

Cake - Open Book

Tom: Gb

Ebm

she's writing, she's writing she's writing a novel B she writing, she's weaving conceiving a plot Db it quickens, it thickens you can't put it down now Ebm it takes you, it shakes you it makes you lose your thought

Ebm

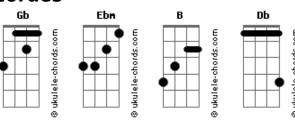
but you're caught in your own glory you are believing your own stories

Dμ

writing your own headlines ignoring your own deadlines Ebm but now you've gotta write that all again

Db Gb you think she's an open book

Acordes



B Db Gb
but you don't know which page to turn to, do you?
you think she's an open book
but you don't know which page to turn to, do you?
do you? do you?

you want her, confront her just open your window unbold it unlock it unfasten your latch you want it, confront it just open your window all you really have to do is ask

but you're caught on your glory you are believing your own stories

timing your contractions inventing small contraptions that roll across your polished hard wood floors

you think she's an open book but you don't know which page to turn to, do you? you think she's an open book but you don't know which page to turn to, do you? do you? do you?