David Bowie - My Death

Tom: C Intro: Em Em7 Em Em Fm7 Fm Fm My death waits like Em Em Em7 an old roué Fm Em So confident Em I'll go his way Fm7 Fm Whistle to him D D Fm D and the passing time G Α My death waits like G С a Bible truth F Am Am at the funeral of my youth F oh we drank for that G and the passing time Abm Gb My death waits like Abm a witched night Abm Gb as surely as our love is bright Gb В let's not think about the passing time D Fm But whatever lies behind the door В there is nothing much to do С C∖B Em D Angel or Devil I don't care Am Am\<mark>G</mark> For in front of that door there is you Db Gm Bb Gm My death waits like a beggar blind who sees the world through an unlit mind F throw him a dime for the passing time Db Bb My death waits there between your thighs Ab Cm Your cold fingers will close my eyes Ab Let's think of that Bb And the passing time

Bm My death waits

Acordes



R

Bm to allow my friend Α a few good times Bm before it ends Α so let's drink to that Gb and the passing time G Eb but whatever lies behind the door G D there is nothing much to do F Fb Angel or Devil I don't care for in front of that door D there is you Gm My death waits there among the leaves in magicians mysterious sleeves rabbits and dogs F and the passing time Bb Db My death waits there Bb among the flowers Dhm Ab where the blackest shadow cowers Ab Bb Let's pick lilacs for the passing time Rm Δ My death waits there Bm in a double bed Α sails of oblivion Bm at my head Α so pull up your seats against Gb the passing time Gm Eb But whatever lies behind the door D there is nothing much to do Angel or Devil Fb I don't care

for in front of that door, there is...



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В





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Cn

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Bn

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Eb

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