

From Above

Ben Folds

This tab was partly based on the following clip of a live performance:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vT07lzU7xjg>

D* :

e		0
B		3
G		0
D		4
A		5
E		x

Intro:

Em-D*-Em-D*

VERSE 1:

C

They even looked at each other once

D*

Across a crowded bar

Bm

He was with Martha

Em

She with Tom

C

Neither of them really knew

D*

What was going on

Bm

Strange feeling of never

Em

Heartbeats becoming synchronized

C

Staying that way forever

D*

But most of the time

It was just near misses

Bm

Air kisses

Once in a book store

Em

Once at a party

C

She came in as he was leaving

D*

And years ago at the movies

Bm

She sat behind him

Six thirty showing

Em

Of While You Were Sleeping

C

Never once looked around

CHORUS:

Em-G-C-Am

It s so easy from above
You can t really see it all
People who belong together
Lost and sad and small
But there s nothing to be done for them
It doesn t work that way
Sure we all have soulmates but we walk

Past them every day
Oh no

C-D*-Bm-Em

VERSE 2:

C-D*-Bm-Em

And it's not like they were actually ever unhappy in the lives they lived
He married Martha
She married Tom
Just this vague notion that something was wrong
An ache, an absence, a phantom limb

c

An itch that could never be scratched

CHORUS

Em-G-C-Am

It's so easy from above
You can't really see it all
People who belong together
Lost and sad and small
But there's nothing to be done for them
It doesn't work that way
Sure we all have soulmates but we walk
Past them every day
Oh no

C-D*-Bm-Em

BRIDGE

C
The strange feeling of never

Heartbeats becoming synchronised

Em

INTERLUDE: **Em-G-C-Am**

VERSE 3

C-D*-Bm-Em

And who knows whether that's how it should be
Maybe a ghost lives in that vacancy
Maybe that's how books get written
Maybe that's why songs get sung
Maybe we owe the unlucky ones

CHORUS

Em-G-C-Am

It's so easy from above
You can't really see it all
People who belong together
Lost and sad and small
But there's nothing to be done for them
It doesn't work that way
Sure we all have soulmates but we walk
Past them every day
Oh no

CLOSING VERSE

C-D*-Bm-Em

Maybe that's how books get written
Maybe that's why songs get sung
Maybe we owe the unlucky ones