

Glen Hansard And Marketa Irglova - Fallen From The Sky

Tom: E

You must've fallen from the sky
 You must've shattered on the runway
 you've brought so many to the light
 And now you're by yourself
 There comes a point in every fight
 When giving up seems like the only way
 When everyone one has said goodbye
 And now you're on your own

If you need somewhere to fall apart
 Somewhere to fall apart

The rules of cain ,the rights you've made
 The owls that caw, for those to blame
 The broken glass, the fool that asked
 The moving arrow to stop
 You must've fallen from the sky
 You must've come here in the pourin' rain
 You took so many through the light
 And now you're on your own

If you need somewhere to fall apart
 Somewhere to fall apart

The ruins of man, the bloody black
 The fool that bull the prouder hag
 The night the makes the rattle ack
 The wolves that follow the outed man
 The falling star the way we are
 The vern
 The rules that never ever multiply
 You must've fallen from the sky
 You must've come here on the wrong way
 You came among us every time
 But now you're on your own

If you need somewhere to fall apart
 Somewhere to fall apart

The call you seek, the basket case
 The rules of thumb you have to break
 The raging skull, The rag to the bull
 The nails that drag in either hand
 Well I will make my worker that
 I know this place
 I know this time
 You must've fallen from the sky

Acordes

