

The Dear Hunter - Is There Anybody Here

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Tom: Gb
                                                               But there's a disconnect within
   Bbm
   I lay my body down
                                                               A devil in the alchemy
                                                                  Ab
   To rest my weary head
                                                               A phantom staring back at me
  I think I left someone there
                                                               It's you
   I left myself for dead
                                                                                   Ab
                                                                                                 Bbm
                                                               So is there anybody here, who can tell me where I am
                                    Bbm
                      Ab
                                                                      Gb
                                                                                         Ab
 So is there anybody here who can tell me where {\tt I} am
                                                               Or at least where I have been?
                          Ab
                                                               Ab Ab
                                                                       Bbm
Or at least where I have been?
                                                                Because I fear I?m lost
                                                                       C7
Ab Ab Bbm
Because I fear I?m lost
                                                               And I cannot be found
        C7
                                                                Db F7 B
And I cannot be found
                                                               Again
 Db F7 B
Again
                                                               Just waking in the afternoon
(Bbm E)
                                                                Bbm
( Bbm C7 )
                                                               A captive in a passive tomb
                                                               Moments turn to long decembers
  I left my soul exposed
                                                                Ahm
                                                               Stoking fires from dying embers
   To frail hands who hold
                                                                 I try to move a limb
  My fate up in the air
                                                                    Bbm
Bbm
                                                               But there's a disconnect within
  And through their fingers fall
                                                               A devil in the alchemy
  The meaning of it all
                                                               A phantom staring back at me
  Down to the floor it goes
                                                                  Ghm
                                                               A pain I simply can't express
                       Ab
 So is there anybody here who can tell me where I am
                                                               From troubles I have long repressed
                                                               Db
                                                               And then, there's you
Waking in the afternoon
                                                               [Final]
                                                                        Bbm E
                                                                                Bbm
A captive in a passive tomb
                                                                        Bbm
                                                                                     C7
                                                                        Bbm
                                                                                Bbm
Moments turn to long decembers
                                                                        Bbm
                                                                                Bbm
                                                                                     C7
                                                                        Bbm
                                                                                Bbm
                                                                                     C7
Stoking fires from dying embers
                                                                        Bbm
                                                                            Ε
                                                                                Bbm
                                                                                    C7
                                                                        Bbm
                                                                                Bbm
 I try to move a limb
                                                                        Bbm B7M Gb7 F7
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Acordes

