

Eliza Doolittle - Empty Hand

Tom: C

^C
I don't have the reflection,
Of anybody checking their face,
In the shade of my glasses, ^{C Am}
One way ticket on the fast train,
And I'm solo all the way. ^{F G}

^C
I could maybe read a novel,
To push away the trouble,
That sits in the pit of my tummy, ^{C Am}
But I know that it will find me,
When I finish the last page. ^{F G}

^{F C}
An empty hand I wave goodbye,
I feel a tickle in my eye. ^{F G}

^{C Am}
No I'll never, sever any tie,
Tired of the journey, ^{F G}
No hand held in mine,
No I'll never, sever any tie, ^{C Am}
Tired of the journey, ^{F G}

No hand held in mine.

^C
Well I always feel it more,
On a day when there's a storm,
Or a raincloud, so dangerous and lonely, ^{C Am}
No one ever told me,
That the darkness is my foe. ^{F G}

^C
And I'm looking out the window,
And losing both my dimples,
They enter the ends of my smile, ^{C Am}
'Cause I am a thousand miles,
From the place I need to go. ^{F G}

^{F C}
An empty hand I wave goodbye,
I feel a tickle in my eye. ^{F G}

^{C Am}
No I'll never, sever any tie,
Tired of the journey, ^{F G}
No hand held in mine,
No I'll never, sever any tie, ^{C Am}
Tired of the journey, ^{F G}
No hand held in mine.

Acordes

