

Forks And Knives
Beirut

G Em Am D

G Em Am D G
Uptown, the streets in a calming way
Em Am D G
And outside is warm as a bed with a maid
Em Am D G
And I find it's all our waves and raves
Em Am D G
That makes the days go on this way

G Em Am D

G Em Am D G
I heard the sad sound of words
Em Am D G
Spoken from the beak of a wise old bird
Em Am D G
Uptown, the streets are kept afloat
Em Am D G
A girl never leaves me alone

G Em Am D

G Em Am
He means well, saying,
D G Em
I've got stories of wine, superb
Am D G Em
And of course my childhood, forks and knives
Am D G Em Am D G
And a hospital bed, where I turned my life over and over again

G Em Am D