

F Am  
Now the radio stutters. snaps to life.

Dm C A#  
Some sour song that sets it right.

F A#  
And when London falls

F A#  
/ |  
He'd like to call

/ |  
F  
|  
But the stars collide.

— |  
Am Dm C A#  
They're beautiful and much maligned.

F A# F A#  
In a universe where you see the worst,  
C  
And it's up to you to fix it.

C A# F  
Now you've worked it out  
C  
And you see it all

— |  
A# F |  
|  
And you've worked it out

/ |  
C |  
/ |  
And you see it all |

— |  
A# F  
And you want to shout  
C A# Am F D  
How you see it all

It's easy to dismiss the 'what's it all about' crowd.

There is no doubt. it's this, here, now.

And you close your eyes.

/ |  
He's not coming back.

/ |  
So you work it out, overfeed the cat.

|  
And the plants are dry and they need to drink.

— |  
So you do your best. and you flood the sink.  
Sit down in the kitchen and cry.

Now you've worked it out

—

And you see it all |  
|  
And you've worked it out  
/  
And you see it all  
/  
And you want to shout |  
—|  
How you see it all

*Gm A#*  
*Gm A#*  
*Am F*

Now the universe left you for a runners lap.  
It feels like home when it comes crashing back.  
And it makes you laugh  
And it makes you cry,  
/|  
When London falls  
/|  
And you're still alive.  
|  
The radio stutters,  
—|  
It makes you laugh  
And the aftermath,  
Open up your eyes.  
You're so alive.

Now you've worked it out  
And you see it all  
And you've worked it out  
—  
And you see it all |  
|  
And you want to shout  
/  
How you see it all  
/  
How you've worked it out |  
—|  
And you see it all  
How you've worked it out  
And you see it all

End on *F*

*A* *E* riff  
Postcard stowaway within  
*A* *E* riff  
Pristine indigo without  
*A* *E* riff  
Banded attoman as such  
*A* *E* riff

Sofa seated one too much

*D* *E* *D* *E* *D* *E* *D* *E* riff

All along the range all along the range

*C#m* *E* *A/Asus4*

Ages of you

*E* *C#m*

Train pulls over hanging bridge

*E* *C#m*

Conductor looks up, thinks

*E* *C#m*

out and down hands, stuck to the left

*E* *C#m*

to the right, you should fall,

*E* *C#m* riff

the horses just don't gossip anymore