

Midge Ure - Fragile

tom:
 Em
 You might as well have asked me not to breathe
 Em D
 A damaged soul I had no choice
 C G
 I see you walk through fields of golden corn
 A Em
 I don't belong, just fragile
 Em D
 With every step you raise your grand design
 Em D
 You build your temple to your king
 C G
 Your shoes fill every step that brought me down
 A Em
 A weeping clown, just fragile
 Em D
 And when respect turns into sympathy
 Em D

And pure concern turns into fear
 C G
 You choose to live your life in babylon
 A Em
 I can't belong just fragile
 G Am
 And I thought it made me better
 F C
 And I thought it would make me strong
 B F
 And I thought in answered everything
 B F G
 But I knew that I was wrong
 (Em D)
 (Em D)
 C G
 You choose to live your life in babylon
 A Em
 I can't belong just fragile

Acordes

