

Tom: C

Blur - Under The Westway

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(Intro)
                                                                               Em
                                                             Now it's magic arrows hitting the bull
                                                             Doing one eighty still standing at last call
There were blue skies in my city today
                                                             {\sf G} {\sf Am} {\sf G} {\sf F} When the flags coming down and the Last Post sounds
       Em
                    Dm
Everything was sinking, said snow would come on sunday
The old school was due and the traffic grew
                                                             Just like a love song
Up on the West way
                                                             For the way I feel about you F Em F
                         \mathsf{Am}
Where I stood watching comets lonesome trails
                                                              Paradise's not lost, it's in you
F Em Dm
                                                               G Am
Shining up above me the jet fuel it fell
                                                             On a permanent basis I apologise
Down to earth where the money always comes first
                                                             But I am going to sing
And the sirens sing
                                                             (Pausa)
(Solo) Os acordes continuam iguais aos da primeira parte.
Bring us the day they switch off the machines \bar{a}
                                                             Hallelujah
Cos men in yellow jackets putting adverts inside my dreams
                                                             Sing it out loud and sing it to you
An automated song and the whole world gone
                                                             Am I lost out at sea
                                                                 G F
Fallen under the spell of
                                                             'Til a tide wash me up off the West way
The distance between us when we communicate
F Em F- F
Still picking up shortwave, somewhere they're out in space
                                                             (Intro)
                                                             (Solo)
It depends how you're wired when the night's on fire
Under the West way
                                                             (Ponte)
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(Ponte)

Acordes

