

Sing street - Up

Tom: E

E
It's two o'clock on the edge of the morning She's running magical circle around my head.

A
I dead to ride on a dream she's driving she turns to kiss me I crash back into bed.

E
Across the street on a great out Monday I see the girl with the eyes I can't describe.

A
And suddenly it's a perfect Sunday and everything is more real than life

Gbm7 B Gbm7 B
Gbm7 B
I think I'm back in the dream I think I'm back on the ceiling It's such a beautiful feeling.

E A
Going up she lights me up she breaks me up she lets me up.

E
A

You find a mixture of bounding perfection you're gotta read but you don't wanna reach the end.
'Cause what if everything beautiful's fiction? and this reality's just pretend?

Gbm7 B Gbm7 B Gbm7

B
And then I'm back in the dream I'm looking up at the ceiling It's such a beautiful feeling.

E A
Going up she lights me up she breaks me up She lets me up.

A Abm7 Dbm7 A
up to the stars she show me Dame Street George's Street miles below me.

A Abm7 Dbm7 A
Up and the world won't let us down la la la.

E
Going up (It's two o'clock on the edge of the morning)

A
She lights me up (she's running magical circles around my head) she breaks me up.

(I dead to ride on a dream she's driving) she lets me up. A

Acordes

