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Men I Trust - Oh Dove

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tom:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                The one to tell your story, don?t say you?re sorry, you rest
Intro: Gbm A Dbm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                and heal
                           Bm A Dbm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                You used to be my spear without fear, you had the will \begin{tabular}{lll} \begin{tabular}
                           D Bm Db
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                I want to give you time, give you mine, until you heal
You?re not done, you just broke a bone
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                You used to speed your way through the fields, but now you?re
                     Α
                                                                                      Dbm
                                                                                                                                                                  \mathsf{Bm}
                                                                                                                                                                                   Db
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                still
            dove, you?re not the one that?s gone
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                [Terceira Parte]
[Segunda Parte]
Gbm
                                                                                                            Dbm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Soon we?ll roam, there?ll be shade onc? more
To be ours, like the trees on our shores
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Dbm
                                                                   Α
                                                                                                                                                       D
                                                                                                                                                                                               Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               We?ll stray, oblivious of boats sailing home, sailing hom?
                                                                                                    Dbm
All tweezed, the cliffs eat away at our knees, on my knees
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                [Final] Gbm A
(Gbm A Dbm)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Gbm A Dbm
( Bm A Dbm )
( D Bm Db )
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Gbm A Dbm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Gbm A Dbm
[Ponte]
Acordes
                                                                                                                                       ıkulele-chords.com
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