

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
And women raged as old men fumbled and cried G
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

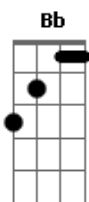
[Refrão]

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)

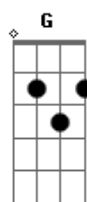
Acordes



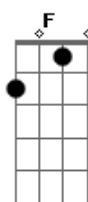
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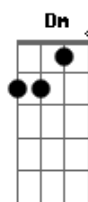
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