WHITE HOUSES

Words and Music by VANESSA CARLTON
and STEPHAN JENKINS

Moderately

\[
\text{Crashed on the floor when I moved in. This little bungalow with some strange new friends. Stay up too late and I'm too thin. We promise each other it's}
\]
till the end. Now we're spinning empty bottles, it's the
five of us with pretty-eyed boys girls die to trust. I

can't resist the day. No, I can't resist the day.

And Jenny screams out and it's no pose, 'cause
when she dances she goes and goes._ And beer through the nose on an
in-side joke._ And I’m so excited, I haven’t spoken. And

Am9

she’s so pretty and she’s so sure._ May-be I’m more clever than a
girl like her._ Summer’s all in bloom._ The
It's alright and it's nice
not to be so alone
but I hold on to her secrets in white houses.

Maybe I'm a little bit over my head I come undone at the
things he said. And he's so funny in his bright red shirt. We were
all in love and we all got hurt. I sneaked into his car's black
leather seat. The smell of gasoline in the
summer heat. Boy, we're going way too fast. It's
all too sweet to last. It's all right and I put
(D.S.) and I will

my self in his hands. But I hold
not be back here again. I'm gone

as the day is fading in white houses. I

Love, or something ignites in my veins and I pray
lie, put my injuries all in the dust. In my heart
it never fades in white houses.

My first time,

hard to explain. Rush of blood. oh,

and a little bit of pain. On a cloud-
Maybe you were all faster than me.  We gave each other up so easily. These silly little wounds will never mend.  I feel so far from where I've been. So I go...
white houses. And you, maybe you'll remember me.

What I gave is yours to keep in

white houses.
In white houses.

In white houses.
WHO’S TO SAY

Words and Music by VANESSA CARLTON
and STEPHAN JENKINS

Moderately

With pedal

Stand up straight:

do your trick, turn on the stars.

Jupiter shines so bright.
when you're around. They tell us, "Slow down."

we're too young. "you need to grow." Well, speed's the key.

and they don't know who we are.
And who's to say we're not good enough?

And who's to say that this is not our love?

Mother, don't tell me friends are the ones...
that I lose, 'cause they bleed.

before you. Sometimes fam'ly are the ones you choose. It's too late now;

I hold on to this life. I've
Who are they anyway, anyway?

They don't know, And you say we're too young, but may be

you're too old, to remember. And I try

to pretend, but I just feel it when we're together.
And if you don't believe me, you never really knew us.

You never really knew us.

You and I, packing up.
my room. We feel all right.

but we're not welcome. Soon we'll be driving,

'cause they don't know who we are.

And who's to say we won't stay together?
B

- er? And who’s to say

C\textsuperscript{7m} B

we aren’t get - ting stron - ger? And who’s to say

E C\textsuperscript{7m}

__ I can’t live with - out you?__

B D.S. al Coda

Ob. And who’s to say?
And who's to say? And who are they...

Another way?

Stand up, boy.

I shine so bright when you're around.
ANNE

Words and Music by VANESSA CARLTON
and STEPHAN JENKINS

Moderately fast

Dmaj7   C#7   E/B   A

With pedal

Dmaj7   C#7   E/B   A

Watch her as she flew live up to the moment, and I hope that I don't blow it; and

day out from the country I.C.U.

what is it in me that she hears?

"There's It's
nothing you can do," someone gently says to you, "the
just a song she likes. Little arms around my neck, and a

doctor says that now it won't be long." I try and
dying girl whispers in my ear.

Tell
me now, can you feel it?

I've been keeping company with a ghost.

She comes to me like a piece of summer;

she comes to me on the days...
when I need it most.

Well,

summer dies, and nothing lasts forever.
boyfriend took pictures of me as I held you.

And you're so fine, the way you stand up to your fears.
I travel alone and the loneliness brings me to tears.

Well, summer dies, and it's just
moments we have together.
give my bones for you to get a few more years, for you
and I, oh Annie; more to life than try -
She's this all to my self.

elegant, and she means it.

No...

Dmaj7    C#7

E/B    A    Dmaj7    C#7
-nie. Watch her as she flew

depth within the blue; watch her as she slips away from you.

I'll keep fingers crossed always for you.
SAN FRANCISCO

Words and Music by VANESSA CARLTON

Moderately fast

With pedal

I know what you did,
is dancing on my finger.

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tling. We're back, we're back in San Francisco.

co. We're back, and you

tell me I am home. Talk-ing in the

Mission o-ver cof-fee; this
_ _ is my u - to - pia. _ _

Man, _ _ I'll be your _ _ la - dy.

As the o - cean _ ris _ es, _

sun is _ fad _ ing. We're back, _ we're back _
in San Francisco.

back, we're back in San Francisco.

We're back, we're back in San Francisco. And

now, I feel the ever after.
o - ver red wine_ on____ the eve of

sum - mer._ The buzz,_

the buzz_ of the____ city as we

set - tle___ in____ its____ maj - es - ty...
I know what you did, like a boy of summer gives his first kiss. We're back, we're back in San Francisco.
We're back, and you tell me I am home.

You tell me I am home...

(Ah.)
You tell me I am home.
(Ah.)

You tell me I am home, back in San Francisco,
(Ah.)

And I know what you did...
G5  
\( C \quad Csus2 \quad Csus \quad C \)

in San Francisco.

I know what

F  
\( G5 \quad Csus2 \quad Csus \)

you did in San Francisco,

San Francisco.

\( C \quad Csus2 \quad Csus \quad C \)

Repeat and Fade  
Optional Ending
AFTERGLOW

Words and Music by VASSA CARLTON

Slowly

C Am G C Am

With pedal

Just when the days start getting cold
And as I sit here in this dark

G C Am G C Am

I walk the streets I never knew
All I seem to feel is light

G C Am

And there's some words I never told
And I see color, I see
Am       G(add4)       F
       ______
by.

G        Am       G(add4)

F        C        Am

Just when the day, just when the day... Ah...

G(add4)    Fmaj7    Fm(maj7)

Just when the days start getting longer,
I walk the streets I never knew.

Sun comes out for you.

And if you could see what's come over me,

Then you would know,
'cause I'm walking free, the wind at my back,
bathed in after... 'cause I'm walking free,
the wind at my back, bathed in afterglow,

oh, oh.
PRIVATE RADIO

Words and Music by VANESSA CARLTON and STEPHAN JENKINS

Moderately
N.C.

(Ah, ah, ah.)

L.H.
mf

With pedal

(Ah, ah, ah.)
(Bada-dup, bada-dup, got ta get a little.)

Gm
Fsus
Gm/C
Eb\sup{sus2}

Gm
Fsus
Gm/C
Eb\sup{sus2}

NC.

Bada-dup, bada-dup, got ta get a little.)
All the world has gone to bed;

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and I am drown-ing in its si-lence. But

a sol-i-tude lives in my head from you, ba-by.

And if the si-lence was a song, well,

its rhyth-m grooves and it's a pri-vate ra-di-o.
And on this night I do belong, in harmony. You can't deny me; and you will oblige me. It's my melody. When the night comes, (Bada-dup, bada-dup, gotta get a little and no.)
one knows,
Ba-da-dup, ba-da-dup, gotta get a little.
Ba-da-dup, ba-da-

dup, gotta get a little.
Ba-da-dup, ba-da-dup, gotta get a little.)

And find me out of my pillow, 'cause

I'm lyin' here but I am ready good to go
Bb sus2(#4)  Cm7(add4)

rising...

All the world has gone to bed, and there's a sound inside my head, and in the dark inside my
bed, and the melody that's in my head...

When the night comes,
(Tomorrow, may' no one will ever)

and no one knows, and I know I'm on my own.

I can feel it:
(Tomorrow, may' no one will ever)
I got my private radio.
See, to burn me the one that won't let me be.

private radio,
(Bada-dup, bada-dup, gotta get a little. Bada-dup, bada-

dup, gotta get a little. Bada-dup, bada-dup, gotta get a little.)

(Doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo.)
HALF A WEEK BEFORE THE WINTER

Words and Music by VANESSA CARLTON

Moderately slow

\[C#5\] \[F#7/A#\] 

Half a week _ before _ the winter,

\[mf\]

With pedal

\[C#5\] \[F#7/A#\] 

the chill bites _ before _ it comes.

\[C#5\] \[F#7/A#\] 

And I'm a child _ of _ the pleasure
he brings before he runs.

He sits behind a desk of mahogany;

he whispers dreams into my ear.

And though I've given him his empire,
he deliv - ers me my fear.
The unicorns are rid - ing high,
pow - er - ful, in coats of white.
I turn to look, and burn my eyes.
I carry on, I carry... all the weight of empty promises.

as I stand, swallowed by the light flickering above the high-way.

I hold my head and know the streets...
A5

—are mine—tonight.

The vampires are growing tired;

C#5

cracks of white—all turn to red.

A5

My heart burns with desire.

C#5

I carry on, I carry
The unicorns are riding high.
powerful, in coats of white.

We turn to look, and burn our eyes.

I carry on, I carry... The vampires are growing tired;

the coats of white all turn to red.
My heart burns with desire.

I carry on, I carry on.

I carry on, I carry on.

We carry on.
CEST LA VIE

Words and Music by
VANESSA CARLTON

Moderately slow
N.C.

I've been tak-in' what you're giv-in';

With pedal

Bm A G#dim G

now I'm think-in' I've been liv-in' the fantasy of your sweet smile.

Bm A G#dim G Bm A G#dim G

Sad as blue, and blue as only you could cast the color on me. Can you see my fire
Bm A Ab G Bm/E Bm/F# Bm/G Bm/A Bm/E Bm/F# Bm/G Bm/A
red? Mmm. Mmm.

Bm/E Bm/F# Bm/G NC.

C'est la vie, c'est la vie, here in my lone-ly, c'est la vie, c'est la vie, here in my lone-ly with-out him.

Bm A G#dim G

Boy, you swal-low truth like hon-ey as you spew your lies up-on me, sweet and smooth as it goes.
Bm  A  Ab  G  Bm/E  Bm/F#  Bm/G  N.C.

_ down._

C'est la_vie,  c'est la_

Bm/E  Bsus2/F#  Bm/G  Bsus2/A  Bm  D/A

vие, here in my lone-ly, c'est la_vие,

vие, here in my lone-ly with-out-

him.

Oh,  say_you,  say_

G#dim  G  Bm/F#  Bm  D/A  G#dim  G  Bm/F#

me,  say_ al-ways and for-ev-er-more_  I'll be your_ per-fect lit-tle
sugar bride. But, oh, if you could see

the truth within our perfect harmony.

Your melody is bringing me down.

(Ah, ah.) Mmm.
Mmm. C'est la, c'est la vie, c'est la vie, c'est la vie, here in mylone-ly, c'est la vie, c'est la vie, here in mylone-ly with-out him, with-out him. Boy, you swal-low truth like hon-ey.
Look up;  
Look left;  

Look where you wanna be.  
Look where you wanna be.
look where he left me. I should have known by the ice in his eye, but you warmed me up with your so sweet demise, and nestled in your calculated moonshine,
Boy, you give good...

Love, plastic love, you're a genuine wanna-be, and you

Love, plastic love, you're a genuine wanna-be, and you
SHE FLOATS

Words and Music by
VANESSA CARLTON

Moderately slow

Em/G B7sus/F#
E
B7sus/F# Em/G B7sus/F#
E
B7sus/F#

With pedal

Em/G F#7 Em/G
B7sus/F#

Watch-in' puddles gather rain;
Wearin' black patent Mary Janes,

E B7sus/F# Em/G B7sus/F#
E
B7sus/F#

there's no better place to lay.
And

she steps out into the rain.
But

Em/G B7sus/F#
E
B7sus/F#

she's as fine as dandelions blowin' in the wind.

she's as dry as clear blue skies, swallowin' you whole.

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Em/G  F#7  Fmaj7  E  C5  D5
She's not thinkin' 'bout anything. She floats, she floats.

Got no secrets, though I'm told she floats. She floats. She floats.
'Cause she's as fine as dandelions blowin' in the wind.

She's not thinkin', she's listenin'.
She floats,
She floats,

C5  D5  E5

C5  D5

floats.

E5  Cmaj7  E5/D  E5

Cmaj7  E5/D  E5  Cmaj7  Dsus2  E
The Wreckage

Arr. by Maag

Speeding

Dreaming of the siren

Wishing for her

broken glass on the highway

It could be so easy

The rhythm

Rhythm of an engine
Always makes me empty
I see the headlights coming at me
I can't help but wonder
Flying in slow motion
Flying

Wind through my hair
And ripping through the
Speeding Into the horizon
Dreaming of the siren
Wishing for her
broken glass on the highway
It could be so easy