POMPEII

| D . . . | A . . . | F#m . . . | E . . . | *(throughout, except where indicated)*

Eheu eh-o eheu eh-o [x8]

I was left to my own devices

Many days fell away with nothing to show

And the walls kept tumbling down

In the city that we love

Great clouds roll over the hills

Bringing darkness from above

**But if you close your eyes, Does it almost feel like Nothing changed at all?**

**And if you close your eyes, Does it almost feel like You've been here before?**

**| D . A . | D . . . | D . A . | D . . . |**

**How am I gonna be an optimist about this?**

**How am I gonna be an optimist about this?**

We were caught up and lost in all of our vices

In your pose as the dust settled around us

And the walls kept tumbling down

In the city that we love

Great clouds roll over the hills

Bringing darkness from above

**CHORUS**

Eheu eh-o eheu eh-o [x4]

Oh where do we begin? The rubble or our sins?

Oh oh where do we begin? The rubble or our sins?

And the walls kept tumbling down (oh where do we begin?)

In the city that we love (the rubble or our sins?)

Great clouds roll over the hills (oh where do we begin?)

Bringing darkness from above (the rubble or our sins?)

**CHORUS**

If you close your eyes, does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?

Eheu eh-o eheu eh-o [x8]