Natalie Imbruglia - Wishing I Was There

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Tom: Bb
                                                                Every night the moon is mine
                                                                But when the morning comes
              F
Take your Hand
                                                                             Fb
                   Eb
                                                               Don't say you love me
And place it in my pocket
                                                                            Bb
                                                               Don't say you need me
Flick your eyes back in their sockets
                                                                I really don't think that's fair
Bb
Put those thoughts away
                                                                Boy I'm not so dumb
Sometimes they're much to loud
                                                                             Eb
                                                                But when you leave me
I'll take a breath
                                                                                       F
                                                                       Bb
                                                                I'll be wishing was I, wishing I, wishing, I was there
                       Eb
And cradle your sweet head
                             Bb
                                                                   F
                                                                                                 Eb
Should've stayed at home in bed
                                                               I dreamt about another girl in bed with you
Put that face away
                                                                You just laughed and smiled
    F
                                                                   Bb
I'm melting for you
                                                               Denied the proof
                                                                                        F
Refrão:
                                                                We're fine till I think of the problem
            Dm
                                                                              F
 Bb
                                                                I wish it made sense
I know, I get cold
                                                                                         Eb
    F
Cos I can't leave things well alone
                                                                Like a joke that no one gets
                                                                                         Bb
Understand I'm accident prone
                                                                It's a life without regret
Bb
          Dm
Me, I get free
                                                                I want to fell that way, forever and ever
                        F
Fb
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Acordes

