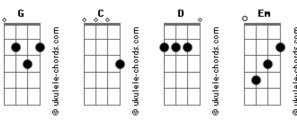


## **Stars - Midnight Coward**

```
Tom: G
Sweetness, sweetness never suits me,
         D Em
when I get up to take you home
Maybe it's love, love at first slightly drunk
Now I'm walking with the sun in my mouth
Worry, worry is a well, going to let it
fall tonight, from where we stand
 What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
C D G C
 I can see what's coming,
but I'm not saying it
Sickness, weakness at the thought, of
how you're going to play
How long should I stay?
Promises, promises never cease to assist it,
now I'm back on my back
Please bite your words
Hurry, hurry to believe, I can always
```

## **Acordes**



```
trust, as much as you deceive
What can't be decided C D (
In the morning it will bring itself to you
                 G C
 I can see what's coming,
but I'm not saying it
G C D Em
What's your middle name? How do you play the game?
               Em
I'll be the first to leave
When did I grow up? I don't want to say too much
I'll be the first to leave
What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
 What can't be decided
     D
Can fool you into thinking maybe you can choose
                 G \subset
 I can see what's coming
I can see what's coming
                  G \subset
 I can see what's coming
But I'm not saying it
```