

# Sting - The Book Of My Life

**Gbm** Violin Solo

Let me [F#m]watch by the fire and remember my days  
 And it [F#m]may be a trick of the firelight  
 But the [H#]flickering pages that trouble my sight  
 Is a [D]book I'm afraid to write

It's the [F#m]book of my days, it's the book of my life  
 And it's [F#m] cut like a fruit on the blade of a knife  
 And it's [H#]all there to see as the section reveals  
 There's some [D]sorrow in every life

If it [A]reads like a puzzle, a [Hm]wandering maze  
 Then I won't [F#m]understand 'til the [F#m]end of my days  
 I'm still [D]forced to remember,  
 Rem[Hm]ember the [C#m] words of my [F#m] life

There are [F#m]promises broken and promises kept  
 Angry [F#m] words that were spoken, when I should have wept  
 There's a [H#] chapter of secrets, and words to confess  
 If I lose [D] everything that I possess  
 There's a [A]chapter on loss and a [Hm] ghost who won't die  
 There's a [F#m]chapter on love where the [F#m] ink's never dry  
 There are [Hm]sentences served in a [C#m]prison I built out  
 of [D]lies. [Hm]

[A] [Hm] Though the [D]pages are [E]numbered  
 [F#m] [D] I can't [Hm]see where they [E]lead  
 [F#m] [D] For the [Hm]end is a [E]mystery [D]no-one can read  
 [E]In the book of my [F#m]life  
 Interlude **Gbm**

There's a [Gm]chapter on fathers a chapter on sons  
 There are [Gm]pages of conflicts that nobody won

And the [C]battles you lost and your bitter defeat,  
 There's a [D#]page where we fail to meet

There are [Bb]tales of good fortune that [Cm]couldn't be  
 planned  
 There's a [Gm]chapter on god that I [Gm]don't understand  
 There's a [Cm]promise of Heaven and [Dm]Hell but I'm damned if  
 I [D#]see [Cm]

[Bb] [Cm] Though the [D#]pages are [F]numbered  
 [Gm] [D#] I can't [Cm]see where they [F]lead  
 [Gm] [D#] For the [Cm]end is a [F]mystery [D#]no-one can read  
 [F]In the book of my [Gm]life  
 Interlude **Gm**

Now the [Bb]daylight's[.] re[.]turning [Cm]  
 And if one [Gm]sen[.]tence is [.]true [Dm]  
 All these [D#]pages [.] [.]are burning [F] [.] [.]  
 And [Cm]all [Ab]that's [Bb]left [Fm]is  
 you [G#m] [C#m] [E] [F#]  
 [G#m] [E] [C#m] [F#]  
 [G#m] [E] [C#m] [F#]  
 [E] [F#]

[H] [C#m] Though the [E]pages are [F#]numbered  
 [G#m] [E] I can't [C#m]see where they [F#]lead  
 [G#m] [E] For the [C#m]end is a [F#]mystery [E]no-one can read  
 [F#]In the book of my [G#m]life  
 [G#m] [E] [C#m] [F#]  
 [G#m] [E] [C#m] [F#]  
 [G#m] [E] [C#m] [F#]  
 [E] [F#] [G#m]  
 [Fm]

## Acordes

