

Fontaines D.C. - Bloomsday

tom:
F

Intro: F Gm Eb Gm
F Gm Eb Gm

F Gm
Saw the city hall in flames
Eb Gm

I suppose it doesn't do as much these days
F Gm

You put on your coat and smile
Eb Gm

Saddest one I've seen for a country mile
F Gm

Brought it down the road, Quicksmart
Eb Gm

There's always fuckin' rain and it's always dark
F Gm

When you were at the gate soaked through
Eb Gm

Let's not say a word if it isn't true

F Gm
Bloomsday
Eb Gm
Bloomsday
F Gm
Bloomsday
F Gm
Bloomsday

F Gm
Cordoned off the rest, too young
Eb Gm

Looking for a thing no do-er's done

F Gm

We won't find it here my love

Eb

Gm

Drinking with the tourists and fighting in front of them
F

Oh, to be young

Gm

Once more

Eb

Gm

I know all the lines lived it all before
F Gm

When you were at the gate soaked through
Eb Gm

Never said a word that wasn't true

F Gm

Bloomsday

Eb

Gm

Bloomsday

F

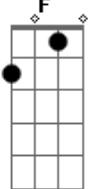
Gm

Bloomsday

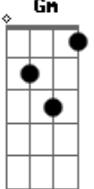
Eb

Gm

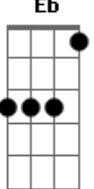
Acordes



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