

Counting Crows - Chelsea

Tom: **F**

esta musica esta no cd live in ny, ou no across a wire,
como uma musica secreta, depois da ultima musica
Intro: and verse: (Piano arranged for guitar)

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

I never go to New York City these days
Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
And maybe in a month or two, maybe when things are different
for me

maybe when things are different for you

And all of this shit sticks in my head

Chorus:

Gm **C2** **Bb** **Gm** **Bb** **Bb2**

Is anything different these days?

Gm **Bb**

The light in her eyes goes out I never had light in my eyes
anyways

But maybe things are different these days

It's good for everybody to hurt somebody once in a while

The things I do to people I love shouldn't be allowed
Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
Is anything different these days? The light in her eyes goes
out

I never had light in my eyes anyways But maybe things are
different these days

I dream I'm in New York City some nights

I dream I'm in New York City some nights. Angels flow down from
all the buildings

Something about an angel just kills me I keep hoping something
will

Is there anything different these days? The light in her eyes
goes out,

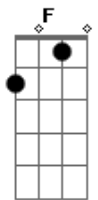
I never had light in my eyes anyways Maybe things are, maybe
maybe maybe

Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe maybe things are
different,

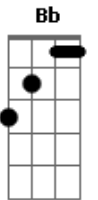
Maybe things are different these days The light goes out

I never had light in my eyes anyways Maybe things are
different.....these days

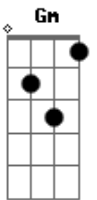
Acordes



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