

Sing street - Up

Tom: **E**

E

It's two o'clock on the edge of the morning She's running magical circle around my head.

A

I dead to ride on a dream she's driving she turns to kiss me I crash back into bed.

E

Across the street on a great out Monday I see the girl with the eyes I can't describe.

A

And suddenly it's a perfect Sunday and everything is more real than life

Gbm7 B Gbm7 B

Gbm7 B

I think I'm back in the dream I think I'm back on the ceiling It's such a beautiful feeling.

E A

Going up she lights me up she breaks me up she lets me up.

E A

You find a mixture of bounding perfection you're gotta read but you don't wanna reach the end.
'Cause what if everything beautiful's fiction? and this reality's just pretend?

Gbm7 B B Gbm7 B Gbm7

And then I'm back in the dream I'm looking up at the ceiling It's such a beautiful feeling.

E A

Going up she lights me up she breaks me up She lets me up.

A Abm7 Dbm7 A

up to the stars she show me Dame Street George's Street miles below me.

A Abm7 Dbm7 A

Up and the world won't let us down la la la la.

E A

Going up (It's two o'clock on the edge of the morning)

A

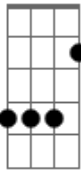
She lights me up (she's running magical circles around my head) she breaks me up.

A

(I dead to ride on a dream she's driving) she lets me up.

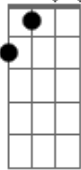
Acordes

E



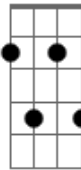
© ukulele-chords.com

A



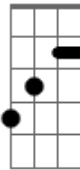
© ukulele-chords.com

Gbm7



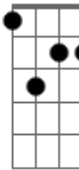
© ukulele-chords.com

B



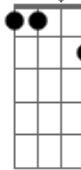
© ukulele-chords.com

Abm7



© ukulele-chords.com

Dbm7



© ukulele-chords.com