

Bon Jovi - Wildflower

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Tom: G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              And just as free as the night breeze
           (Intro)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               She's got the cool of a shade tree
\mathsf{G} \quad \mathsf{D} \quad \mathsf{Am} \quad \mathsf{C}
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               She's growin' on me and I can't live with out her
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               (Bridge)
                                                                                                   Em
She wakes up when I sleep to talk to ghosts like in the movies % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left(
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Bm
G D EIII

If you don't follow what I mean, I sure don't mean to be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Yesterday's a memory
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Tomorrow's accessory
confusing
They say when she laughs she wants to cry
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               That's her favorite quote about regret
She'll draw a crowd then try to hide
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Well, she'll tell you 'bout her pedigree
Don't know if it's her or just my mind I'm losing
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              With a sailor's mouth he'd have left at sea and it ain't over
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              yet
 (Chorus)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              G D Am C
G D Am C
Nobody knows a wildflower still grows
                                                                    Em
By the side of the road
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Nobody knows?
And she don't need to need like the roses
Wildflower
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Nobody knows a wildflower still grows
 (Verse)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               By the side of the road
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               And she don't need to need like the roses, the roses
 That girl's sure put a spell on me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              She feels at home with the weeds
Yeah, her voodoos hidden right behind her pocket
 If she's fire, I'm gasoline
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              And just as free as the night breeze
                                                                    D
Yeah, we fight a lot but neither wants to stop it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              She's got the cool of a shade tree
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               She's growin' on me and I can't live without her
Well, she'll tell you she's an only child until you meet her
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               But nobody knows?
Swear she's never met the man she couldn't make into a lover
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Αm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Nobody knows?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Nobody knows?
Nobody knows a wildflower still grows
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Nobody knows? That's right?
By the side of the road
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               She wakes up when I sleep to talk to ghosts like in the
And she don't need to need like the roses
She's at home with the weeds
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               transcripted by Felipe Fontoura Melachawças
Acordes
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