

## **Death Cab For Cutie - Transatlanticism**

```
Tom: A
                                                             Have been silenced forever more.
                                                              The distance is quite simply much too far for me to row
A Dbm D Gbm (2x) E
                                                    Gbm
                                                              It seems farther than ever before
The Atlantic was born today, and I'll tell you how:
                                                                Α
                                                             Oh no.
                      Dbm
The clouds above opened up and let it out.
                                                                                     A Gbm E
I was standing on the surface of a perforated sphere
                                                             I need you so much closer [x4]
                         Gbm
                                                                                    Dbm D E
When the water filled every hole.
                                                             I need you so much closer
                                                                                  Bm D A Gbm E
And thousands upon thousands made an ocean,
                                                             I need you so much closer
                    D
Making islands where no island should go.
                                                             D A Gbm E (15x)
Oh no.
                                                             Gbm
                                                                                    Dbm D E
                                                             I need you so much closer
D A Gbm E (4x)
                                                                                  Bm D A Gbm E
                                                             I need you so much closer
                                                       Gbm
                     Dbm
Most people were overjoyed; they took to their boats.
                                                             D A Gbm E (2x)
                                                                           A Gbm E
I thought it less like a lake and more like a moat.
                                                             So come on, come on [x4]
The rhythm of my footsteps crossing floodlands to your door
```

## **Acordes**

