

Hozier - Swan Upon Leda

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Bm D Em
                                                                                                                              tom:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Our graceful turner of heads
Intro: D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Weaves through the checkpoints like a needle and thread
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      A D Gb7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Someone's frightened boy waves her on
                                              Fm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Bm A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            She offers a mother's smile, and soon she's gone
A husband waits outside
[Refrão]
Bm D
   She was told he would come this time % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left(
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Fm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Without leaving so much as a feather behind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            The gun in a trembling hand
Bm A D Gb7
  To enact at last the perfect plan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Bm Em D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Where nature unmakes the boundary
                                                             Bm A
One more sweet boy to be butchered by man
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            The pillar of myth still stands
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Bm Em D A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              The swan upon Leda
                                         Em D
But the gateway to the world
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Occupier upon ancient land
Was still outside the reach of him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            (Em D A D G Bm)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ( Em D A D G Bm )
( Em D A Gb7 G D )
Bm Em D A Would never belong to angels
                                                D
Had never belonged to man
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            [Final]
Bm Em D A
     The swan upon Leda
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Fm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            The gateway to the world
Empire upon Jerusalem
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Was still outside the reach of him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Bm Em D A Gb7
( D )
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Would never belong to angels
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Had never belonged to men
A grandmother smuggling meds
                                                                                                                                                            D
                                                                                                                                                                                                     G
Acordes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Gb7
                                                                                                                                                  Bn
                                                                                                                                                                           ukulele-chords.com
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Past where the god child-soldier Setanta stood dead