Para una persona especial

Pedir que le guide y
que la guide y siéntase cada

canción de este libro lo más
que pueda.

Un besito Barbra

Barbara Walsh

June 26, 2005
Flowingly

So I ran faster... but it caught me here...

Yes my loyalties turned... like my ankle in the seventh
He said you're really an ugly girl
But I like the way you play and I
I died. But I thanked him
Can you believe that sick, sick holding onto his picture
dressing up every day
I wanna smash the
faces of those beautiful boys
those Christian boys so you can

make me cum That doesn't make you

Coda

yes In my peach party dress No one

melody
Fm7
Bm7
Fm7/C
dared  no one  cared  to tell me  where the
Fm7
Bm7
Gmaj7
A
pretty girls are  Those  demi-gods
G
E5
nine inch nails and little fascist panties tucked inside the heart of every nice
subito f
girl
"call R"
Eb bass  Dbass  Abass  Ebass  Fbass  Gbass  Fbass

These precious things
Let them bleed

Let them wash away
These precious things
Let them break their hold on me

repeat and fade
ANGELS
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, rhythmic
Am9

And with a wink and a smile
From Jordan to Chicago
you toss your instructions on

how to catch a train
while it's moving this time

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Am9
D

You always were the one
I should have worn my glasses
that kept us all guessing

F
Cadd9
G

how then you could survive
the fall you had line

Em
Cmaj7
Am7

From Medicine Men
Moderne Magda lenes

to my DJ friends they

Dm
Am
Esus4
E

all have said "he's got to watch his back"

They're trapping Am
Bm add9

gets

by the Po-

toma-

c But it's

mf

G

D

F♯sus4

F♯

Bm add9

not how you think... you'd be sur-

prised...

They li-

ber-

ate

your dream-

scape

till you can't re-

mem-

ber to re-

F♯sus4

F♯

Esus2

I.

C add9

G/B

call where your wings have-

gone
Tell me where they've gone

Before I close my eyes at night

I can still see you smiling

Before the truth was buried

Alive did we prize it

Before you changed the world
D

may - be boy - you should change your girl
They're trap - ping An -

Bm add9

ge - ls - by the Po - to - mac
They're trap - ping An -

E/G4

Lord I know this
They're trap - ping An -

Bm add9

ge - ls - by the Po - to - mac But we're get - ting clos -
er. now I said we're getting closer to where they've... gone
tell me where they've gone

tell me where they've gone

now it won't belong...
Silent All These Years
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Flowingly
No chord

Verse
1. Excuse me but can I be
you for a while

My

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Emaj7

Dog won't bite if you sit real still _ I got the

Emaj7

Antichrist in the kitchen yellin' at me again

Asus2

Yeah _ I can hear that Been
saved again by the garbage truck I got

something to say you know but nothing comes

Yes I know what you think of me you never shut up
Asus2
B

Yeah I can hear that
But

Aadd9
B

what if I’m a mer maid in these

melody

Amaj9
B7

jeans of his with her name still on it Hey but
I don't care 'cause sometimes I said

Sometimes I hear my voice and it's been

here
1. A5

Silent all these years

2. A5

So you Silent all these
orange clouds raining in my head

Years go by I'll choke on my tears till

finally there is nothing left
One more casualty
You know we're too easy
d.S. al Coda

I hear my voice
I hear my
voice and it's been here

Silent all these years I've been
2. So you found a girl who thinks really deep thoughts
   What’s so amazing about really deep thoughts
   Boy, you best pray that I bleed real soon
   How’s that thought for you

   My scream got lost in a paper cup
   You think there’s a heaven where some screams have gone
   I got twenty-five bucks and a cracker
   Do you think it’s enough...to get us there
   Cause

   (Chorus to 2nd ending)

3. Well, I love the way we communicate
   Your eyes focus on my funny lip shape
   Let’s hear what you think of me now
   But baby don’t look up the sky is falling

   Your mother shows up in a nasty dress
   It’s your turn now to stand where I stand
   And everybody lookin’ at you
   Here take hold of my hand...yeah, I can hear them
   But

   (Chorus to Coda)
CORNFLAKE GIRL
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Shuffle feel $\frac{3}{4}$

Am7 C6 D7sus4 Fmaj9

1. Never was a cornflake girl
go in' on

Am7 C6 D7sus4 Fmaj9

though that was a good solution
now hang in' with the

C6 D7sus4 Fmaj9

raisin' gone
eaze are gone

Fmaj9

she's gone to the other side
goin' us a...
MARY
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slow, steady 4

Everybody wants something from you
everybody wants a piece of Mary

lush valley all dressed in green
just ripe for the picking

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1. I want to get you out of here, you can ride in a pink Mustang.
2. Everybody wants your sweet heart, everybody got a dream of glory.

When I think of what we've done to you, oh Mary, they got her armed as they buy and sell her.

Growing up isn't always fun, they tore your dress and stole your ribbons.

Rivers of milk running dry, can't you hear the dolphins crying.

They see you cry, they lick their lips, but butterflies don't belong in nets.

What'll we do when our babies scream, fill their mouths with some acid
Mary can you hear me Mary you're bleeding

Mary don't be afraid we're just waking up and I hear

gm n.c. f5

help is on the way Mary can you hear me Mary, like Jimi said,

Mary don't be afraid 'cause even the wind
GOD
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, with a steady beat

Capo on 1st fret: Am Cbass Dbass Am
Bm D♭bass E♭bass Bm

mf

Am Bm D7/E Em Am Cbass Dbass
Bm D♭bass E♭bass

God sometimes you just don't come through

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need a woman to look after you
go sometimes you just don’t come through

make pretty daisies pretty daisies love
(2.) tell me you’re crazy maybe then I’ll understand
I gotta find find find what you're doing about things
you got your nine nine iron in the back seat just

here (a) few witches burning gets a little toasty
in case heard you've gone south well babe you love your new four-

here wheel
I gotta find find find why you

always go when the wind blows // a tempo
Will you even tell her if you decide to make the sky fall

will you even tell her if you decide to make the sky fall

Coda

Ah ah
WINTER
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, flowingly

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I get a little warmer when I think of winter.

I put my hand in my father's glove.

I run off where the drifts get deeper.

Sleeping beauty trips me with a frown.

I hear a voice, you must learn to stand up.
for yourself 'cause I can't always be around"

When you gonna make up your mind

When you gonna love you as much as I do

When you gonna make up your mind

'Cause things are gonna change so fast

All the white horses are still in bed

All the white horses have gone ahead
I tell you that I'll always want you near
You say that things change
my dear
dear.

3. Hair is grey and the fires are burning

So many dreams on the shelf
You say I wanted
boys get discovered as winter melts
flowers competing for the sun
years go by and i'm here still waiting
withering where some snowman was

mirror mirror where's the crystal palace
but i only can see myself
skating around the truth who i am
but i know dad the ice is getting thin

chorus to 2nd ending
she's addicted to nicotine patches

she's afraid of the light in the dark

six fifty eight are you sure where my spark is

here here here

here here here
1. She's convinced she could hold back a glacier
2. If the Divine master plan is perfection

but she couldn't keep next I'll give Baby alive
maybe Judas a try

doubting if there's a woman in there somewhere

trust my soul to the ice cream assassin
E  C  D
here  here-  here  you

say you don't want it a- gain and a- gain but you don't
don't really

Em  C  D
mean- it  you say you don't want it this cir- cus we're in but you
don't really mean- it  you don't
don't really
how many fates turn around in the overtime

balletinas that have fins that you'll never find

you thought that you were the bomb yeah well so did I
say you don’t want it
say you don’t want it

how many fates turn around in the overtime

balletinas that have fins that you’ll never find

you thought that you were the bomb yess well so did I
say you don't want it
say you don't want it
say you don't want it
again and again
but you don't really mean it
you say you don't want it this
circus we're in but you don't really mean it
you
WAY DOWN
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Freely, with motion

No chord

maybe I'm the afterglow 'cause I'm with the band

Am

Dm

D/F#

you know don't you hear the laughter on the

way down yes I am the anchor man

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dining here with Son of Sam a hair too much to
chat of on the way down gonna meet a
great big star gonna drive his great big car
gonna have it all here on the way down the
PROFESSIONAL WIDOW
Words and Music by Tori Amos

In 2, with a heavy beat
G5  G#5  A5
G5  G#5  A5
G5  G#5  A5
G5  G#5  A5

f

8vb throughout

G5  G#5  A5
G5  G#5  A5
G5  G#5  A5
G5  G#5  A5

1. slag
2. pri
pit
sm
stag
per
shit
feet

honey bring it
honey bring it
close to my lips
close to your lips
yes
yes

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don’t what blow is termed those a brains land yet slide
we gotta be big proportion boy
we gotta be big boy
it’s gotta be big
star fucker
just like my Daddy
yes star fucker

just like my Daddy yes selling his baby

yes just like my Daddy yes gonna

strike a deal make him feel like a Congressman

to Coda
it runs in the family

No chord
(ad-lib.)

Slow waltz

rest your shoulders

Peaches and

sub. p lightly
Cream everywhere a Judas as far as you can see beautiful

Angel calling "we"

got every rerun of Muhammad Ali"
it's running in the family

runs in the family

hey baby it's running in the family

it runs in the family

Slow waltz (♩♩♩)

Mother Mary chi

na
MR ZEBRA
Words and Music by Tori Amos.

Cabaret sleaze

hello Mister Zebra can I have your sweater 'cause it's
cold cold cold in my hole hole hole
Ratatouille Strychnine sometimes she's a friend of mine with
a gigantic whirlpool that will blow your mind

hello Mister Zebra ran into some confusion with a

Missus Crocodile Crocodile

furry muscles marching on she thinks she's Kaiser Wilhelm or
a civilized syllabub to blow your mind

figure it out

she's a good time fellas she
got a little fund to fight for Money Penny's rights figure it out
she's a good time fellow too

bad the burial was premature she said and smiled

mp poco rit.
bowl-ing ball in my stom-ach I got a de-seri in my mouth

Fig-u res that my cour-age would choose to sell out now I've been

look-ing for a savior in these dirt-y streets

Look-ing for a savior beneath these dirt-y sheets I've been
B    Fmaj7   Gm   Gm7/F♯
raising up my hands  drive another nail  in  Just what
E|m7\x3c5
Chorus
G#m   Cm7\x3e   Fmaj7   Cm7
God needs one more victim Why do
G#m\x2e Cm7\x2e Fmaj7\x2e Cm7\x2e
we crucify ourselves Every day
G#m   Cm7\x3e Fmaj7\x3e Cm7\x3e
I crucify myself Nothing I do is good e-
Additional Lyrics

2. Got a kick for a dog beggin’ for love
   I gotta have my suffering so that I can have my cross
   I know a cat named Easter he says “Will you ever learn”
   You’re just an empty cage girl if you kill the bird

   I’ve been looking for a savior in these dirty streets
   Looking for a savior beneath these dirty sheets
   I’ve been raising up my hands, drive another nail in
   Got enough guilt to start my own religion

   (Chorus to 2nd ending)
ME AND A GUN
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Freely

a capella

Five a.m. Friday morning Thursday night far from sleep I'm still up and drivin' can't go home obviously

So I'll just change direction 'cause they'll soon know where I live And I wanna live got a full tank and some chips It was me and a gun and a man on my back And I sang "Holy Holy" as he

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but-toned down his pants You can laugh it's kind of
fun-ny the things you think in times like these Like I
have-n't seen Bar-ba-dos so I must get out of
this Yes I wore a slinky red thing Does that
mean I should spread for you your friends your
fa-ther Mis-ter Ed It was me and a gun and a
man on my back But I have-n't seen Bar-
Barbados so I must get out of this And I know what this means Me and Jesus a few years back used to hang and he said “It’s your choice babe Just remember I don’t think you’ll be back in three days time so you choose well” Tell me what’s right Is it my right to be on my stomach of Fred’s Seville Me and a gun and a man on my back But I haven’t seen Barbados so I must get out of this And
Do you know Carolina where the
biscuits are soft and sweet
These things go through your
head when there's a man
on your back And you're
pushed flat on your stomach
It's not a classic Cadillac
Me and a gun and a man on my
back But I haven't seen Barbados so I
must get out of this
I haven't seen Barbados
so I must get out of this
BLISS
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

B5  G  E5

play three times

B5  G  E5

ther, I killed my monkey

B5  G  E5

let it out to taste the sweet of spring

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wonder if I will wander
out test my tether to see if I'm still
free from you steady as...
it comes right down to you.

I've said it all so maybe we're a bliss of a

nother kind I said a bliss of another kind I said
nough for you and I wonder if you can bi-locate.

is that what I taste your super nova juice.

you know it’s true I’m part of.
you steady as it comes
right down to you I've said it all
so maybe we're a bise of another kind I said a
steady as it comes. right down to you. I've said it all so maybe you're a four horse engine with a power drive. I said a hot kachina who wants
Into mine— I said
take it take it with your terra-terra-cide I said a

steady as it comes right down

to you I've said it all so maybe we're a
bliss of another kind I said a bliss of another kind

noth-er kind I said a bliss of a noth-er kind I said a

bliss of a bliss of a bliss of another kind.
Playboy Mommy
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderate swing (3-2-3)

In my platforms I hit the floor fell face down didn't help my brain out
Am then the baby came before I found the magic how to
F keep her happy I never was the fantasy of
G Am what you wanted me to be
F C Don't judge me so harsh little girl so you got a playboy mommy
but when you tell 'em my name -
you wanna cross that bridge

all on your own

little girl they'll do you no harm

cause they know your playboy mom - my

1st time to Coda

2nd time to Coda

but when you

tell 'em my name

from here to Birmingham I got a few friends
I never was there when it counts.
I get my way— you're so like me
you seem ashamed
ashamed that I was a good friend of American soldiers
I'll say it loud here.
by your grave those angels can't ever take my place

but when you tell 'em my name you tell 'em my name

I got a few friends

Some where where the orchids grow
I can't find those church bells that played when you
died played Glor - ri - a talk - in' bout -

Ho - san - ah

D.S. al Coda Coda

bit I'll be home

I'll be home to take you in my arms
Baker Baker
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, with a flexible tempo

1. Baker Baker baking a cake make me a day
2. Baker Baker can you explain if truly his heart

make me whole again and I wonder what's in a day
made of icing and I wonder how mine could taste

what's in your cake this time I guess you heard he's
be we could change his mind I know you're late for
gone to L.A.,
your next parade,
he says that behind
you came to make sure
my eyes I'm hiding
that I'm not running
and he tells me
well I ran from him
in all kinds of ways
I pushed him away
that my heart's been hard to find
guess it was his turn this time
here time
there must be
thought I'd made
something with
friends
here time
there must be
thought we'd be
something here
fly

here may - be not

time Baker Baker baking a cake

make me a day make me whole again and I won - der

if he's o - kay if you see him say hi
TEAR IN YOUR HAND
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, with a steady beat

Yai la la lai lai lai lai lai Yai la la lai lai

All the world just stopped now

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Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2
say you don't wanna stay together anymore

Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2
Let me take a deep breath babe

Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2
need me me and Neil'll be hangin' out with the dream king

Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2
Neil says hi by the way I don't be
lieve you're leav-in' cause me and Charles Manson like the same ice cream

I think it's that girl

And I think

there're pieces of me you've never seen

Maybe she's just

pieces of me you've never seen well
All the world is all I am

The black of the blackest ocean
And that tear in your hand

Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2

Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2

Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2

Bsus4 B5 E5 Esus2
All the world is dang-
alin' dang alin' dang alin' for me Darlin' you

No chord
don't know the power that you have with that

tear in your hand.
torn in your hand

May be I ain't used to

may be smashing in a cold room

cutting my hands up every time I touch you
May be may be it's
time to wave goodbye now

Time to wave goodbye now

Caught a ride with the moon
I know you well well better than I used to

Haze all clouded up my mind in a daze of the why it could’ve never been so

say and I say you know you’re full of wish and your
SWEET DREAMS
Words and Music by Tori Amos

1. "Lie, lie, lies ev'-ry-where," said the fa-ther to the son your
2.3. (D.S.) See additional lyrics

pep-per-mint breath gon-na choke 'em to death dad-dy watch your lit-tle black sheep run he got a
knives in his back every time he opens up you say, "he gotta be strong if he wanna be a man" mister I don't know how you can have sweet dreams
go on, go on, go on and dream your house is on fire come along
to Coda D.S. al Coda now
Additional lyrics

2. land, land of liberty
   we’re run by a constipated man
   when you live in the past
   you refuse to see when your
daughter come home nine months pregnant
   with five billion points of light
   gonna shine ‘em on the face of your friends
   they got the earth in a sling
   they got the world on her knees
   they even got your zipper in between their teeth

3. well, well, summer wind been catching up with me
   “elephant mind, missy you don’t have
   you forgettin’ to fly,
darin’, when you sleep”
   I got a hazy lazy Susan
   takin’ turns all over my dreams
   I got lizards and snakes runnin’ through my body.
   Funny how they all have my face.
hey Jackie yeah

Bouvier till her wedding day

police came mamma layed me on the front lawn

prayed for Jackie's strength feeling old by
twenty-one never thought my day would come my
brides maids getting laid I
prayed for Jackie's strength make me laugh
say you know what you want you
said we were  the real thing  so I show you some more  and I learn what
black magic can do  make me laugh
say you know  you can turn
still in recovery

sleepovers Been

got some pot you're only popular with an

anorexia so I turn myself inside out in

hope someone will see will see make me laugh
Coda

D

Asus4

hey Jackie yeah hey Jackie yeah

Bm

G

D

hey Jackie yeah strength hey Jackie yeah

Asus4

Bm

A/G

hey Jackie yeah strength

D

A

G

I got lost on my wedding day typical the
Police came oh but virgins always
get backstage no matter what they've got to say if you
love enough you'll lie a lot guess they did in
Camelot Mama's waiting on my front lawn
SNOW CHERRIES FROM FRANCE
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow

With capo at first fret.

I knew a boy who would

not share his bike

Oh Lord but he let me go

I swore that I could survive any storm

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Can you launch rockets from here
Boy I've done it for

years right over my head
And when I promised my

hand he promised me back snow cherries from France

All that summer we traveled the world Never leaving his
And then one day he said girl it's been nice

Oh but I have to go sailing With cinnamon lips that did

not match his eyes Oh then he let me go...
Flowing

Capo on 1st fret:  

F  C  Dm  Bb  

Gb  Db  Ebm  Cb  

p  

with pedal  

F  C  F  C  

Gb  Db  Gb  Db  

Tears on the sleeve of a man  

don't wanna be a boy today  

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heard the eternal footman bought himself a bike to race and

Greg he writes letters and burns his C_Ds they

say you were something in those formative years
hold on to nothing as fast as you can

well still pretty good

year ah pretty good
May be a bright sandy beach is gonna bring you back
maybe not so now you're off you're gonna see America
well let me tell you something about America...
some things are melting now

some things are melting now well
Greg he writes letters with his birthday pen sometimes

times he's aware that they're drawing him in

Lucy was pretty your best friend agreed
F  
Gb  

C  
Db  

Dm  
Em  

Bb  
Cb  

well  
still  
pretty good  

F  
Gb  

C  
Db  

Dm  
Em  

Bb  
Cb  

year  
ah  
pretty good  

F  
Gb  

C  
Db  

Dm  
Em  

Bb  
Cb  
poco rii.  

C  
Db  

ah  
pretty good year  

PP
HONEY
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Em/G
C
Bm/D

A little dust never stopped me none
he liked my shoes I kept them on

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sometimes I can hold my tongue, sometimes not, when you just
skip to loo my darlin' and you know what you're doin' so
don't even you're just too used to my honey now
you're just too used to my honey
1. and I think I could leave your world
2. (D.S.) turn back one last time

if she was the better girl
love to watch those cow-boys ride

so when we died I tried to bribe the cow-girls ride
`under-take
on the In-
dian side`

`'cause I'm not sure
and you know`

`what you're do-
in' or the rea-
sons`

`what you're do-
in' so don't e-
ven`

`you're just too used to my hon-
ey now`

`you're just too used to my hon-
ey hey, yeah`
C \[ \frac{\text{G}}{\text{Em}} \] Bm add9 to Coda

you're just too used to my honey now

cresc.

don't bother coming down

C \[ \frac{\text{G}}{\text{Em}} \] \[ \frac{\text{C}}{\text{G}} \] \[ \frac{\text{Em}}{\text{G}} \] A

I made a friend of the western sky
don't bother coming down

you always like your babies tight
NORTHERN LAD
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly
Aadd9

Bm

Had a northern lad
well not exactly had

mp

Dedd9

F

E

Fesr4

he moved like the sunset
god who painted that

Aadd9

Bmadd9

first he loved my accent
how his knees could bend

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I thought we'd be okay
me and my molasses

But I feel something is wrong
But I

1. This cake just is n't done

2. I feel the west

Don't say that you and if you could see me now
said if you could see me now.
girls you've got to know when it's time to turn the page
when you're only wet because of the rain
Dadd9

cause

of

the rain

E

C#madd9

Dadd11

be - cause

of

Aadd9

Bmadd9

be don't show much those days

it gets so fuck - ing cold

mp

Dadd9

E

Esus4/D

I loved his se - cret plac - es

but I can't go

an - y - more
Aadd9

Bmadd9

“you change like sugar cane”
says my northern lad—

Dadd9

Sfr.

E

Esus4

I guess you go too far when pianos try to be guitars and—

Coda

A

E

wet because of the rain when you’re only

F#madd11

E

wet because of the rain because of
anyone know why you play with an orange
rind you say you packed my things and di-
vided what was mine you're off to the mountain
top I say her skinny legs could use sun but
now I'm wishing for my best impression

of my best Angie Dickinson but now

I've got to worry 'cause boy you

still look pretty when you're putting the damage
Am    F    C    G
on    yes    when    you're    putting    the    damage.

C
on

cresc.
R.H.

Cadd9
D/C
C

to Coda

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G bass</th>
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<td>F</td>
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<table>
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<th>G bass</th>
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you for a Banjo
I only just turned a
round for a poodle and a corvette and my
impression of my best Angie Dickinson
but now I've got to worry 'cause
boy you still look pretty.

θ Coda

I'm not trying to move it's just your
ghost passing through
I said I'm trying not to
move it's just your ghost passing through it's just your
No chord
ghost passing through and now I'm quite sure
there's a light in your platoon
never seen a light move
like yours can do to me
so now I'm wishing for my best
impression of my best Angie Dickinson
but now I've got to worry cause
ting the damage on yes
when you're putting the damage on you're
just so pretty when you're putting the damage on

poco rit. a tempo rit.

poco rit. a tempo rit.

on
Precious Things
Angels
Silent All These Years
Cornflake Girl
Mary
God
Winter
Spark
Way Down
Professional Widow
Mr. Zebra
Crucify
Me and A Gun
Bliss
Playboy Mommy
Baker Baker
Tear in Your Hand
Sweet Dreams
Jackie’s Strength
Snow Cherries From France
Pretty Good Year
Honey
Northern Lad
Putting the Damage On