

Roland Faunte - Happy Life

tom:
Fm
Sometimes I picture this happy life Cm Bbm
Burning in the depth of time where
Sadness is a myth to me
Is that something you can give to me <pre>Eb</pre> <pre>Bb</pre>
I picture this silent room Cm Bbm
Humming with that silent tune Ab
That my body sings when I get close to you Bb Bbm
So hear me now it might be ending soon Eb Gm
I picture that morning kiss Cm Bbm
The death of pain and the loneliness Ab Ab
You give me strenth when you hold my hand Bb
I'm that headless, that broken man Eb Bb
And as I'm walking around the void Cm Eb
And I hear that easy voice Ab
That tells you when there's nothing left for you Bb
My darling I could die right next to you
Db Dbm Ab Singing la da da da da da Bb Gb Bb La da da na na na
F La da da da
Bb F
And I can do what you ask Gm F
Before you ask it let me have it Eb
Give me nothing but let me know you Dm
And I will be there just let me show you Bb F
Give me heartache if that means a reason $$Gm$$
That I would continue, please I need them Eb
Because you mattered when nothing mattered \ensuremath{F}
If I need something let me have her Bb F
I can be there, I can be there $$\sf Gm$$
All my secrets come and see them Eb
And I can help you as you heal me
I can feel you baby please be near me Bb F
Come and find me in the shadows $$\sf Gm$$
Light a candle or just hold my hand because Eb
You mattered when nothing mattered Acordes

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If I need something let_{\underline{\phantom{a}}} me have her
Holy dancer, come and find me
In the darkness where I've been hiding
Oh you are my answer, my one and only
Holy woman, oh my holy dancer
Give me that hometown by the train tracks
Slowly dancing with my silent face I know
I had that, oh I once had that
Now that I'm broken baby can't I go back
Be my refuge beneath the covers
      Gm
You are my best friend as you're my lover
      Eb
Oh I just found it, I think I found it
Cause your beauty blinds me and I'm surrounded
                Fm
Singing la da da da da da
        Bbm F
La da da na na na na
La da da da
Now you can picture this broken boy
With dreams of things he can't enjoy
Speaking words he won't fulfill
And promising that it can happen
But with all the years I have on my name
Living in a ... cave where
Nothing of a concrete world allows me now to love a girl
So is it better if I just bow my head
 \hbox{My dreams are getting overfed} \\
                Bbm
My fantasies are gaining speed in the politics of make-believe
See ours is a distant shore
I am sailing there but through a storm
A fallen soul moving slow and sweet
I'll meet you there eventually
[Final] F Gm Dm
      C7 Bb C
F Gm Dm
Or maybe it's fine
You see a lot of people die
And never find this so
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