

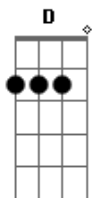
Morten Harket - A Kind Of Christmas Card

Tom: D

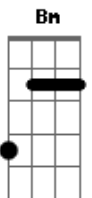
All you folks back home
I'll never tell you this
You're not supposed to know
Where your daughter is
There are ways of life
You never understood
It's right here
Downtown Hollywood
It's afternoon on Sunset Boulevard
I've got a stolen moment trying hard
To write a kind of, kind of Christmas card
But I _____ am burning out again
Toni _____ ght there is fever in my veins
Mama, dear
All the love you gave
I guess there's really nothing
Nothing much to save
See this place

is as dirty as I feel myself
There are still some riches
At the Roosevelt
That evening prayer, those memories
In my little bedroom, mama, on my knees
That's where I'm at - Down in Los-Angeles
And I _____ am burning out again
And I _____ must rise above the shame
Toni _____ ght there is fever in my veins, yeah
Oh, just think of the girl I used to be
You were my age once, mama, Twenty-three
I can still hear some of the songs you used to play
From that summer of love in '68
Seems it's turned into a winter of hate
And I _____ am burning out again
And I _____ must rise above the shame
Toni _____ ght there is fever in my veins
Toni _____ ght there is fever in my veins, yeah
[Final] D Bm Gbm A
D Bm Gbm A
D Bm Gbm A
D

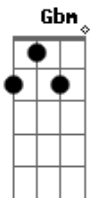
Acordes



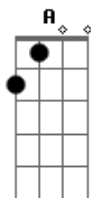
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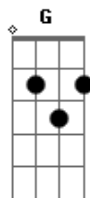
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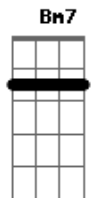
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