

## James Arthur - Smoke Clouds

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Tom: C
                                                                I don't trust anyone in this one-track town
Look no farther than the father's who go farther than they
                                                                If I walk (?) then my eyes fall down
To the point where we're surrounded by the scars behind their
                                                                Who is gonna teach them wrong from right?
hoods
                                                                           Am7
                                                                Who's gonna tell them it's alright?
   Fm
                      Am7
and who no no is gonna teach them wrong from right?
                                                                just pass the just (?) cigarette
who's gonna tell them it's alright?
                                                                take these brain cells out my head
pass the just (?) cigarette
                                                                fill my lungs, drain my heart
take these brain cells out my head
                                                                Chorus
                      Am7
fill my lungs, drain my heart
                                                                            Em
                                                                'cause this smoke cloud's giving me shelter
                                                                and I feel much better
'cause this smoke cloud's giving me shelter
                                                                           В
                                                                and demons wave the white flags for me
and I feel much better
                                                                'til my bones keep pleading to walk out
and demons wave the white flags for \ensuremath{\mathsf{me}}
                                                                from all of this fall out
       Fm
'til my bones keep pleading to walk out
                                                                but there's no way that I could leave
from all of this fall out
                                                                so I don't leave
             В
but there's no way that I could leave
                                                                turn the bitterness to sweet
so I don't leave
                                                                                    Am7
                                                                I need to find a new release
turn the bitterness to sweet
                                                                                  Em
                                                                so I'm trading blues for green
                    Am7
I need to find a new release
                                                                Am7
                                                                Yeah
so I'm trading blues for green
                                                                Oh I'm trading blues for green
    Dm
hey no no no no
                                                                          В
                                                                and demons wave the white flags for me
oh no no no no
                                                                'til my bones keep pleading to walk out
                                                                                 В
Now I'm a simple man I don't even have a phone
                                                                from all of this fall out
                                                                                   Em
If I did I wouldn't pick it up I want to be alone
                                                                so I'm trading blues for green
```

## **Acordes**

