

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

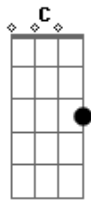
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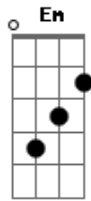
Acordes



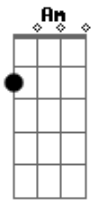
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