

The Sundays - Life Goes On

tom:
 Build me up don't get me down
 Weather the storm
 Well, life goes on
 Feelings ebb and flow by hour
 You're up in the clouds
 And than you sink like a stone
 So do you feed yourself with pills
 To deaden your ills
 Or are you only one love short
 Of happiness
 And in a picture on the wall
 No glimmer of yourself at all
 You've left yourself
 Far away
 Build me up, don't mop my brow
 Weather the storm? No
 Because life goes on
 Missed my only hope right now
 To soar like a bird
 And not to sink like a stone
 So do you feed yourself with pills
 Oh, to deaden your ills
 Or are you only one love short

Am
 Of happiness
 F
 And in a picture on the wall
 C
 No glimmer of yourself at all
 Dm
 You've left yourself
 F G
 Far away
 [Solo] C G Dm F
 C G Dm F
 F
 Oh,so do you feed yourself with pills
 C
 To cure you of your ills
 F
 Or are you only one love short
 Am
 Of the happy days to come
 F
 And in a picture on the wall
 C
 Can't see your face at all
 Dm
 So untie yourself
 F
 Because that's all you've got to do
 F
 And I can grow a pair of wings
 C
 And I can take up flying
 Won't be no crying
 F
 Up in the air
 Am
 Looking back down
 F
 And let me tell you, if I talk about gloom
 C
 I don't get out of feeling down
 Dm
 It strips you of yourself
 Bb
 And it splits you from the self
 C
 That you know

Acordes

