

Chris Cornell - Sad Sad City

tom:

Am

Been getting tired of my motor running
 Feeling over heated cause my life keeps coming
 My heart has been troubled by the speed of love

Searching these streets for a soul committee
 Talking ideas on lust and pity
 The fables I've found have no place at home

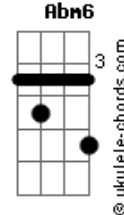
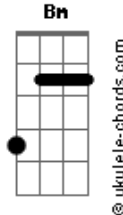
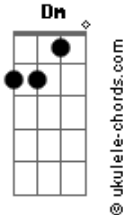
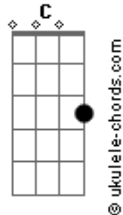
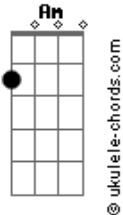
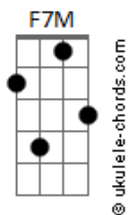
Well I need you, to want me, hold me, tell me the truth
 Yeah, I need you, to want me, hold me, tell me the truth

(Am C C)

Ain't no party in a sad sad city
 Ain't no party in a sad sad city

Well, roll the dice, pay the price
 Dance with wolves in a pack of lies

Acordes



The blood we crave shall drive us all insane

Outer space, it's a lovely place
 A long lost love in a flower vase
 Laying on the floor shattered, battered and bruised

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[Solo] Dm Am Dm Am Bm Abm6

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