

Jome - Cinnamon

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tom:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Waking when the white sunlight's out
Intro: Abm Ebm E
                            Abm Ebm E
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Waiting through the days and nights out
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              It's a slow cinnamon summer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Your spell's pulling me under
      Evergreens in a dream of an island town
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Going in a wooded hollow
    Draw a line in the sand and we'll smooth it down
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Abm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Showing me the moves to follow
                                                                                                      Abm B
At least I will get in the middle, call my phone anytime
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   В
                Abm Ebm E
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              It's a slow cinnamon summer
And we'll try, to guess right
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Dbm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Your spell's pulling me under
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ( Abm Ebm B Dbm )
Waking when the white sunlight's out
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ( Abm Ebm B Dbm )
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ( Abm Ebm B Dbm )
( Abm Ebm E )
                                                                              Abm
Waiting through the days and nights out
It's a slow cinnamon summer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              [Refrão]
              Dbm
Your spell's pulling me under
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Waking when the white sunlight's out
Going in a wooded hollow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Waiting through the days and nights out
                                                  Abm
Showing me the moves to follow % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              It's a slow cinnamon summer
                        В
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Dbm
It's a slow cinnamon summer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Your spell's pulling me under
Your spell's pulling me under
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Waking when the white sunlight's out
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Ahm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Waiting through the days and nights out
      It's a hand on the ground that's around for an hour of hope
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             It's a slow cinnamon summer
                                                                                                                                              Ebm E
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Dbm
     It disappears as the sea takes it in and swallows it whole
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Your spell's pulling me under
                                                                                                                                                Abm
And just as it leaves, just as it's sinking
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Going in a wooded hollow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Abm
The morning will save our souls
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Showing me the moves to follow
Abm Ebm E
From too cold, to keep low
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    В
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              It's a slow cinnamon summer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Your spell's pulling me under
Acordes
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[Refrão]

