

ABBA - The Winner Takes It All

Tom: Gb

(com acordes na forma de
Capotraste na 4ª casa

I don't wanna talk

About things we've gone through

Though it's hurting me

Now it's history

I've played all my cards

And that's what you've done too

Nothing more to say

No more ace to play

The winner takes it all

The loser standing small

Beside the victory

That's her destiny

I was in your arms

Thinking I belonged there

I figured it made sense

Building me a fence

Building me a home

Thinking I'd be strong there

But I was a fool

Playing by the rules

The gods may throw a dice

Their minds as cold as ice

And someone way down here

Loses someone dear

The winner takes it all

The loser has to fall

It's simple and it's plain

Why should I complain.

But tell me does she kiss

Like I used to kiss you

Does it feel the same

When she calls your name?

Somewhere deep inside

You must know I miss you

But what can I say

Rules must be obeyed

The judges will decide

The likes of me abide

Spectators of the show

Always staying low

The game is on again

A lover or a friend

A big thing or a small

The winner takes it all

I don't wanna talk

If it makes you feel sad

And I understand

You've come to shake my hand

I apologize

If it makes you feel bad

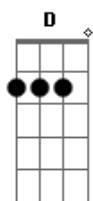
Seeing me so tense

But you see

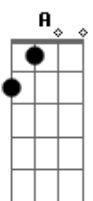
The winner takes it all

The winner takes it all...

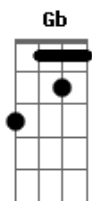
Acordes



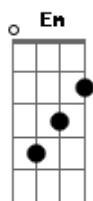
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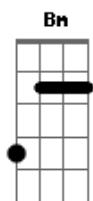
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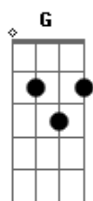
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