

# The Killers - Quiet Town

tom:  
Capo: <sup>Bb</sup> (forma dos acordes no tom de <sup>G</sup>)  
3ª casa

<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> A couple of kids got hit by a Union Pacific train  
<sup>Em</sup> Carrying sheet metal and household appliances through the  
<sup>G</sup> pouring rain  
<sup>D</sup> They were planning on getting married after graduation  
<sup>Em</sup> Had a little baby girl, trouble came and shut it down  
<sup>C</sup> Things like that ain't supposed to happen  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> In this quiet town, families are tight  
<sup>Em</sup> Good people, they still don't deadbolt their doors at night  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> In this quiet town

<sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> When we first heard opioid stories, they were always in  
whispering tones  
<sup>Em</sup> Now banners of sorrow mark the front steps of childhood homes  
<sup>C</sup> Parents wept through daddy's girl eulogies  
<sup>G</sup> And merit badge milestones with their daughters and sons  
<sup>Em</sup> Laying there lifeless in their suits and gowns  
<sup>C</sup> Somebody's been keepin' secrets  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> In this quiet town, they know how to live  
<sup>Em</sup>

Good people who lean on Jesus, they're quick to forgive  
<sup>G</sup>  
In this quiet town

<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Now whenever I'm near the town I'll find some reason to give  
<sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> And I will walk with the dead and the living where I used to  
live  
<sup>G</sup> And every time I see my parents in the prime of their lives  
<sup>D</sup> Offering their son the kind of love he could never put down  
<sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Well, part of me is still that stainless kid, lucky  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> In this quiet town, salt of the land  
<sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Hard-working people, if you're in trouble, they'll lend you a  
hand  
<sup>G</sup>  
Here in this quiet town

( <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> )  
<sup>G</sup> The first crop of hay is up  
<sup>D</sup> School let out and the sun beats down  
<sup>Em</sup> Smoke billows from a Sunday train  
<sup>C</sup> That cries away from a quiet town  
[Final] <sup>G</sup>

## Acordes

