

Ben Howard - Black Flies

tom:

F
Black flies on the windowsill

F Am
That we are

F Am
That we are

F
That we are to know

Am
Winter stole summer's thrill

F
And the river's cracked and cold

F Am
See the sky is no man's land

F
A darkened plume to stay

Am
Hope here needs a humble hand

F
Not a fox found in your place

Am G F
And no man is an island, oh this I know

Am
But can't you see, oh?

G F
Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone

F Am
Black flies on the windowsill

That we are

That we are

F
That we are to hold

Am
Comfort came against my will

F
And every story must grow old

Am
Still I'll be a traveller

F
A gypsy's reins to face

Am
But the road is wearier

F
With that fool found in your place

Am G F
And no man is an island, oh this I know

Am
But can't you see, oh?

G F
Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone

F
So here we are

(Am F Am)
(F Am F)

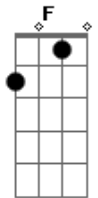
Am G
And I don't wanna beg your pardon

F
And I don't wanna ask you why

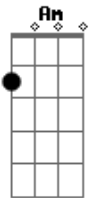
But if I was to go my own way

Would I have to pass you by?

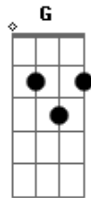
Acordes



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