Ed Sheeran - Hands Of Gold

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Tom: C
                                                               "My sword is hungry still"
Intro:
                                                               Am
                                                               And with a cry of savage rage
Δm
He rode through the streets of the city
                                                               Am
                                                                           Em
                                                                                      Am
                                                               They swarmed across the rill
 Em
Down from his hill on high
                                                               Am
                                                                                 F
                                                               And with a cry of savage rage
 Am
O'er the winds and the steps and the cobble
                                                               Am
                                                                           Em
                                                                                      Am
                                                               They swarmed across the rill
 Em
He rode to a woman's sigh
 Am
                                                                Am
For she was his secret treasure
                                                               He rode through the streets of the city
                                                                Em
 Fm
She was his shame and his bliss
                                                               Down from his hill on high
 Am
                                                                Am
And a chain and a keep are nothing
                                                               O'er the winds and the steps and the cobble
 Em
                                                                Fm
Compared to a woman's kiss
                                                               He rode to a woman's sigh
                                                                Am
                                                               For she was his secret treasure
   Am
For hands of gold are always cold
                                                                Em
                                                               She was his shame and his bliss
    Am
            Em
                       Am
But a woman's hands are warm
                                                                Am
                                                               And a chain and a keep are nothing
   Am
For hands of gold are always cold
                                                                Em
Am Em Am
But a woman's hands are warm
                                                               Compared to a woman's kiss
                                                                    Am
                                                                                      F
                                                               For hands of gold are always cold
And there he stood with sword in hand
                                                                   Am Em
                                                                                    Am
                                                               But a woman's hands are warm
Fm
The last of darry's tem
                                                                  Am
                                                               For hands of gold are always cold
                                                                   Am
                                                                           Em
                                                                                       Am
Am
                                                               But a woman's hands are warm
And red the grass beneath his feet
                                                                   Am
Fm
                                                               For hands of gold are always cold
And red his banners bright
                                                                   Am
                                                                           Em
                                                                                      Am
                                                               But a woman's hands are warm
And red the glow of setting sun
Em
                                                                  Am
                                                                                        F
                                                               For hands of gold are always cold
That bathed him in its light
                                                                   Am
                                                                           Em
                                                                                       Am
                                                               But a woman's hands are warm
"Come on, come on" the great lord called
Em
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Acordes

