

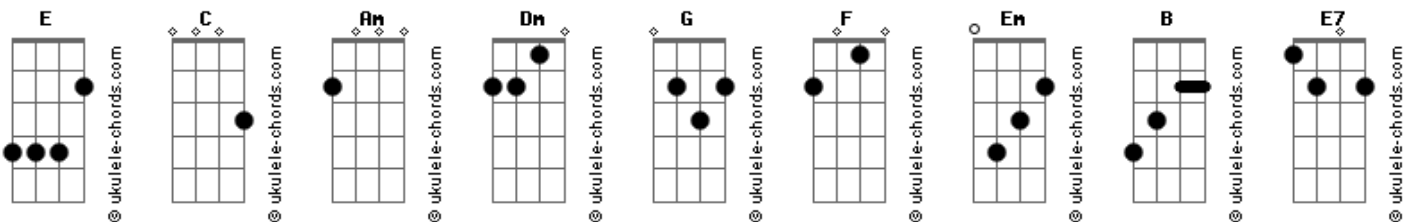
Peter Hammill - Time Heals

Tom: C

Thinking back, it seems that I can lie beside you like I never truly did
 In afterglow - no afterwords at all.
 Only writing love songs when it's gone and dead
 I mean...
 I meant...
 I never really quite could say the way it was.
 The first time that we met I thought 'I bet that she's the one'
 but I was talking to myself than, as always.
 As time went by our steps entwined, unwritten lines grew taut, and I
 tried to find a way to make it all safe.
 Into the play - what a production!
 Into the days and ever more suction
 You hold me close, hold me farther
 away from yourself - I make me a martyr,
 for pain and love go hand in hand...
 And hand in hand go you and my friend, you are his and I am yours
 and I just cannot evade you.
 My days are dream, my nights unseemly, stolen moments all I live for,
 but theft is no way to persuade you
 to come with me, leave him behind you,
 my hurtful eyes try to remind you,
 it's all I can do to keep on screaming
 'I love you, I love you!' - I wish I were dreaming,

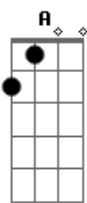
but the steps we take all leave footprints.
 Sooner or later the whole thing will be blown
 You will leave him or I'll be left here, alone.
 Either way someone loses someone
 I don't mind that, I just would quite like to know who we love the most,
 but I guess that's ourselves.
 The days are strange, at night we're strangers, lie in bed and lie inside
 our heads, we come no closer than as dancers.
 Your eyes are change, your presence danger, won't look me in the eye and
 yet you kiss, and make up the answer
 to all the questions that lie unanswered, unreasoned,
 death in the sky, death in the season,
 if you leave me now, it might nearly kill me
 Remember me?
 Remember we three?
 It all seemed so important at the time
 We came so close to wrecking all our lives
 And now it's all just song lines...
 Time heals,
 Time heals...
 oh, but I still bear the weals...
 Thinking back, it seems that I can lie beside you as I never truly did
 In afterglow - no afterwords at all.
 Only writing love songs when it's gone and dead
 I mean...
 I meant...
 I never really quite could say the way it was.

Acordes





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