A D  
 Stories told to me and stories told to you  
 G Bm A D  
 And did you ever feel like they were ringing true?

[Refrão]

G  
 And all their words for glory  
 A Bm  
 Well they all, they sounded empty  
 A D  
 When we're looking up for heaven  
 A  
 Looking up for heaven  
 G A  
 Way down here upon the ground  
 Bm  
 When we're lying in the dirt  
 A D  
 There's no looking up for heaven  
 A  
 Looking up for heaven

( Bm G D A )

[Segunda Parte]

Bm G  
 Not everything had gone to plan  
 D A  
 But we made the best of what we had, you know  
 Bm G  
 Passing the drink from hand to hand  
 D A

We admit we really know nothing at all

[Pré-Refrão]

G Bm A D  
 Stories told to me and stories told to you  
 G Bm A D  
 And was it feeling real, and were they ringing true?

[Refrão]

G  
 And all their words for glory  
 A Bm  
 Well they all, they sounded empty  
 A D  
 When we're looking up for heaven  
 A  
 Looking up for heaven  
 G A  
 Way down here upon the ground  
 Bm  
 When we're lying in the dirt  
 A D  
 There's no looking up for heaven  
 A Bm  
 Looking up for heaven

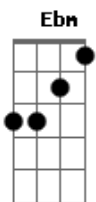
[Ponte]

G Bm  
 I'll take my chances on the curb here with you  
 A Gbm  
 We watched the planes leave us behind  
 G Bm  
 On the curb here with you  
 A Gbm  
 We watched the planes leave us behind  
 G A  
 And...and then you put your hand in mine  
 Bm A  
 And pulled me back from things divine  
 D A  
 Stop looking up for heaven, waiting to be buried

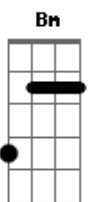
[Refrão]

G  
 And all their words for glory  
 A Bm  
 Well they all, they sounded empty  
 A D  
 When we're looking up for heaven  
 A  
 Looking up for heaven  
 G A  
 Way down here upon the ground  
 Bm  
 When we're lying in the dirt  
 A D  
 There's no looking up for heaven  
 A  
 Looking up

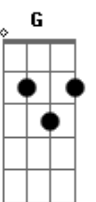
## Acordes



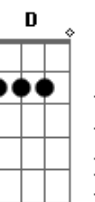
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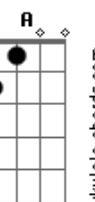
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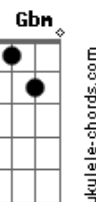
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