

## **Century - Gone With The Winner**

```
Tom: A
                                                             IT'S LIKE A SILENT THING THAT'S RUNNING IN MY
WAITING FOR THE NOISE TO DISAPPEAR
THE CRYING ALL THE SAINT
                                                                      GONE WITH THE WIND
                                                            GONE
                                                                                                             Gbm
                                                            COMING WITH DESOLATE
                                                                                  STATE OF
                                                                                             MIND
THE PINING OF THE FOOL I NEVER HAD THE TIME TO PRAY
                                                            OFF YOU WOULD'VE GONE
                                                                                  TO WAR
                                                                                            THE SLAVE TO EVERY TEAR
WAITING FOR THE SOUND TO CALM MY
                                                            I'M WAITING FOR
                                                                             THE SMOKE
I'M TIRED OF ASKING
                    WHY
                          I'M DYING EVERYDAY
                                                                                                                     Gbm
                                                            I LISTEN TO THIS CALLING
                                                                                        IN YOUR EYES
                                                                                                              Db7
YOU'RE LEAVING NOW, YOUR LIPS
                                                                                    THE PINING OF A FOOL
                                                            CRYING ALL THE SAINT
                                            Gbm
    GO NE
              GONE WITH THE WINNER
                                                            YOU'RE LEAVING NOW YOUR LIPS
GO NE
             GONE WITH THE WIND AND NOW
                                                               GO NE
                                                                         GONE WITH THE WINNER
  IT'S LIKE
              A SILENT THING THAT'S
                                     RUNNING IN MY
                                                                          GONE WITH THE WIND AND NOW
                                                            GO NE
        GONE WITH THE WIND
[Solo] A E Gbm Gbm Bm Bm E
                                                                IT'S LIKE
                                                                           A SILENT THING THAT'S
                                                                                                   RUNNING IN MY
                                                                     GONE WITH THE WIND
                                                            GONE
AND NOW
```

## **Acordes**

