

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
 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

[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 G
 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



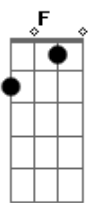
© ukulele-chords.com



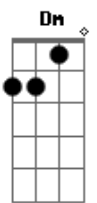
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com