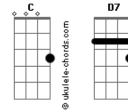
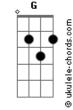
KT Tunstall - False Alarm

```
Tom: C
                                                                Maybe it's just me
Intro: riff (4x)
                                                                Now the curtain's coming up
                                                                The audience is still
                                                                I'm struggling to cater for
D7
                                                                The space I'm meant to fill
                                 G
I'm trying to put this thing to bed
                  G
                                                                And distance doesn't care
                                                                                        riff 2x
I've drugged it in it's sleep
                                                                No distance doesn't care
                 Am
There isn't many memories
                   D7 (riff 1x)
                                                                Each time I turn around
I'm comfortable to keep
                                                                There's nothing there at all
                         G
                                                                So tell me why I feel like
This ball keeps rolling on
                                                                I'm up against a wall
                     G
It's heading for the streets
                                                                                  Em
                                                                But maybe it's a false alarm
                        Am
Keep expecting you to send for me
                                                                                    D7
Intro: riff
                                                                And every answers sound the same
The invitation never comes
                                                                                      E
                                                                Just colours bleeding into one
Each time I turn around
                                                                                   F
There's nothing there at all
                                                                That hasn't got a name
So tell me why I feel like
                                                                             С
I'm up against a wall
                                                                Maybe I can't see
                                                                Intro: riff
                                                                Maybe it's just me
                  Fm
But maybe it's a false alarm
                    D7
                                                                I'm trying to put this thing to bed
                                                                I drugged it in it's sleep
And every answers sounds the same
                                                                Remember what you said
Just colours bleeding into one
                  Е
                                                                Are you comfortable to
That hasn't got a name
            С
                                                                   keep
                                                                                              it
Maybe I can't see
                                                                it
Intro: riff
```

Acordes



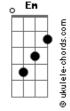


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An





E

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keep