Norah Jones - Black

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Tom: G
                                                                                                Em
Intro: 2x: Am E G D
                                                                The ghost, the walls, the dreams
                                                                                   D
                                                                Well, I've got mine
Dhm
We touched the wall's of the city streets and
                                                                                               Е
Didn't explain
                                                                 At last, those coming came and
                       D
                                                                                      D
Sadly, showed us our ways
                                                                 They never looked back
                                                                                                  F
Of never asking why
                                                                 With blinding stars in their eyes
                                                                   G
                                                                                           D
                                                                 But all they saw was black
Dbm
                                C
Cast down it was heaven sent (and)
                                                                 Dbm
To the church no intent to repent
                                                                 Fooled them
                                                                               G
        Em
                                                                 Hoping to seem like a sliver of evil
On my knees
         D
                                                                 But the part agreed and
Just to cry
                                                                 It's not a mask
                                                                 D
                                                                 So be honest with me
            F
Am
Until you travel to that
                                                                 We can't afford to ignore
                      D
                                                                                     G
Place you can't come back
                                                                 That I'm the disease
                Е
Am
When the last pain is gone
                                                                 Dbm
                                                                 Practical, since we had to be in
   G
                         D
And all that's left is black
                                                                When they were all looking back to me
Dbm
                                                                              D
Burning nights, he's coming to me and
                                                                 And they tried
Someway, he'll punish my deeds
                                                                Oh, they tried
And he'll find
                                                                 Am
                                                                                          F
                                                                 And when you follow through
             G
All the crimes
                                                                 And wind up on your back
Dbm
                                           С
                                                                 Am
But then they ask, when they gunna see them
                                                                 Looking at up at those stars in the sky
                                                                 G
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Then they gunna ask to feel

Acordes



Those white clouds have turned it black

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