

Fleetwood Mac - Fireflies

Tom: Gb

To be the last to leave, the last to be gone
 Stolen from the ones who held onto him
 To be the last in line from the ones that live on
 Silhouette of a dream treasured by the ones
 Who held onto him
 Almost a breakdown of our love affair
 The stiletto cuts quick like a whip through the air
 Long distance winners will we survive the flight
 Not one of us runs from the firelight

And I would love to believe I believe what you say
 But in the drama of the moment
 Oh well there is no easy way
 No one ever leaves, everyone stays close 'til the fire fades
 To be the last to leave
 Well, what caused the fearsome divorce in the night
 When there was no competition well to survive, do it right
 and you can believe in the fight to survive the distance
 Everyone fights...everyone fights and the fire flies.....

Acordes

