

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
                                                                              Ε
                                                                         Bbm
                                                                                 Bbm
 I try to move a limb
                                                                             В
                                                                         Bbm
                                                                                 Gb7
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Acordes

