

# Elton John - Original Syn

Tom: G

G C G D G C G D

Oh, it's <sup>G</sup>carnival night,  
and they're <sup>C</sup>stringing the lights <sup>D</sup>around you,  
hanging <sup>Em</sup>paper angels.  
Painting <sup>C</sup>little devils <sup>D</sup>on the roof.

Oh, the <sup>G</sup>furnace wind,  
is a <sup>C</sup>flickering of wings <sup>D</sup>about your face,  
in a <sup>Em</sup>cloud of incense.  
Yea, it <sup>C</sup>smells like heaven <sup>D</sup>in this place.

I can't <sup>C</sup>eat, can't sleep.  
Still I <sup>D</sup>hunger for you when you look at <sup>Bm</sup>me.  
That <sup>C</sup>face, those eyes,  
all the <sup>D</sup>sinful pleasures deep inside.

Tell me <sup>G</sup>how, you know <sup>D</sup>now, the ways and means <sup>Em</sup>of getting in, <sup>Bm</sup>  
underneath <sup>C</sup>my skin.  
Oh, you were <sup>D</sup>always my original <sup>G</sup>sin.  
And tell me <sup>G</sup>why, I shudder <sup>D</sup>inside, every time we begin, <sup>Em</sup>  
this <sup>C</sup>dangerous game.  
Oh, you were <sup>D</sup>always my original <sup>Em</sup>sin.

C G D G C G D

A dream <sup>G</sup>will fly,  
the <sup>C</sup>moment that you open <sup>D</sup>up your eyes.  
<sup>Em</sup>

A dream is just a riddle,  
ghost from <sup>C</sup>every corner <sup>D</sup>of your life.

Up in the <sup>G</sup>balcony,  
all the <sup>C</sup>Romeo's are bleeding <sup>D</sup>for your hand,  
blowing <sup>Em</sup>theater kisses,  
reciting <sup>C</sup>lines they don't <sup>D</sup>understand.

I can't <sup>C</sup>eat, can't sleep.  
Still I <sup>D</sup>hunger for you when you look at <sup>Bm</sup>me.  
That <sup>C</sup>face, those eyes,  
all the <sup>D</sup>sinful pleasures deep inside.

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this <sup>C</sup>dangerous game.  
Oh, you were <sup>D</sup>always my original <sup>Em</sup>sin.

C G D G C G D  
C G D

## Acordes

