

Alanis Morissette - I Miss The Band

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and I miss the band
                           tom:
               Bb
                                                               Bh
Intro: F Eb Bb Eb
                                                              1 \quad 1 = 50
 Bb Eb
      Bb Eb
                      Bb Eb
                                                              and I am imploding without you \ensuremath{\mathsf{F}}
The inside joke well understood
                                                              and there's not a day that goes
  Bb Eb
                                                              Bb Eb
by where I don't hear
The nudge nudge wink wink
 Bb
and finishing each other's harmonies

Bb Eb Bb Eb
                                                               Bb Eb
                                                              our music in my head
The late night drive through italian roads

Bb Eb Bb Eb F Eb

trains pulling out and we're all in on the secret
                                                               Bb Eb
                                                              where I don't miss
                                                              Bb Eb F Eb
                                                              the adventure in your company
                                                              Cm Gm
where did you go
                                                              Hugs full of sweat and
                Eb
we are a league to be reckoned with Cm Eb
                                                              the late night call in tears
                                                                           Bb
as we run all around the planet
                                                              lights that are blinding
F Eb
and I miss the band
                                                              then onto the next country
 Bb
                                                               Bb
1 1 = 50
                                                              The ritual huddle
 Gm
                                                              as we storm the stage
and I am imploding without you \ensuremath{\mathsf{F}}
                                                              the sense on the street of
and there's not a day that goes

Bb Eb
                                                                           Bb
                                                              this beautiful world
by where I don't hear
Bb Eb
                                                              ( Eb Bb Eb Bb )
our music in my head
Bb Eb
where I don't miss
                                                              (Eb Bb Eb)
                                                                        Bb
                                                              I miss my family
Bb Eb
Bb Eb
traveling in your company
                                                              my ears are ringing
         Bb
                                                                 Bb
we?re on a plane
                                                              the sun streams in on my
 Bb Eb
                                                              Eb Bb Eb
we're in Japan
Bb Eb
                                                              unmade bed in portugal
in baggage claim I ask what
                                                              and I miss the band
Bb Eb
                                                               Bb
city we just landed in
Bb Eb Bb Eb
the paper slips under the hotel door
                                                              1 \quad 1 = 50
                                                                 Gm
                                                              and I am imploding without you \begin{tabular}{ll} F & Eb \end{tabular}
                                                              and there's not a day that goes
I'm shaking all hands
Bb Eb F Eb
                                                              Bb Eb
by where I don't hear
 Bb
a the hum-of-the-road keeps me happy
                                                              Bb Eb
                                                              our music in my head
where did you go
                                                               Bb Eb
                                                              where I don't miss
Bb Eb F Eb Bb
I thought we'd meet at the temple
                                                              the pleasure of your company
       Cm Eb
as we run all around this world
Acordes
     Вb
                                                                       Ebn
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