

The Cure - 100 Years

Tom: **D**

I was too lazy to put the chords over the words but here is the riff nonetheless:

Cm **B** **Cm** **B**

If you have heard the song before, I am sure you know what 7/\ \ / \ / means. To play that you just have to repeatedly bend the note 1/2 step up and down. And I think you strike the note a couple times in the measure (say around four times- I have not transcribed it that way). You will notice that the song goes from **Cm** to **B**. If I wanted to be technical, for the fourth measure I would have wrote **B**, **B/6**, **B/#5**, **B** over the 4-3-4 notes on the high **E** string but I am not going to.

That is the main riff. For the lyrics such as "waiting for the death blow", "just like the old days" and "one after the other", a **Bb** chord is played. For the "a hundred years" part, **Gb** is played and then the song goes back to **Cm** to **B**. That is basically it. Here are the lyrics:

It doesn't matter if we all die
Ambition in the back of a black car
In a high building there is so much to do
Going home time
A story on the radio

Something small falls out of your mouth
And we laugh
A prayer for something better
A prayer for something better

Please love me
Meet my mother
But the fear takes hold
Creeping up the stairs in the dark
Waiting for the death blow
Waiting for the death blow

Waiting for the death blow

Stroking your hair as the patriots are shot
Fighting for freedom on the television
Sharing the world with slaughtered pigs
Have we got everything?
She struggles to get away

The pain and the creeping feeling
A little black haired girl
Waiting for Saturday
The death of her father pushing her
Pushing her white face into the mirror
Aching inside me
And turn me around
Just like the old days
Just like the old days
Just like the old days
Just like the old days

Caressing an old man
And painting a lifeless face
Just a piece of new meat in a clean room
The soldiers close in under a yellow moon
All shadows and deliverance
Under a black flag
A hundred years of blood
Crimson
The ribbon tightens round my throat
I open my mouth
And my head bursts open
A sound like a tiger thrashing in the water
Thrashing in the water
Over and over
We die one after the other
Over and over
We die one after the other
One after the other
One after the other
One after the other
One after the other

It feels like a hundred years
A hundred years
A hundred years
A hundred years
A hundred years
One hundred years

Acordes

