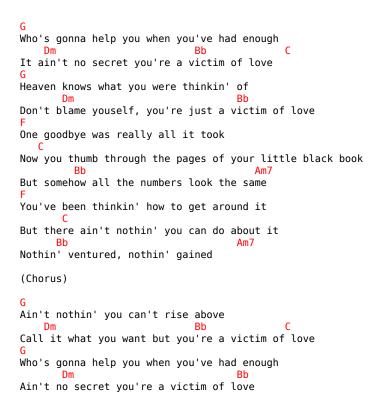


Tom: F

## **Bryan Adams - Victim Of Love**

```
Livin' on your own can be a lonely game
A face in the crown, no one knows your name
It's a table for one and a broken heart to go
She's the kind of lover that you always dreamed
would come to stay and never wanna leave
                                                    Am7
But that's all changed; she's dealt the final blow
Chorus:
Heaven knows what you were thinkin of
Don't blame yourself, you're just a victim of love
It doesn't matter who was right or wrong
When the fire is over, when the magic's gone
You pick up the pieces, and do the best you can
It knocks you down, but you try it again
You get a little older, it's a cryin' shame
Sometimes things don't work out like you plan
```



## **Acordes**

