

Fontaines D.C. - Bloomsday

tom:
Intro: F Gm Eb Gm
F Gm Eb Gm

Saw the city hall in flames
I suppose it doesn't do as much these days
You put on your coat and smile
Saddest one I've seen for a country mile
Brought it down the road, Quicksmart
There's always fuckin' rain and it's always dark
When you were at the gate soaked through
Let's not say a word if it isn't true

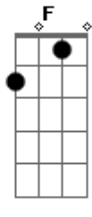
Bloomsday
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Cordoned off the rest, too young

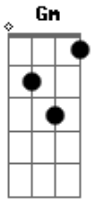
Looking for a thing no do-er's done
We won't find it here my love
Drinking with the tourists and fighting in front of them
Oh, to be young
Once more
I know all the lines lived it all before
When you were at the gate soaked through
Never said a word that wasn't true

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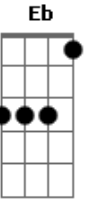
Acordes



F



Gm



Eb