

Clint Eastwood - When I Sing About You

tom:
Capostrate na 3ª casa

Telephone, but I can't dial it

Hands are shakin'

I'll have to file it away

What I was wantin' to say

I love you, you'd think I could say it

Though it's true

I can't even pray it at night

Just never comes out right

But when I sing about you

Every word is at my command

My guitar comes alive in my hand

When I sing about you

When I sing about you

Every note seems to be right on key

Oh, it all sounds so right to me

When I sing about you

I wrote it down, but I can't send it

It's all wrong, so I'll have to mend it again

How many times has it been?

I love you, think I could show it

Though it's true, you'll never know that I care

It really doesn't seem fair

But when I sing about you

Every word is at my command

My guitar comes alive in my hand

When I sing about you

When I sing about you

Every note seems to be right on key

Oh, it all sounds so right to me

When I sing about you

Oh, it all sounds so right to me

When I sing about you

Acordes

