

Keane - Perfect Symmetry

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Tom: D
                                                               Maybe you'll feel it too
  Aconselho a aumentar em 1 tom o viiolão/gutarra, usando um
traste móvel.
                                                                           G
                                                                And maybe you'll find life is unkind
Intro: D D A A Em G Bm A
                                                                       A A A
(1ª PARTE )
                                                               And over so soon
I shake through the wreckage for signs of life
                                                                There is no golden gate
Scrolling through the paragraphs
                                                                There is no heaven waiting for you
                     Bm
Clicking through the photographs
                                                               Oh boy, you oughta leave this town
I wish I could make sense of what we do
                 Em
                                                               Get out while you can
Burning down the capitals
                                                                The meter's running down
                   Bm
The wisest of the animals
                                                                The voices in the streets you love
(PONTE)
                                                               Everything is better when you hear that sound
Who are you?
                                                               Woah!
What are you living for?
                                                                Em
                                                               Woah!
Tooth for tooth
                                                               Bm
                                                               Woah!
Maybe we'll go one more
                                                                (REPETE REFRAO ATÉ O FINAL)
(REFRÃO)
                                                                Spineless dreamers
     D D
                                                               Hide in churches
This life is lived in perfect symmetry
                                                               Pieces of, pieces of
                                                               Rush hour buses
What I do
                                                                I dream in e-mails
            Bm
                                                               Worn-out phrases
That will be done to me
                                                               Mile after mile of just
                                                               Empty pages
(REPETE 1º PARTE )
Read page after page of analysis
                                                               Wrap yourself around me
Looking for the final score
                                                               Wrap yourself around me
We're no closer than we were before
                                                               As the needle slips into the run-out groove
(REPETE PONTE )
                                                               Maybe you'll feel it too
                                                               Maybe you'll feel it too
Who are you?
What are you fighting for?
Holy truth
                                                               Spineless dreamers (Maybe you'll feel it too)
                                                               Hide in churches (Maybe you'll feel it too)
Brother I choose
                                                               Pieces of, pieces of
(REPETE REFRÃO)
                                                               Rush hour buses
This mortal life, lived in perfect symmetry
                                                               I dream in e-mails
What I do
                                                               Worn-out phrases
That will be done to me
                                                               Mile after mile of just
As the needle slips into the run-out groove
                                                               Empty pages
Acordes
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