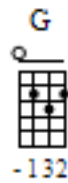


Forks And Knives (La Fête)

Beirut



① = A ③ = C
② = E ④ = G



G Em x4

G Em C D6 G
Uptown, the streets in a calming way
Em C D6 G
And outside is warm as a bed with a maid
Em C D6 G
And I find it's all our waves and raves
Em C D6 G Em C D6
That makes the days go on this way

G Em C D6 x9

G Em C D6 G
I heard the sad sound of words
Em C D6 G
Spoken from a beak of a wise old bird
Em C D6 G
Uptown, the streets are kept afloat
Em C D6 G Em C D6
Our ground never leaves me alone

G Em C D6 x11

G Em C D6 G Em
He means well, saying, I've got stories of wine superb
C D6 G Em
And of course my childhood, forks and knives
C D6 G Em C D6 G Em C D6
And a hospital bed, where I turned my life over and over again

G Em C D6 x8

G