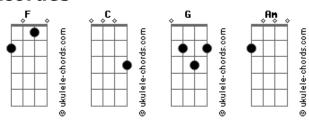


Bon Jovi - Scars On This Guitar

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Tom: C
Another friday night I'm somewhere
A little drunk and worn out from the show
\ensuremath{\text{\textbf{C}}} It's a hallway to a hotel room
                                           (G - Am - F )
The truck's already rolling down the road
I find the lights take off my coat
I see here there just lying on the bed
She's seen me through my yesterdays
God knows tonight I'm needing her again
She's the place I go
When there's no where left to run to
She's the one I hold
When there's no one to hold on to
She's been with me late at night
When I was drowning in the dark
She heard my every word
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Acordes



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When I was pouring out my heart
So I thank my lucky stars
For every crack scratch and scar on this guitar
She's given me her beset when I am at my worst
When I can't find the pieces
Fingers scratching in the dirt
She offers no forgiveness
Cause she likes to make it hurt
(Refrão)
Morning like a freight train
Last night still ringing in my head
Before today becomes tomorrow
Tonight I know I'll do it all again
(Refrão)
So I thank my lucky stars
For every crack scratch and scar on this guitar
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