

# 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

