

# Blur - Pyongyang

Tom: Gb

(com acordes na forma de Capotraste na 1ª casa  
Bm D G (2x))

<sup>Bm</sup>  
I look down from my window <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>  
To the island where I'm held  
<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Listen while you're sleeping  
<sup>G</sup>  
Darkness is itself

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Tomorrow I am disappearing  
<sup>G</sup>  
Cause the trees are amplified  
<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Never ending broadcasts  
<sup>G</sup>  
To which I cannot aspire

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Bb</sup>  
Kid the mausoleum's fallen  
<sup>C</sup>  
And the perfect avenues  
Will seem empty without you

<sup>Eb</sup> <sup>Gm</sup>  
And the pink light that bathes the great leaders  
<sup>F</sup>  
is fading

<sup>Bb</sup>  
By the time your sun is rising there  
<sup>C</sup>  
Out here it's turning blue  
The silver rockets coming

<sup>Eb</sup> <sup>Gm</sup>  
And the cherry trees, Pyongyang,  
<sup>F</sup>  
I'm leaving

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I feel like I'm floating  
<sup>G</sup>  
Persisting autotune  
<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
never end, roll on  
<sup>G</sup>  
To the palace of the doom

F )

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
The temperature keeps falling  
<sup>G</sup>  
Soon there will be no lights  
<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Just a red glow of glass coffins  
<sup>G</sup>  
Watched by someone through the night

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Bb</sup>  
Kid the mausoleum's fallen  
<sup>C</sup>  
And the perfect avenues  
Will seem empty without you

<sup>Eb</sup> <sup>Gm</sup>  
And the pink light that bathes the great leaders  
<sup>F</sup>  
is fading

<sup>Bb</sup>  
By the time your sun is rising there  
<sup>C</sup>  
Out here it's turning blue  
The silver rockets coming

<sup>Eb</sup> <sup>Gm</sup>  
And the cherry trees, Pyongyang,  
<sup>F</sup>  
I'm leaving

<sup>Fm</sup>  
<sup>Bm D G</sup>  
(Soon there will be no light, someone through the night)

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Bb</sup>  
Kid the mausoleum's fallen  
<sup>C</sup>  
And the perfect avenues  
Will seem empty without you

<sup>Eb</sup> <sup>Gm</sup>  
And the pink light that bathes the great leaders  
<sup>F</sup>  
is fading

<sup>Bb</sup>  
By the time your sun is rising there  
<sup>C</sup>  
Out here it's turning blue  
The silver rockets coming

<sup>Eb</sup> <sup>Gm</sup>  
And the cherry trees, Pyongyang,  
<sup>F</sup>  
I'm leaving

## Acordes

