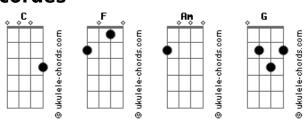


Ron Pope - Bitterness Or Sympathy

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Tom: C
The first night I should've left you,
Before I shut my eyes,
I prayed to God I'd wake up somewhere else.
When the mornin' came to find me,
You were sleepin' there beside me,
I wondered if this nightmare ever ends?
(same for the rest of the song!!)
The door was left wide open,
And the neighbors, they were smokin' in the afternoon, \ensuremath{\text{\textbf{C}}}
To pass away the time.
You looked at me so cold and said,
"This house is not my home,"
I wish you knew how true that felt most nights.
Is it bitterness or sympathy,
That keeps you standin' here with me?
I'm not sure how much more I can take.
'Cause I have sacrificed my \underline{p}\text{eace} of mind,
Am
To sit here with you wastin' time,
And now I think I'd like to walk away.
I was standing in Ohio,
On the 28th of March,
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Acordes



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With a guitar and a suitcase in my hands.
When the wind, it stole my cap,
Lord, all I could do was laugh,
And thank the stars I'm still a drinkin' man.
Is it bitterness or sympathy,
That keeps you standin' here with me?
I'm not sure how much more I can take.
'Cause I have sacrificed my peace of mind,
To sit here with you wastin' time,
And now I think I'd like to walk away.
I was walkin' in a graveyard,
Where no one that I know rests,
Thinkin' maybe I could clear my head.
And on the cemetery breeze,
I heard a song about belief,
Sung with a thunder I can't understand.
Is it bitterness or sympathy,
That keeps you standin' here with me?
I'm not sure how much more I can take.
'Cause I have sacrificed my \underline{p}\text{-eace} of mind,
To sit here with you wastin' time,
And now I think I'd like to walk away.
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