

The Good Life - Night And Day

Tom: F
Intro: F Am F Am
F Am F Am

Bb Dm
I know a girl with cuts on her legs
A Bb
I think that she hates the way she was made
A Bb
But we never spoke of why they were there
Dm Bb
I just squeezed them and kissed them
F C
Until we both felt a bit better

(F Am F Am)

Bb Dm
And now I've returned to the town where she dwells
A Bb
That small lonely cabin her grandfather built
A Bb
Suppose that's where she's imprisoned herself
Dm Bb F C
To write all those words she's too scared to tell
Dm Bb F C
Those sad, short stories of a girl curled up in her shell

(F Am F Am)

Dm A Bb F
Night and day she tends to her bar
Bb F C F

She pours the drinks, they pour out their hearts
Dm A Bb F
All that sorrow and alcohol
Bb F
weighs hard on her thoughts
Bbm
So she writes them down, she loves them all

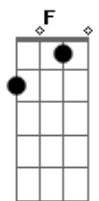
(F Am F Am)
(F Am F Am)

Bb Dm
And when we'd make love, she'd stare in my eyes
A Bb
I swore we had met a thousand times
A Bb
Thousands of lives, thousands of nights
Dm Bb F C
She's written of it a thousand lines

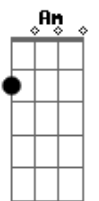
Dm A Bb F
Night and day she tends to her bar
Bb F C F
She pours me a drink for my parched heart
Dm A Bb F
All my sorrows in alcohol
Bb F Bbm
She holds up the cup to my cracked lips, for a kiss

(F Am F Am)
(F Am F Am)
(F)

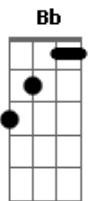
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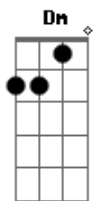
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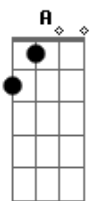
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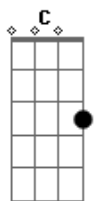
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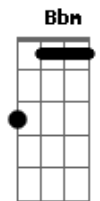
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