Black Madonna Cage the Elephant

[Intro] C#m A F#m B G#m C#m A F#m B G#m

[Verso 1]

C#m A

Soft glow on the city

F#m B G#m

She said, There s no one here who can touch you now

C#m A

Caught the last flight out of LAX $\,$

F#m B G#m

With your one-way ticket, New York-bound

[Pré-Refrão]

C#m A

Climb so high, don t make a sound

F#m B G#m

Don t you forget what goes up must come down

C#m A F#m B

Climb so high, tell me how it feels

[Refrão]

C#m A

Call me when you re ready to be real

F#m B

Black Madonna, hallelujah

G#m C#m A

Makes no difference here, so let s be real

F#m B

Black Madonna, my black flower

G#m C#m F#m

Nowhere left to run, nowhere left to hide

B C#m F#m

You re not havin fun, I think that you should ride

B C#m A

Call me when you re ready to be real

F#m B C#m

Black Madonna, my hallelujah

[Verso 2]

C#m A

On the phone you sound shifty

F#m B G#m

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You say that you re at home, alone right now
C#m
But in the background there s a muffled laugh
      F#m
                           В
As you spin that wool and pull it down
[Pré-Refrão]
C#m
Climb so high, don t hear a sound
Don t you forget what goes around, comes around
               Α
                             F#m
Climb so high, tell me how to feel
[Refrão]
                    C#m
Call me when you re ready to be real
       F#m
                    В
Black Madonna, hallelujah
                   C#m
Makes no difference here, so let s be real
       F#m
Black Madonna, my black flower
               C#m
Nowhere left to run, nowhere left to hide
                 C#m
Says it should be gone, at least it was this time
                   C#m
Call me when you re ready to be real
                В
                             C#m
Black Madonna, my hallelujah
(C\#m A F\#m B G\#m)
[Refrão]
                    C#m
Call me when you re ready to be real
       F#m
Black Madonna, hallelujah
                    C#m
Makes no difference here, so let s be real
       F#m
                        В
Black Madonna, my black flower
               C#m
Nowhere left to run, nowhere left to hide
                  C#m
You re not havin fun, I think that you should ride
                    C#m
Call me when you re ready to be real
       F#m
                       В
                             C#m
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Black Madonna, my hallelujah