

Roland Faunte - Happy Life

tom:

Fm

Sometimes I picture this happy life
 Burning in the depth of time where
 Sadness is a myth to me
 Is that something you can give to me
 I picture this silent room
 Humming with that silent tune
 That my body sings when I get close to you
 So hear me now it might be ending soon
 I picture that morning kiss
 The death of pain and the loneliness
 You give me strength when you hold my hand
 I'm that headless, that broken man
 And as I'm walking around the void
 And I hear that easy voice
 That tells you when there's nothing left for you
 My darling I could die right next to you

Singing la da da da da da da da
 La da da na na na na
 La da da da

And I can do what you ask
 Before you ask it let me have it
 Give me nothing but let me know you
 And I will be there just let me show you
 Give me heartache if that means a reason
 That I would continue, please I need them
 Because you mattered when nothing mattered
 If I need something let me have her
 I can be there, I can be there
 All my secrets come and see them
 And I can help you as you heal me
 I can feel you baby please be near me
 Come and find me in the shadows
 Light a candle or just hold my hand because
 You mattered when nothing mattered

Acordes

If I need something let me have her
 Holy dancer, come and find me
 In the darkness where I've been hiding
 Oh you are my answer, my one and only
 Holy woman, oh my holy dancer
 Give me that hometown by the train tracks
 Slowly dancing with my silent face I know
 I had that, oh I once had that
 Now that I'm broken baby can't I go back
 Be my refuge beneath the covers
 You are my best friend as you're my lover
 Oh I just found it, I think I found it
 Cause your beauty blinds me and I'm surrounded

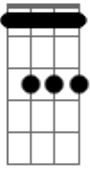
Singing la da da da da da da
 La da da na na na na
 La da da da

Now you can picture this broken boy
 With dreams of things he can't enjoy
 Speaking words he won't fulfill
 And promising that it can happen
 But with all the years I have on my name
 Living in a ... cave where
 Nothing of a concrete world allows me now to love a girl
 So is it better if I just bow my head
 My dreams are getting overfed
 My fantasies are gaining speed in the politics of make-believe
 See ours is a distant shore
 I am sailing there but through a storm
 A fallen soul moving slow and sweet
 I'll meet you there eventually

[Final] F Gm Dm
 C7 Bb C
 F Gm Dm

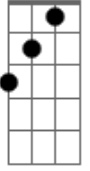
Or maybe it's fine
 You see a lot of people die
 And never find this so

Ab7M



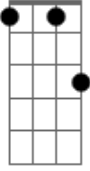
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Bbma7



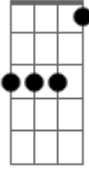
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Fm



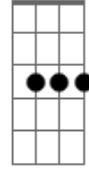
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Eb



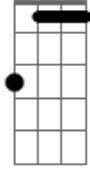
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Cm



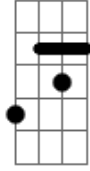
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Bbm



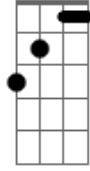
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Ab



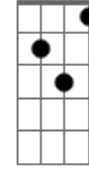
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Bb



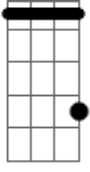
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Gm



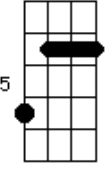
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Db



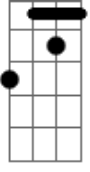
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Dbm



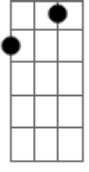
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Gb



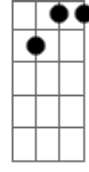
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F



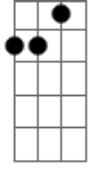
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Gm7



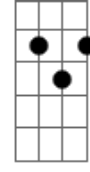
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Dm



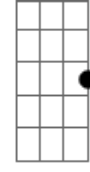
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G



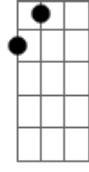
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C



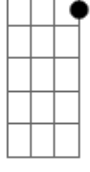
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A



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C7



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