

Strangeland
Keane

Intro: A Hm D A

A Hm D A
Lover, I remember laying out a map
F#m Hm E
Throwing our possessions in the van
A Hm
Your tapes piled on the backseat
D A
And a camera in your hand
F#m Hm E A
Dressed for our arrival in the Strangeland

F#m A
Strangeland blind
D
You got no reason
E
You got no rhyme
F#m Hm
You get no time to put things right
F#m
To put things right

A Hm
You drove across the border
D A
As the winter rains ran dry
F#m Hm E
And, only fit for birdsong, filled the sky
A Hm
You threw your head back screaming
D A
as we raced across wet sand
F#m Hm E A
And lept into the waters of the Strangeland

F#m A
Strangeland blind
D
You got no reason
E
You got no rhyme
F#m Hm
You get no time to put things right
F#m
To put things right

A **Hm**
You wound the rope around me
D **A**
And you pulled the knots in tight
F#m **Hm** **E**
And shook me like a bad dream from your sight
A **Hm**
And now the things Iâ€™ve done to forget you
D **A**
Well, itâ€™s not what I had planned
A **Hm** **E** **A**
The sweetest thoughts get twisted in the Strangeland

F#m **A**
Strangeland blind
D
You got no reason
E
You got no rhyme
F#m **Hm**
You get no time to put things right

To put things
F#m **A**
Strangeland dreams
D **E**
You tore my baby away from me
F#m **Hm**
We get no time to put things right
F#m
To put things right
F#m **Hm**
You get no time to put things right
F#m
To put things right
Hm
To put things right
F#m
To put things right