

Fiona Apple - Tymps The Sick In The Head Song

tom:

Cm

Intro: Bbm Ab Gb7 Gm D
Bbm Ab Gb7 Gm D

[Primeira Parte]

Bbm

Ab

Those boon times went bust -My feet of clay, they dried to dust

Gb7

The red isn't the red we painted

Gm D

It's just rust

And that signature thing -That used to bring a following

Gb7

Gm D

I have trouble now, even remembering

[Refrão]

G7 So why did I kiss him so hard late last Friday night

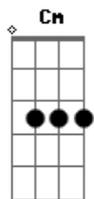
G7 And keep on letting him change all my plans

Eb I'm either so sick in the head

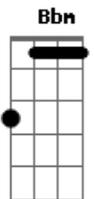
F I need to be bled dry, to quit

Bm D C Cm Gm D Gm

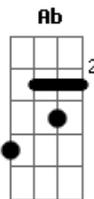
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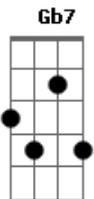
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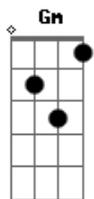
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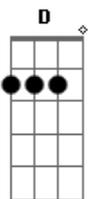
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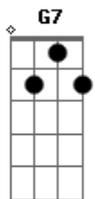
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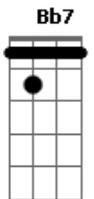
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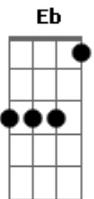
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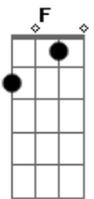
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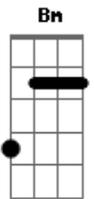
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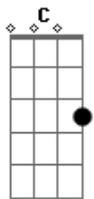
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Or I just really used to love him -I sure hope that's it

[Interlude] Bbm Ab Gb7

[Segunda Parte]

Gm D Bbm Ab
I knew that to keep in touch would do me deep in dutch

'Cause it isn't the rush of remembering

Gm D
It's just mush

Bbm Ab
And that signature thing is only growing harrowing

Gb7 Gm D
I should have no trouble now to keep from following

[Refrão]

G7 Cm
So why did I kiss him so hard late last Friday night

G7 Bb7
And keep on letting him change all my plans

Eb Eb
I'm either so sick in the head

F
I need to be bled dry, to quit

Bm D C Cm Gm D Gm
Or I just really used to love him -I sure hope that's it