

From Above
Ben Folds

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

E*:

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

Intro:

F#m-E*-F#m-E*

VERSE 1:

D

They even looked at each other once

E*

Across a crowded bar

C#m

He was with Martha

F#m

She with Tom

D

Neither of them really knew

E*

What was going on

C#m

Strange feeling of never

F#m

Heartbeats becoming synchronized

D

Staying that way forever

E*

But most of the time

It was just near misses

C#m

Air kisses

Once in a book store

F#m

Once at a party

D

She came in as he was leaving

E*

And years ago at the movies

C#m

She sat behind him

Six thirty showing

F#m

Of While You Were Sleeping

D

Never once looked around

CHORUS:

F#m-A-D-Bm

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

D-E*-C#m-F#m

VERSE 2:

D-E*-C#m-F#m

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

D

An itch that could never be scratched

CHORUS

F#m-A-D-Bm

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

D-E*-C#m-F#m

BRIDGE

A

C#m

Neither of them knew what was going on

D

The strange feeling of never

Dm

Heartbeats becoming synchronised

F#m

Staying that way forever

INTERLUDE: **F#m-A-D-Bm**

VERSE 3

D-E*-C#m-F#m

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

F#m-A-D-Bm

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

D-E*-C#m-F#m

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