

Lisa Mitchell - Neopolitan Dreams

tom:

Intro: C E7 Am F
C E7 Am F

C E7
You go on I'll be okay

Am
I can dream the rest away

F C
Its just a little touch of fate, it will be okay

E7
Am F
It sure takes its precious time, but it's got rights and so have I

C E7
I turn my head up to the sky

Am
I focus one thought at a time

F C
I do not let the little thieves under my tightly buttoned sleeves

E7 Am
You couldn't be alone, the time I feel like I am walking blind

F
I have no arrival time

There are no legible signs

(C E7 F)

There are no legible signs

(C E7 F)
(C E7 Am F)
(C E7 Am F)

C E7
I like the way that you talk

Am
I like the way that you walk

F C
It's hard to recreate such an individual game

E7
You wait your turn in the queue,

Am
You say your sorry's and thank you

I don't think you're ever

F
A hundred person in the room

C E7 F
You're not in the room

C E7 F
You're not in the room

(C E7 Am F)
(C E7 Am F)
(C E7 F)
(C E7 F)

C E7
Deepest of all the dark nights

Am
Till I's, the highest of highs

F
Neapolitan Dreams, stretching out to the sea

C E7
You wait your turn in the queue,

Am
You say your sorry's and thank you's

I don't think you're ever

F
A hundred person in the room

C E7 F
You're not in the room

C E7 F
You're not in the room

[Final] C E7 Am F
C E7 Am F
C E7 Am F
C E7 Am F

Acordes

