

# viva la vida

reelle (Ab)	Db	Eb	Ab Cm	Fm	4	5
capo 1 (sol)	C	D	G Bm	Em		
instinctive	C#	D#	G# Cm	Fm	1	6
chiffrée	4	5	1 3	6		

I used to rule the world  
 Seas would rise when I gave the word  
 Now in the morning I sleep alone  
 Sweep the streets that I used to own

Revolutionaries wait  
 For my head on a silver plate  
 Just a puppet on a lonely string  
 Oh who would ever want to be king?

I used to roll the dice  
 Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes  
 Listen as the crowd would sing:  
 "Now the old king is dead!  
 Long live the king!"

I hear Jerusalem bells a ringing  
 Roman Cavalry choirs are singing  
 Be my mirror my sword and shield  
 My missionaries in a foreign field  
 For some reason I can't explain  
 I know Saint Peter will call my name  
 Never an honest word  
 But that was when I ruled the world  
 (Ohhhhhh Ohhh Ohhh)

One minute I held the key  
 Next the walls were closed on me  
 And I discovered that my castles stand  
 Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand

I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing  
 Roman Cavalry choirs are singing  
 Be my mirror my sword and shield  
 My missionaries in a foreign field  
 For some reason I can't explain  
 Once you go there was never, never an honest word  
 That was when I ruled the world  
 (Ohhh)

It was the wicked and wild wind  
 Blew down the doors to let me in  
 Shattered windows and the sound of drums  
 People couldn't believe what I'd become