

Florence and The Machine - Which Witch

Tom: A

It's my whole heart
Weighted and measured inside
And it's an old scar
Trying to bleach it out
And it's my whole heart
Deemed and delivered a crime
I'm on trial, waiting 'til the beat comes out
I'm on trial, waiting 'til the beat comes out

Who's a heretic now?
Am I making sense? How can you make it stick
Waiting 'til the beat comes out
Who's a heretic, child
Can you make it stick, now
And I'm on trial waiting 'til the beat comes out

(Dbm E A)

Calm as the wind
He's on my mind
I'm getting tired of crawling all the way
And I've had enough
It's obvious
And I'm getting tired of crawling all the way
Crawling all the way
Crawling all the way

I'm not beat up by this yet
You can't tell me to regret
Been in the dark since the day we met

Fire, help me to forget
And it's my whole heart
While tried and tested, it's mine
And it's my whole heart
Trying to reach it out
And it's my whole heart
Burned but not buried this time
I'm on trial, waiting 'til the beat comes out
I'm on trial, waiting 'til the beat comes out

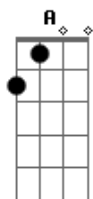
(Dbm E A)
(Gbm Dbm E A)
Calm as the wind
He's on my mind
I'm getting tired of crawling all the way
And I've had enough
It's obvious
And I'm getting tired of crawling all the way

I'm not beat up by this yet
You can't tell me to regret
Been in the dark since the day we met
Fire, help me to forget

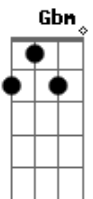
Chained and shackled, oh
All that gravel, oh
It's a pity, oh
Never to return
But I never learn
It's a pity, oh (a Capella)
Chained and shackled, oh
All that gravel, oh
It's a pity, oh
Say I won't return
But I never learn
It's a pity, oh

Ooh...

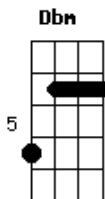
Acordes



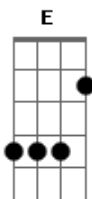
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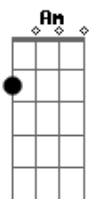
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