

Beirut - Varieties Of Exile

Tom: G

Every word sounds like a siren
 Into the town, breaking the silence
 It's a good life, wait and it's over
 Everywhere, ever, oh

We never would have in mind
 Here for next time
 (C Em Am)

If there was doubt

It's getting colder
 In a new light
 I'd turn it over
 I can't decide
 If there's another
 Hand on your fate, never

We never would have in mind
 Here for next time
 We never would have in mind
 Here for next time

Acordes

