

Beirut - Forks And Knifes

Tom: G

G Em Am D

G Em Am D G
 Uptown, the street's in a calming way
 Em Am D G
 And outside is warm as a bed with a maid
 Em Am D G
 And I find it's all our waves and raves
 Em Am D G
 That makes the days go on this way

G Em Am D

G Em Am D G
 I heard the sad sound of words
 Em Am D G

Spoken from the beak of a wise old bird

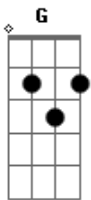
Em Am D G
 Uptown, the streets are kept afloat
 Em Am D G
 A girl never leaves me alone

G Em Am D

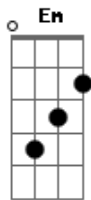
G Em Am
 He means well, saying,
 D G Em
 I've got stories of wine, superb
 Am D G Em
 And of course my childhood, forks and knives
 Am D G Em Am D G
 And a hospital bed, where I turned my life over and over again

G Em Am D

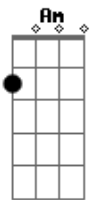
Acordes



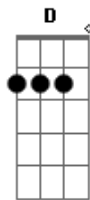
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