

Eliza Doolittle - Empty Hand

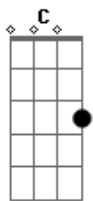
Tom: C

C
I don't have the reflection,
Of anybody checking their face,
In the shade of my glasses, C Am
One way ticket on the fast train,
And I'm solo all the way. F G
C
I could maybe read a novel,
To push away the trouble,
That sits in the pit of my tummy, C Am
But I know that it will find me,
When I finish the last page. F G
F C
An empty hand I wave goodbye,
I feel a tickle in my eye. F G
C Am
No I'll never, sever any tie,
Tired of the journey, F G
No hand held in mine, G
No I'll never, sever any tie, C Am
Tired of the journey, F G

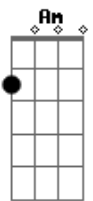
No hand held in mine.

C
Well I always feel it more,
On a day when there's a storm,
Or a raincloud, so dangerous and lonely, C Am
No one ever told me,
That the darkness is my foe. F G
C
And I'm looking out the window,
And losing both my dimples,
They enter the ends of my smile, C Am
'Cause I am a thousand miles,
From the place I need to go. F G
F C
An empty hand I wave goodbye,
I feel a tickle in my eye. F G
C Am
No I'll never, sever any tie,
Tired of the journey, F G
No hand held in mine, G
No I'll never, sever any tie, C Am
Tired of the journey, F G
No hand held in mine. G

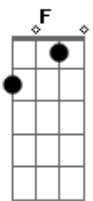
Acordes



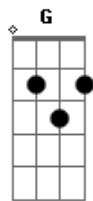
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