

# Ghost - The Future Is a Foreign Land

tom:  
 Fifteen years from now  
 I know it feels remote  
 But picture it somehow  
 In your head  
 It's 1984  
 And knocking on your door  
 Is the Brownshirt Stasi guard  
 Boom, you're gone  
 And in the blood of the Kennedys  
 The good ones get shot  
 And in the absence of sympathy  
 Won't you hear me out?  
 When it all burns down  
 When it all burns down  
 I will hold you close for the minute  
 Yeah, I'll hold you for the minute it takes  
 Fifty-five years from now  
 I know it sounds insane  
 The dark fascist regime might be gone  
 Oh, if you by then have forgiven me  
 When push comes to shove  
 We don't have to be enemies  
 Won't you hear me out?  
 When it all burns down

When it all burns down  
 I will hold you close for the minute  
 For the minute  
 When it all burns down  
 And the flames devour everything that we are  
 I will hold you for the minute  
 I will hold you for the minute it takes  
 Passagem (Bb A Gm )  
 With these words at hand  
 The future is a foreign land  
 So let us pray for more in twenty twenty-four  
 (Twenty twenty-four)  
 We could grow old together  
 (Twenty twenty-four)  
 We could love one another  
 (Twenty twenty-four)  
 And then we'll from then be peace forevermore  
 Peace forevermore  
 But if it all burns down  
 If it all burns down  
 I will hold you close for the minute  
 For the minute  
 If it all burns down  
 And the flames devour everything that we are  
 I will hold you for the minute  
 I will hold you for the minute it takes

## Acordes

