

Paola Bennet - Timbers and Wind

Tom: Bb

m (forma dos acordes no tom de Am)

Capostrate na 1ª casa

Intro: Am G F Am

[Parte 1]

Now there once was a time when the northerners sang

Of a king they had crowned: more a boy than a man

More a pup than a wolf, with the cold of the realm in his eyes

He'd broken a vow to the lords of the Twins

Wed a stranger, a beauty, but a promise there'd been

So the Lord Frey demanded a bridegroom as compromise

[Refrão]

And the timbers groaned

River wind softly moaned

Oh, the King in the North doesn't know

How a red wedding goes

(Am)

[Segunda Parte]

Well, the feasting was plenty and the singing in tune

And the Stark wolves, they howled 'neath their northern moon

So loud were their cries that the closing of doors was drowned out

Lady Catelyn alone had the river's sharp ear

Heard dancing reels turn to the Rains of Castamere

In her skin and bones growled a creature of doubt

[Refrão]

And the timbers groaned

River wind softly moaned

Oh, the King in the North soon will know

How a red wedding goes

(Am)

[Terceira Parte]

Am

There were arrows and daggers, and the touch of them burned

From players to slayers in an instant were turned

And the foreigner Queen was the first to fall under the knife

With two arrows in him, the King crawled to her side

While his mother, she pleaded for the Lord to subside

But he'd taken their word, and to break it meant no right to life

[Refrão]

And the timbers groaned

River wind softly moaned

Oh, the King in the North, now he knows

How a red wedding goes

(Am)

[Quarta Parte]

Lord Bolton approached; with a thrust to Robb's heart

He gave him the Lannister Lions' regards

And the king's mother wept, for his last word had called her to him

There was nothing she felt cutting Lady Frey's throat

And she felt nothing more when they slashed her own

The North will remember, she thought, and they'll have all your skins

[Refrão]

And the timbers groaned

Now the wolves lie below

Oh, the King in the North, if he'd known

How a red wedding goes

And the timbers groan

But the North waits; they know

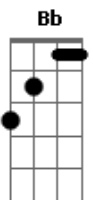
That one day the blood they are owed

Will run 'neath their soles

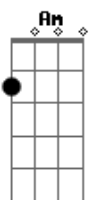
Run 'neath their soles

Run 'neath their soles

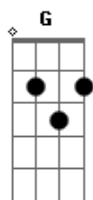
Acordes



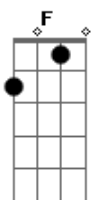
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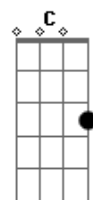
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