

Depeche Mode - Blasphemous Rumours

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Hit by a car, ended up
                tom:
                B (forma dos acordes no tom de A )
Capostraste na 2ª casa
                                                                On a life support machine
Intro: Em F Em F
Em F Em F
                                                                [Interlúdio] Em F Em
                                                                            Em F Em F
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                [Quarta Parte]
Girl of sixteen, whole life ahead of her
                                                                Summer's day as she passed away
Slashed her wrists, bored with life
                                                                Birds were singing in the summer sky
Didn't succeed, thank the Lord
                                                                Then came the rain and once again
                Em
For small mercies
                                                                                    В
                                                                A tear fell from her mother's eye
[Interlúdio] Em F Em F
Em F Em F
                                                                [Refrão]
                                                                I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
Fighting back the tears, mother reads the note again
                                                                                          Cadd9
                                                                But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
Sixteen candles burn in her mind
                                                                And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
She takes the blame, it's always the same
She goes down on her knees and prays
                                                                I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
                                                                                          Cadd9
                                                                But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
[Interlúdio] Em F Em F
                                                                                                    Cadd9
                                                                And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
[Refrão]
 Cadd9
I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
                                                                I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
                                                                                          Cadd9
                          Cadd9
                                                                But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
But I think that \operatorname{God}'s got a sick sense of humour
And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
                                                                And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
[Interlúdio] Em F Em F
Em F Em F
                                                                I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
[Refrão]
                                                                But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
 Cadd9
                            G
                                                                And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
                          Cadd9
But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
                                                                I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
                                                                     Α7
                                    Cadd9
                                                                                          Cadd9
And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
                                                                But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
[Interlúdio] Em F Em F
                                                                And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
[Terceira Parte]
                                                                I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
                                                                                          Cadd9
                                                                But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
Girl of eighteen, fell in love with everything
                                                                And when I die, I expect to find him laughing
Found new life in Jesus Christ
Acordes
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