

## **Gracie Abrams - Abby (Demo)**

tom:

```
Climb up the ivy, come through the window \mathsf{F}
Hide from your family, here with your face close
Tell on your brother, how he's been so cold
I'll make you dinner, put on your headphones
Tune out the bad news, letters from college
You miss your best friend, she should be calling
Just fall asleep right here on the carpet
I'd never wake you, stay till the morning light
                  Am
 I'm right here, fall to me, to me
Fill your head with sweet dreams, sweet dreams
You never heard a thing, nothing
I hope you know to talk to me
(GDmAmC)
When we were little we shared a haircut
Wanted to kill you, I was embarrassed
Mothers insisted that we would grow up
And things would be different cause we would be closer
Tell me your secrets, ask every question \begin{tabular}{ll} F & C \end{tabular}
My door is open twenty four-seven
           G
Think you were made from something in heaven
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```
I, I'm right here, fall to me, to me
Fill your head with sweet dreams, sweet dreams
  Dm Am F C
You never heard a thing, nothing
 Dm Am F
I hope you know to talk to me
( F C G )
( Dm F C G )
I was just thinking, do you remember

F

C
Going to New York back in November
Swallowing chocolate, sharing a king bed
Judging an album, judging my boyfriend $\sf G$
Isn't it funny we're getting older
You used to fit right up on my shoulders
I can't believe our childhood is over
I'm really grateful I get to know you
I, I'm right here, fall to me, to me
          Am
Fill your head with sweet dreams, sweet dreams
You never heard a thing, nothing
 Dm Am F
I hope you know to talk to me
I'm right here, fall to me, to me
   Dm Am F
Fill your head with sweet dreams, sweet dreams
  Dm Am F
You never heard a thing, nothing
 Dm Am
I hope you know to talk to me
```

## You made me love the number eleven Acordes











