

# Ben Howard - Black Flies

tom:

**F**

**F** **Am**  
Black flies on the windowsill

That we are

That we are

**F**  
That we are to know

**Am**  
Winter stole summer's thrill

**F**  
And the river's cracked and cold

**F** **Am**  
See the sky is no man's land

**F**  
A darkened plume to stay

**Am**  
Hope here needs a humble hand

**F**  
Not a fox found in your place

**Am** **G** **F**  
And no man is an island, oh this I know

**Am**  
But can't you see, oh?

**G** **F**  
Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone

**F** **Am**  
Black flies on the windowsill

That we are

That we are

That we are to hold **F**

**Am**  
Comfort came against my will

**F**  
And every story must grow old

**Am**  
Still I'll be a traveller

**F**  
A gypsy's reins to face

**Am**  
But the road is wearier

**F**  
With that fool found in your place

**Am** **G** **F**  
And no man is an island, oh this I know

**Am**  
But can't you see, oh?

**G** **F**  
Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone

**F**  
So here we are

( **Am** **F** **Am** )  
( **F** **Am** **F** )

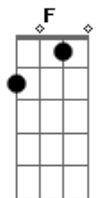
**Am** **G**  
And I don't wanna beg your pardon

**F**  
And I don't wanna ask you why

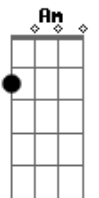
But if I was to go my own way

Would I have to pass you by?

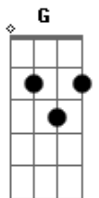
## Acordes



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