

Counting Crows - Chelsea

Tom: F

esta musica esta no cd live in ny, ou no across a wire,
 como uma musica secreta, depois da ultima musica
 Intro: and verse: (Piano arranged for guitar)

F Bb F Bb

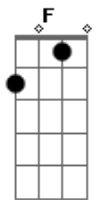
F Bb F Bb
 I never go to New York City these days
 Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
 And maybe in a month or two, maybe when things are different
 for me
 maybe when things are different for you
 And all of this shit sticks in my head

Chorus:
 Gm C2 Bb Gm Bb Bb2
 Is anything different these days?

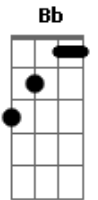
Gm Bb
 The light in her eyes goes out I never had light in my eyes
 anyways
 But maybe things are different these days
 It's good for everybody to hurt somebody once in a while

The things I do to people I love shouldn't be allowed
 Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
 Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
 Is anything different these days? The light in her eyes goes
 out
 I never had light in my eyes anyways But maybe things are
 different these days
 I dream I'm in New York City some nights
 I dream I'm in New York City some nights. Angels flow down from
 all the buildings
 Something about an angel just kills me I keep hoping something
 will
 Is there anything different these days? The light in her eyes
 goes out,
 I never had light in my eyes anyways Maybe things are, maybe
 maybe maybe
 Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe maybe things are
 different,
 Maybe things are different these days The light goes out
 I never had light in my eyes anyways Maybe things are
 different.....these days

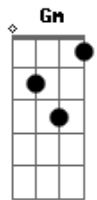
Acordes



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