

Florence and The Machine - 100 Years

Intro: E|-----Tom:-----|
 B|-3--1---0-----3--1---0-----|
 G|-----2-----2-----|
 D|-----|
 A|-----|
 E|-----|

D
 I believe in you and in our hearts we know the truth
 D
 I believe in love and the darker it gets, the more I do
 D
 Try and fill us with your hate and we will shine a light
 D
 And the days will become endless and never, and never turn to night

And never, and never turn to night Bb G

[Refrão]

F
 Then it's just too much
 G
 I cannot get you close enough
 D
 A hundred arms, a hundred years
 D
 You can always find me here
 F
 And, Lord, don't let me break this
 G
 Let me hold it lightly
 D
 Give me arms to pray with
 D
 Instead of ones that hold too tightly
 D
 We have no need to fight
 D
 We raise our voices and let our hearts take flight
 D
 Get higher than those planes can fly
 D
 Where the stars do not take sides

[Refrão]

F
 Then it's just too much
 G
 I cannot get you close enough
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 A hundred arms, a hundred years
 D
 You can always find me here
 F
 And, Lord, don't let me break this
 G
 Let me hold it lightly
 D
 Give me arms to pray with
 D
 Instead of ones that hold too tightly

[Refrão]

F
 And then it's just too much

G
 The streets, they still run with blood
 D
 A hundred arms, a hundred years
 D
 You can always find me here
 F
 And, Lord, don't let me break this
 G
 Let me hold it lightly
 D
 Give me arms to pray with
 D
 Instead of ones that hold too tightly
 F
 I let him sleep and as he does
 G
 My held breath fills the room with love
 D
 Hurts in ways I can't describe
 G
 My heart bends and breaks so many, many times
 G D
 And is born again with each sunrise
 G F
 And is born again with each sunrise
 (F G D)
 (F G D)
 F G
 Funerals were held all over the city
 D
 The youth bleed in the square
 F
 And women raged as old men fumbled and cried
 D
 We're sorry, we thought you didn't care, oh
 F G
 And how does it feel now you've scratched that itch?
 D
 How does it feel?
 F G
 And pulled out all your stitches
 D
 Hubris is a bitch

F G Dm
 A hundred arms, a hundred years
 F G Dm
 A hundred arms, a hundred years

[Refrão]

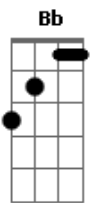
F
 And then it's just too much
 G
 The streets, they still run with blood
 D
 A hundred arms, a hundred years
 D
 You can always find me here
 F
 And, Lord, don't let me break this
 G
 Let me hold it lightly
 D
 Give me arms to pray with
 D
 Instead of ones that hold too tightly

(F G Dm)

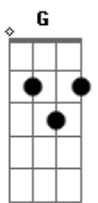
Acordes



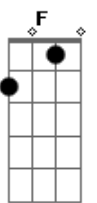
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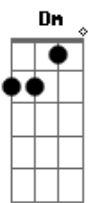
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