

David Bowie - This Is Not America

Tom: Bb

Gm Gm

A little piece of you

The little peace in me

Will die

For this is not america

Blossom falls to bloom This season

Promise not to stare

Too long

For this is not a miracle

There was a time

A storm that blew so pure

For this could be the biggest sky

And I could have

The faintest idea

For this is not america

Cha la la la la

Cha la la la la

Snowman melting

From the inside

Falcon spirals

To the ground

So bloody red

Tomorrows clouds

There was a time

A wind that blew so young

For this could be the biggest sky

And I could have the faintest idea

Acordes

Bb

Gm

A7

Bb7

Gm7

Eb7

Cn7

Dn7

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