

Beirut - Cliquot

Tom: **D**

(intro) **Bm Em**

Bm
A plague in the workhouse, a plague on the poor

Em
Now I'll beat on my drum 'til I'm dead

Bm
Yesterday, a fever, tomorrow, St. Peter

Em
I'll beat on my drum until then.

Bm **Em**
But what melody will lead my lover from his bed?

Bm **Em**
What melody will see him in my arms again?

(mesmos acordes da primeira estrofe)

Set fire to foundation and burn out the station
You'll never get nothing of mine
The pane of my window will flicker and glimmer

I won't leave a stitching behind

Bm **Em**
But what melody will lead my lover from his bed?

Bm **Em**
What melody will see him in my arms again?

(**Bm Em**) (2x)

D **A** **Em**

D
I'll sing of the walls of the well and the house at the top of the hill

A **Em**

D
I'll sing of the bottles of wine that we left on our old windowsill

A **Em**

D
I'll sing of the usual spin getting sadder and older,

A **Em**
Oh love, and the cold, the oncoming cold

(**D A Em**)

Acordes

