

100 Years

Florence + The Machine

[Intro]

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E|-----|
B|-3--1--0-----3--1--0-----|
G|-----2-----2-----|
D|-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|
```

D

I believe in you and in our hearts we know the truth

D

I believe in love and the darker it gets, the more I do

D

Try and fill us with your hate and we will shine a light

D

And the days will become endless and never, and never turn to night

Bb G

And never, and never turn to night

[Refrão]

F

Then it s just too much

G

I cannot get you close enough

D

A hundred arms, a hundred years

D

You can always find me here

F

And, Lord, don t let me break this

G

Let me hold it lightly

D

Give me arms to pray with

D

Instead of ones that hold too tightly

D

We have no need to fight

D

We raise our voices and let our hearts take flight

D

Get higher than those planes can fly

D

Where the stars do not take sides

[Refrão]

F

Then it s just too much

G

I cannot get you close enough

D

A hundred arms, a hundred years

D

You can always find me here

F

And, Lord, don t let me break this

G

Let me hold it lightly

D

Give me arms to pray with

D

Instead of ones that hold too tightly

[Refrão]

F

And then it s just too much

G

The streets, they still run with blood

D

A hundred arms, a hundred years

D

You can always find me here

F

And, Lord, don t let me break this

G

Let me hold it lightly

D

Give me arms to pray with

D

Instead of ones that hold too tightly

F

I let him sleep and as he does

G

My held breath fills the room with love

D

Hurts in ways I can t describe

G

My heart bends and breaks so many, many times

G

D

And is born again with each sunrise

G

F

And is born again with each sunrise

(F G D)

(F G D)

F G
Funerals were held all over the city

D
The youth bleed in the square

F G
And women raged as old men fumbled and cried

D
We re sorry, we thought you didn t care, oh

F G
And how does it feel now you ve scratched that itch?

D
How does it feel?

F G
And pulled out all your stitches

D
Hubris is a bitch

F G Dm
A hundred arms, a hundred years

F G Dm
A hundred arms, a hundred years

[Refrão]

F
And then it s just too much

G
The streets, they still run with blood

D
A hundred arms, a hundred years

D
You can always find me here

F
And, Lord, don t let me break this

G
Let me hold it lightly

D
Give me arms to pray with

D
Instead of ones that hold too tightly

(F G Dm)