

# 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  
 Bb G  
 And never, and never turn to night

[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  
 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



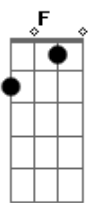
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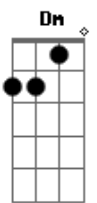
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