

James Blunt - Postcards

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Your love for a postmark and then,
  VERSO 1 - PIANO:
                                                                          Dbm
                                                               You know that you..... make me feel like
Sunday sitting on your back porch
                                                               We've been caught like kids in the school yard again.
And I came on with a couple of chords
                                                                         Dbm
                                                               And I can't keep it to myself
And I played for you.
                                                               Can't spell it any better
You let me keep you entertained
                                                               L.O.V.E forever
                                                                         Dbm
With stories I exaggerate
                                                               I hope you know that
That you know aren't true
                                                               I'm sending a postcard
                                                               I don't care who sees what I've said
And as you sit there making daisy chains
                                                                         Dbm
                                                               Or if the whole world knows what's in my head.
And I throw in a hand grenade
                                                               PONTE - PIANO:
And tell you how it is I really feel for you.
                                                                       Dbm
REFRÃO - UKULELE:
                                                               You know sometimes it's hard to see
        E
I'm sending postcards from \operatorname{\mathsf{my}} heart
                                                               Or say the words that torture me
Your love for a postmark and then,
                                                               But inside I know exactly how I feel
       Dbm
You know that you..... make me feel like
                                                               The things that I can't say out loud
                      В
                                                               I'll find a place to write it down
We've been caught like kids in the school yard again.
And I can't keep it to myself
                                                               I hope that they will find you in the end
Can't spell it any better
                                                               REFRÃO - UKULELE:
          Gb
L.O.V.E forever
                                                               I'm sending postcards from my heart
          Dbm
I hope you know that
                                                               Your love for a postmark and then,
                                                                           Dbm
I'm sending a postcard
                                                               You know that you..... make me feel like
I don't care who sees what I've said
                                                                                   В
                                                               We've been caught like kids in the school yard again.
        Dbm
Or if the whole world knows what's in my head.
                                                                          Dbm
                                                               And I can't keep it to myself
VERSO 2 - UKULELE:
                                                               Can't spell it any better
We chased the sun 'til it got away
                                                               L.O.V.E forever
                                                                         Dbm
On a bicycle that your daddy made
                                                               I hope you know that
    Gb
But not made for two
                                                               I'm sending a postcard
                                                               I don't care who sees what I've said
Then we sat out on your rocking chair
                                                               Or if the whole world knows what's in my head.
You with a flower in your hair
   Gb
That I found for you
                                                               Know oh oh know oh oh
                                                               All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
But then Monday always comes around
                                                               All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
And it's sad cause I can't see you now
                                                               All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
Want you to know you're always in my head
                                                                                                      В
                                                                                                                 Gb
                                                               All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
REFRÃO - UKULELE:
                                                                                                      В
                                                               All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
I'm sending postcards from my heart
                                                               All the things I want you to know.
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Acordes

