

## 100 Years

Florence + The Machine

[Intro]

```
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 )