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Dog Days Are Over

Words & Music by Florence Welch & Isabella Summers

\[ \text{G} \]

1. Happiness hit her like a train on a track...
Coming towards her, stuck still, no turning back...

G

hid around corners and she hid under beds. She
(3.) every bubble, she sank with her drink and

G

1.
killed it with kisses and from it she fled.
washed it away down the kitchen sink.

Am

Em

Em
The dog days are over, the dog days are done. The horses are coming, so you'd better run. Run fast for your mother, run fast for your father, run for your children, for your sisters and brothers.
The dog days are over, the dog days are done,
The horses are coming, so you'd better run,
Run fast for your mother, run fast,
For your father, run for your children, for your sisters and brothers.
Leave all your loving, your loving behind... you can't carry it with you if you want to survive...

The dog days are over, the dog days are done. Can you hear the horses? 'Cause

To Coda

here they come! And
I never wanted anything from you
except what was left after that too. Oh.

Happiness a hit her like a bullet in the head
someone who should know better than
1. Em
   The dog days are over, the dog days are done...
2. Am Em
   Can you hear the horses? 'Cause here they come...

G
D.S. al Coda
N.C. 3
Run
Drums only 3
Rabbit Heart (Raise It Up)

Words & Music by Florence Welch & Paul Epworth

\[ \text{N.C.} \]

Am

\[
\text{1. The looking glass... so shiny and... new,}
\]

\[
\text{2. I look around but I can't find... you. (Raise it up.)}
\]

\[
\text{Drums}
\]

G

\[
\text{If only I could see your face. (Raise it up.)}
\]

\[
\text{I start spinning, slipping...}
\]

F

\[
\text{I start rushing towards...}
\]

out of time.

\[
\text{Was that the wrong pill to take?... (Raise it up.)}
\]

\[
\text{I wish that I could just be brave... I must be...}
\]

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You made a deal_ and now it seems you have to off all._

But will it ever be enough? (Raise it up.) (Raise it up.)

It's not enough. (Raise it up.) (Raise it up.) Here I

am. a rabbit heart-ed girl.

come. a li-on heart-ed girl. Fro-
Zeen in the headlights. It seems I've made
ready for a fight.

the final sacrifice.
the final sacrifice.

We raise it up. This offering.

We raise it up. This is a gift.
(Raise it up.) (Raise it up.) And in the Spring.

Dm7
F
I shed my skin and it blows away.

Am G Dm7
with the changing winds. The waters turn from blue to

Fmaj7 Am G
red as towards the sky I offer it. This is a gift.
it comes with a price. Who is the lamb and who is the knife?

And Midas is King and he holds me so tight. And turns me to gold in the sunlight. This is a gift.
I'm Not Calling You A Liar
Words & Music by Florence Welch & Isabella Summers

\[ J = 120 \quad \text{bars} = \frac{3}{4} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

1. I'm not calling you a liar,
   just don't lie to me.

2. liar,
   just don't lie to me.

\[ \text{Perc.} \]

\[ (2^n \text{ only}) \]

\[ \text{F} \]

I'm not calling you a thief,
just don't steal from me.

And I love you so much,
I'm gonna let you...

\[ \text{G} \]

me. I'm not calling you a ghost,
just stop haunting and I'll

I'm not calling you a thief,

\[ \text{cont. sim.} \]
F

me...
live you so much.
I'm gonna let you, oh,
I'm not

G

kill me.
calling you a ghost,
just stop...

D

There's a ghost in my lungs and it sighs in my

C

There's a ghost in my mouth and it talks in my

F

sleep sleep

Wraps itself around my tongue as it
softly speaks... Then it walks, then it walks... with my legs.

oh, to fall, to fall, to fall...

fall...

at your feet. There but for the grace of God go I.

And while you kiss me I am happy enough.
to die...

2. I'm not call-ing you a

C

oh, to fall,

D

___ to fall,___ to fall,___ to fall,___ to fall,___ to fall.

C

at your___

Dm

feet. There but for the grace of God go I.

C

And

Dm

when you kiss me

C

I am___ hap-py e-nough___
Howl
Words & Music by Florence Welch & Paul Epworth

1. If you could only see
   the beast you've made of me...
   I held it in, but now it
   My blood is sting-ing with your

2. Now there's no holding back,
   I'm aching to attack...
   seems you set it running free.
   Screaming in the dark,
   I howl when we're a part.

voice, I want to pour it out.
   The saints can't help me now,
   the ropes have been un-bound.
Drag my teeth across your chest to taste your beating heart. My fingers claw your skin. I hunt for you with bloodied feet across the hallowed ground. Like some child possessed.

Try to tempt my way in. You are the moon that breaks the night for which I have to howl. I hunt to find you, tear out all of your tenderness.

My fingers claw your skin, try to tempt my way in. You are the moon that breaks the night for which I have to howl.
Dm  C  Bb
howl  howl

Dm  C  Bb
Howl,  howl,  Be

careful of the curse that falls on young lovers and

Dm  C  Bb
starts so soft and sweet and turns them to hunters
Dm

(Hunter. Hunter. Hunter. Hunter.)

F

Bb Cadd9 Dm

The fabric of your flesh, pure as a wedding dress. Until I wrap myself inside.

Bb

your arms I cannot rest. The saints can't help me now, the ropes have been unbound.
I hunt for you with bloodied feet across the hallowed ground.

And howl.

Careful of the curse that falls on young lovers and man who's pure of heart and says his prayers by night may
starts so____ and sweet and turns them to hunters. A
still be____ a wolf when the Autumn moon is bright.

If you could only see the beast you made of me. I held it in, but now it
seems you set it running free. The saints can't help me now, the ropes have been unbound.

I hunt for you with bloodied feet across the hallowed ground.
Kiss With A Fist
Words & Music by Florence Welch & Matthew Allchin

\[ \text{\textit{N.C.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Drums}} \]

You hit me once. I hit you back. You gave a kick.

I gave a slap. You smashed a plate over my head.

Then I set fire to our bed.

You hit me once. I hit you back. You gave a kick. I gave a
D
slap. You smashed a plate over my head. Then I set fire to our

A
bed. Oh.

E

D

A

E

My black eye casts no shadow. Your red eye sees no blurring.
I broke your jaw once before. I spilled your blood upon the floor.

A

D

A

Your slaps don't stick, your kicks don't hit. So we remain the same.
You broke my leg in return. So I sit back and watch the bed burn.
Love sticks, sweat drips...
Break the lock if it don't fit.

N.C.
kick in the teeth is good for some...
A kiss with a fist is better than none.

Whoa-oh...

kiss with a fist is better than none.
1. You hit me once... I hit you back. You gave a kick... I gave a slap.

2. Instrumental

You smashed a plate over my head. Then I set fire to our bed.

Oh!

3.
Girl With One Eye

Words & Music by Matthew Allchin, David Ashby, Chris Morris,
James McCool & Dominic Peach

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not to fuss and relax. and watched it with-er and die. Well, pretty lit-tle thing stopped she's luck-y that I did-n't worry, oh, it's not gon-na hurt. My re-pu-ta-tion's kind-a

me in my tracks._ But now she sleeps with one eye_ open._
slip her a smile._ That's why she sleeps with one eye_ open._
cloud-ed with dirt._ That's why you sleep with one eye_ open._

But that's the price_ she'll pay._
But that's the price_ she'll pay._
But that's the price_ you'll pay._
I said, "Hey, girl with one eye,"

get your filthy fingers out of my pie."

And

To Coda

I said, "Hey, girl with one eye,"

I'll

N.C.

D.S. al Coda

cut your little heart out 'cause you made me cry."
Coda

A7

N.C.

cut your lit-tle heart out 'cause you made me

cry."

You made me cry.

You made me cry.

You've made me cry.
N.C.  Gm

I said, "Hey

girl with one eye,  get your filthy fingers out of my pie."

A7  N.C.  Gm

I said,

"Girl with one eye,

get your filthy fingers out of my pie. And oh,"
I said, "Hey, girl with one eye, get your filthy fingers oh, out of my pie."

I said, "Hey, girl with one eye, I'll cut your little heart.

Freely out 'cause you've made me cry."
Drumming Song
Words & Music by Florence Welch, Crispin Hunt & James Ford

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drumming noise inside my head that throws me to the ground... I
left a ringing in my ear... But that

swear that you should hear it, it makes such an almighty sound.
drum's still beating loud and clear.

Louder than sirens, louder than bells.

Sweet-er than heav-en and hot-ter than hell. 2. I...
louder and louder... It fills my head up and gets louder and louder...

Run to the river and dive straight in. I

pray that the water will drown out the din. But

as the water fills my mouth it couldn't wash the echoes out. But as the water fills my mouth it
could-n't wash the e - chos out. I swal-low the sound and it swal-lows me whole, till there's

noth-ing left in - side my soul; and emp-ty as that beat-ing drum,

but the sound has just be - gun.

There’s a drum-ming noise, in - side my head that starts when you’re a-round...
swear that you could hear it, it makes such an almighty sound. There's a

an almighty sound... Louder than sirens and louder than bells.

Sweet-er than heav-en and hot-ter than hell. Louder than sirens and louder than bells.

Sweet-er than heav-en and hot-ter than hell.
As I move my feet towards your body I can hear this beat.

It fills my head up and gets louder and louder. It fills my head up and gets louder and louder.
Cosmic Love

Words & Music by Florence Welch & Isabella Summers

\[ \begin{align*}
F & \quad C \quad Am \\
\text{1. A falling star} & \quad \text{fell from your heart.} \\
\text{2. And in the dark} & \quad \text{I can hear your heartbeat.} \\
& \quad \text{and I landed in my eyes.} \\
& \quad \text{I tried to find the sound.} \\
& \quad \text{I screamed aloud} \\
& \quad \text{But then it stopped} \\
& \quad \text{and I was in the darkness.} \\
\end{align*} \]
F    C    Am
and now it's left me blind.
so dark ness I be came.

F    C    Am
The stars, the moon, they have all been blown out.

F    C    Am
You left me in the dark.

F    C    Am
No dawn, no day. I'm always in this twilight.
in the shadow of your heart.

heart.

Ooh...

Ooh...

Ooh...

Ooh...
Oh.

I took the stars from my eyes and then I made a man.

knew that somehow I could find my way back then I

heard your heart beating. You were in the darkness too. So I
stayed in the darkness with you.

The stars, the moon, they have all been blown out.

You left me in the dark.

No dawn, no day. I'm always in this twilight.
Ooh. Ooh.

Between two lungs it was released, the breath.

That carried me the sigh that blew me forward.

'Cause it was
trapped between two lungs. It was trapped between two lungs. It was trapped between two lungs.

And my running feet could fly. Each breath screaming
N.C.

“We are all too young to die.”

Perc.

C Dm Em F

Between two lungs it was released, the breath that passed from you to me...

C Dm Em F

It flew between us as we slept, it slipped from in your mouth, into mine...
Between two lungs it was released, the breath that passed, from you to me.

It flew between us as we slept, it slipped from in your mouth, into mine it crept.

(Mm, mm, mm, mm..) 'Cause it was
G         F
trapped, trapped between two lungs. It

G                  Am       Bdim
was               trapped between two lungs.

C                  Dm       Em                  F
Gone are the days of begging, the days of theft, no more gasping for a breath.

C                  Dm       Em
The air has filled me head to toe and I can see the ground far below.

I'll pray to God this breath will last as it pushes past.
Hurricane Drunk
Words & Music by Florence Welch & Eg White

1. No__ walls__ can keep me pro-tect-ed__
2. No__ home__, I don't want shel-ter__

__ No__ sleep__
__ No__ calm__

Noth-in' in-be-tween me and the__
Noth-in' to keep me from the__

__ rain__ And you can't save me now__
__ storm__ And you can't hold me down__

'I'm in the grip of a hur-ri-cane__
'Cause I be-long to the hur-ri-cane__

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I'm gonna blow myself away...
It's gonna blow this soul away...
I'm going out...

I'm gonna drink myself to death...
And in the crowd...

I see you with someone else...
I brace myself...
'Cause I know it's gonna hurt...

But I like to think at least things can't get any worse...
I hope that you see me.
'Cause I'm staring at you.

But when you look over you look right through then you lean and kiss her on the head. And I never felt so alive.
Blinding

Words & Music by Florence Welch & Paul Epworth

\[ j = 108 \]

1. It seems that I have been held

(2.) I could hear the thunder and

in some dreaming state.

A tourist in the world.

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Em7/D  Cmaj7  Em/B
-
ing world, never quite awake.
was waking, I never could go back.

'Cause

Em  Em7/D  Cmaj7
No kiss, no gentle word could wake me from this slum-
all the walls of dreaming, they were torn wide open.

Em7/B  Em  Em7/D
-ber. Until I realized that it was
-pen. And finally it seemed

(8)

Cmaj7  Em7/B
you who held me under. Felt it in my
that the spell was broken. And all my bones be-

(8)
fists, in my feet, in the hollows of my eyelids.
again to shake, my eyes flew open.

Shaking through my skull, through my spine and down through my ribs.
And all my bones began to shake, my eyes flew open.

No more dreaming of the dead as if death itself was undone.
No more calling like a crow for a boy for a body in the garden...

No more dreaming like a girl so in love, so in love.

No more dreaming like a girl so in love, so in love.

So in love with the wrong world.
Em7/B  Em  N.C.  D.S. al Coda

- ing up your cir - cuit board.  No more dream-ing of the

Coda  Em7  Em7/D  Cmaj9

Snow White's stitch - ing up the cir - cuit boards. Syn-apse slip-

Em7/B  Em7  Em7/D  Cmaj9

- ping through the hid - den door. Snow White's stitch - ing up your cir - cuit board. (Whispered) Syn-apse slip - ing through the hid - den door.
My Boy Builds Coffins
Words by Florence Welch
Music by Rob Ackroyd & Christopher Lloyd Hayden

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1. My boy builds coffins with hammers and nails. He doesn't build ships, he has no
   use for sails. He doesn't make tables, dressers or chairs. He
   it's a curse. He fits them together in sunshine or rain. Each

2. My boy builds coffins for better or worse. Some say it's a blessing. Some say
   can't carve a whistle 'cause he just doesn't care. My boy builds coffins for the
   one is unique, no two are the same. My boy builds coffins and I

   rich and the poor. Kings and queens have all knocked on his door. I
   think it's a shame that when each one's been made he can't see it again. He

71
F Dm7 Am

Beggars and liars, gypsies and thieves, they

F F/G Am

crafts every one with love and with care then it's

F Dm7 Am

all come to him 'cause he's so eager to please.

F Dm7 Am

thrown in the ground, it just isn't fair.

F Dm7 Am

My boy builds coffins, he makes them all day but it's not just for work and it isn't for play. He's made one for himself, one for me too.
One of these days he'll make one for you.

For you. For you. For you.

you. For you.

you. For you. For you.

you. For you. For you.
You've Got The Love
Words & Music by Anthony Stephens, John Bellamy, Arnecia Harris & John Truelove

Original key D♭ major

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Csus}^4 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Gm} \]\n
Sometimes I feel like throwing my hands up in the air.

I know I can count on you. Sometimes I feel like saying

"Lord, I just don't care." But you've got the love I need to see me through.
Sometimes it seems the going is just too rough.
And things go wrong no matter what.

I do.
Now and then it seems that life is just too much.

But you've got the love I need to see me through.
When food is gone you are my daily meal.

Oh.
When friends are gone I know my
saviour's love is real
You know it's real

'Cause you got the love
You got the love Oh, you got the love

You got the love
You got the love Oh, you got the love

Time after time I think "Oh, Lord, what's the use?"
Time after time I think "It's
just no good.”

‘Cause soon-er or lat-er in life, the things you love, you lose.

But you’ve got the love, I need to see me through.

You got the love. You got the love. Oh, you got the love.

You got the love. You got the love. Oh, you.
got the love.  

Sometimes I feel like throwing my hands up in the air. 'Cause I know I can count on you. Oh.

Sometimes I feel like saying "Lord I just don't care."

But you've got the love. I need to see me through.
All the songs from the album, including the bonus track You've Got The Love, arranged for piano, voice and guitar

1. Dog Days Are Over
2. Rabbit Heart (Raise It Up)
3. I'm Not Calling You A Liar
4. Howl
5. Kiss With A Fist
6. Girl With One Eye
7. Drumming Song
8. Between Two Lungs
9. Cosmic Love
10. My Boy Builds Coffins
11. Hurricane Drunk
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13. You've Got The Love