

Keane - Strangeland

You get no time to put things right tom: Gbm Intro: A Bm D A To put things right A Bm D Lover, I remember laying out a map

Gbm Bm E You wound the rope around me Throwing our possessions in the van And you pulled the knots in tight And shook me like a bad dream from your sight ${\color{red}A}$ Your tapes piled on the backseat D A And a camera in your hand And now the things I?ve done to forget you F D A Gbm Bm Dressed for our arrival in the Strangeland Well, it?s not what I had planned Bm The sweetest thoughts get twisted in the Strangeland Strangeland blind Gbm D You got no reason Strangeland blind You got no rhyme You got no reason Gbm You get no time to put things right You got no rhyme Gbm To put things right You get no time to put things right To put things You drove across the border $\frac{D}{A}$ Gbm Strangeland dreams As the winter rains ran dry Gbm Bm E
And, only fit for birdsong, filled the sky D You tore my baby away from me Gbm We get no time to put things right You threw your head back screaming Gbm To put things right D A As we raced across wet sand Gbm You get no time to put things right Gbm Bm And lept into the waters of the Strangeland Gbm To put things right To put things right Strangeland blind D You got no reason To put things right You got no rhyme Acordes

