

## Will Fox - The Days

```
You ask me how are the nights now that my true love has left
                                 [Intro] A B E
        A B E
                                                                  Well, I drink and I dream of her still
        A B E
                                                                      B E Dbm A
                                                                  But her vision, it only breaks me E Dbm A
You ask me how are the days I spend with my only true love \begin{tabular}{lll} \bf E & \bf B & \bf B \end{tabular}
                                                                  And I tried to hold on to her
                                                                  B Dbm
                                                                  But she slipped through my fingers like rain

Dbm

B

A

Yeah, she slipped through my fingers like rain

B

E
And I tell you she shows me the summer with snow clouds above
( A B E )
( A B )
                                                                  Now it ain't the same
You ask me how are the nights I spend with my only true baby
                                                                  ( A B E )
                                                                  ( A B E )
And I tell you she shows me the light
                                                                  ( A B E )
            E Dbm A
When my darkest hour shades me E Dbm A
                                                                                   Е
                                                                                        Dbm
And I tried to hold on to her
                                                                  When my darkest hour shades me
B Dbm
                       В
                                                                     E Dbm
But she slipped through my fingers like rain {\color{red} \mathbf{B}}
                                                                  And I tried to hold on to her
                                                                  B Dbm
                                                                                     В
Now it ain't the same
                                                                  But she slipped through my fingers like rain
                                                                                      В
                                                                  She slipped through my fingers like rain, now it ain't
( A B E )
( A B E )
( A B E )
                                                                  Now it ain't the same
                                                                  (E Gbm A)
                                                                  (E Gbm A)
You ask me how are the days now that my baby is gone
                                                                  No, it ain't the same
I'm troubled my friend
                             F
                                                                  [Final] E Gbm A
I know what is right but I do what is wrong
```

## Acordes

