Morten Harket - A Kind Of Christmas Card

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Tom: D
                                                             is as dirty as I feel myself
                                                                         G
                                                             There are still some riches
                               Rm
             D
 All you folks back home
            Gbm
                                                                        D
I'll never tell you this
                                                             At the Roosevelt
 D
                                                             That evening prayer, those memories
                          Rm
 You're not supposed to know
             Α
                                                                                  Bm
Where your daughter is
                                                             In my little bedroom, mama, on my knees
 G
                                                              Δ
                                                                                            G
There are ways of life
                                                             That's where I'm at - Down in Los-Angeles
                Bm
                                                                         Bm
 Α
                                                                                 Gbm
                                                                                               Α
                                                                         _____ am burning out again
You never understood
                                                             And T
                                                                         Bm
                                                                                   Gbm
           G
                                                                             _ must rise above the shame
It's right here
                                                             And I
                                                                         Bm
                                                                                         Gbm
             D A
                                                                D
Downtown Hollywood
                                                             Toni
                                                                        _____ght there is fever in my veins, yeah
          G
It's afternoon on Sunset Boulevard
                                                             Oh, just think of the girl I used to be
                                                                        G
                                                                                                     D
                        Bm
I've got a stolen moment trying hard
                                                               You were my age once, mama, Twenty-three
                                                                                         G
                   G
To write a kind of, kind of Christmas card
                                                             I can still hear some of the songs you used to play
                                                                                         Bm
       Bm
                                                             From that summer of love in '68
 D
                 Gbm
               ____ am burning out again
But I
                                                             Seems it's turned into a winter of hate
  D
         Bm
                     Gbm
         ght there is fever in my veins
Toni
                                                                                  Gbm
                                                                         Bm
                                                                          ____ am burning out again
D
                                                             And T
      Rm
Mama, dear
                                                                 D
                                                                         Rm
                                                                                   Gbm
                                                             And I
                                                                          must rise above the shame
       Gbm
All the love you gave
                                                                         Bm
                                                                D
                                                                                          Gbm
                                                                         ght there is fever in my veins
                       Bm
                                                             Toni
 I guess there's really nothing
                                                                 D
                                                                         Bm
                                                                                          Gbm
                                                                                                      Α
                                                                                                              D
                                                                                                                  Bm Gbm
Nothing much to save
                                                             Toni
                                                                           ____ght there is fever in my veins, yeah
                                                             [Final] D Bm Gbm A
 See this place
                                                                    D Bm Gbm A
                                                                    D Bm Gbm A
                    Bm
                                                                     D
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Acordes

