

From Above
Ben Folds

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

C*:

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

Intro:

Dm-C*-Dm-C*

VERSE 1:

Bb

They even looked at each other once

C*

Across a crowded bar

Am

He was with Martha

Dm

She with Tom

Bb

Neither of them really knew

C*

What was going on

Am

Strange feeling of never

Dm

Heartbeats becoming synchronized

Bb

Staying that way forever

C*

But most of the time

It was just near misses

Am

Air kisses

Once in a book store

Dm

Once at a party

Bb

She came in as he was leaving

C*

And years ago at the movies

Am

She sat behind him

Six thirty showing

Dm

Of While You Were Sleeping

Bb

Never once looked around

CHORUS:

Dm-F-Bb-Gm

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

Bb-C*-Am-Dm

VERSE 2:

Bb-C*-Am-Dm

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

Bb

An itch that could never be scratched

CHORUS

Dm-F-Bb-Gm

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

Bb-C*-Am-Dm

BRIDGE

F **Am**
Neither of them knew what was going on

Bb
The strange feeling of never
Bbm
Heartbeats becoming synchronised

Dm
Staying that way forever

INTERLUDE: **Dm-F-Bb-Gm**

VERSE 3

Bb-C*-Am-Dm

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

Dm-F-Bb-Gm

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

Bb-C*-Am-Dm

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