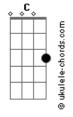


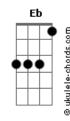
Santa Jam Vó Alberta - Back In Town

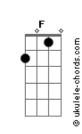
tom: C C I could look upon the obvious Look through the faithfulness To touch myself Or burn a book on shelf The fire brings me The old feelings of home Make a noise a song Feign that I belong to myself To get it on Or do something wrong Just like call my mom and tell her That I broke all of my bones This is the kind of damning things That could happen to me When you back in town Back in town

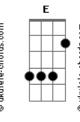
I could to blame my brain Run on railtrain lost in time To think the same And could lost my real name $\,$ So then you would run The whole neighborhood Trying to find out All this explain My plan to build a plan once a time It sounds insane And now I forget What was on mind you would mind If you get was misunderstood on my side This is the kind of damning things That could happen to me When you back in town Back in town

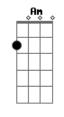
Acordes

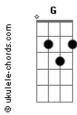












Bb

When you back in town

