

Paul Weller - Cosmic Fringes

```
And all across the sky
                            tom:
                                                               E D Db Db D E
                                                               I will explode, on my own
            [Primeira Parte]
                                                               E D Db Db D E
                                                               On my own
I've come undone
 F
                                                               A baby waiting to be born
It's too late to fix it
E D Db Db D E
                                                               A sheep that's ready to be shorn
I just exist, on my own E D Db Db D E
                                                               I'm a king in deathly throes
On my own
                                                               A lazy cock that never crows
I'm a real gone kid
                                                               An empty book that's leather bound
So-phisticated
                                                               I'm a lost cause, never found
I can't believe my luck
                                                               [Refrão]
                           A Bb B
When I see him in the mirror
                                                               I'm not a product of anywhere
[Refrão]
                                                               I'm entirely own grown
                        Ab A
I'm not societies problem
                                                               I'm on the cosmic fringes
I'm entirely home-grown
                                                               I've never been or felt so at home
I'm not a product of anything
                                                               [Tercerira Parte]
I've never been or felt so at home
                                                                Ε
                                                               I'm a sleeping giant
Home
                                                               Waiting to awake
[Segunda Parte]
                                                               Stumble to the fridge
I'll glisten in the moonlight
                                                               And back to bed again
I can light up my load
Acordes
      Ε
                   D
                                DЬ
```

Ab A

Ab A

