

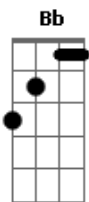
The Luke Branch - Sunday Night

tom:
Bb (forma dos acordes no tom de G)
Capostrate na 3ª casa

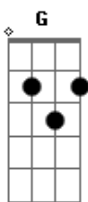
It's Sunday night
And I'm trying to pack your things
But you don't mind
You just left me inside
And closed your door
You say you'll never ever ever answer my calls
Now I'm broken
And every part of me is in these boxes
And maybe I
I'm dancing our songs
And maybe I
I'm waiting here alone
For you to come home
For you to come home
It's in my mind
And I'm tryin' to forget your signs
But I can't lie
You just left me inside

And closed your door
You said you'll never ever ever call my name
Now I'm broken
And every part of me is in these boxes
And maybe I
I'm dancing our songs
And maybe I
I'm waiting here alone
For you to come home
Oh, baby, come home
Oh, baby, come home
'Cause I'm waiting here alone
Baby I'm waiting here alone
Oh I'm waiting here alone
For you to come home
Tonight
(Nothing's been the same since you've been gone)
And maybe I
I'm dancing our songs
And maybe I
I'm waiting here alone
For you to come home

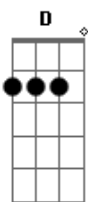
Acordes



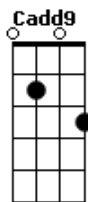
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