

## Paul McCartney - On My Way To Work

```
Tom: C
                                                             How would you know that I was there?
                                                             How could I soul-search everywhere?
On my way to work
                                                                          A7 D
                                                             Without knowing what to do
I rode a big green bus
I could see everything
                                                             On my way to work
From the upper deck
                                                             As I was clocking in
People came and went
                                                             I could see everything
       Em
Smoking cigarettes
                                                             How it came to be
I picked the packets up
                                                              G
C GWhen the people left
                                                             People come and go
                                                             Smoking cigarettes
But all the time I thought of you
                                                             I pick the packets up
                                                             When the people leave
How far away the future seemed
How could I so many dreams?
                                                             But all the time I think of you
  C
            A7 D
And one of them not come true
                                                             How far away the future seems
G
On my way to work
                                                             How could I have so many dreams
                                                                 C A7
I bought a magazine
                                                             And one of them not come true
                                                             On my way to work
Inside a pretty girl
Who liked to water-ski
                                                             (RIFF )
She came from chichester
     Em
                                                             But all the time I thought of you
To study history
                                                             How would you know that I was there?
She had removed her clothes
                                                             How could I soul search everywhere?
For the likes of me
                                                               C A7
                                                             Without knowing what to do
RIFF
                                                             On my way to work
                                                                     On my way to work
```

## Acordes

But all the time I thought of you

