

## Black Circle - Pages

tom:

Intro: Am Em Am G

C G C G  
Funny how I met this girl, she was across the stage  
C G C G  
Where winning and losing felt the same way  
C G C G  
Days turned into nights and nights turned into days  
C G C G  
Dancing with the right steps in propane

F C  
Fuel for combustion was her bitter ways  
F C G  
A life of disappointing choices that she had made

Whoa!

( Am Em Am G )

C G C G  
Time and time again, her letters in my hand  
C G C G  
She chose her words with care I read them as I should  
C G C G  
She wrote about stories of her everyday  
C G C G

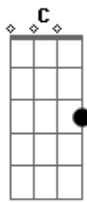
I thought they were about me, but they never were

F C  
Believe me when I tell you that they all made sense  
F C G  
But in the end I figured they were nothing but pages  
F C  
Filled with nothing But despair  
F C  
Filled with judgement Yeah! No glare  
F  
Heartless rhymes on what we said  
C G  
She would go on

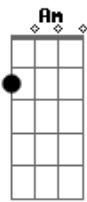
[Solo]

F C  
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Filled with judgement Yeah! No glare  
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C G  
She would go on

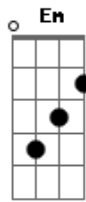
## Acordes



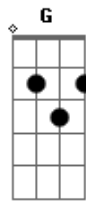
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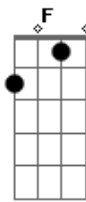
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