

Tracy Chapman - She's Got Her Ticket

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Tom: C
                                                               Some folks call her a runaway
  She's got her ticket
I think she gonna use it
                                                               A failure in the race
I think she going to fly away
No one should try and stop her
                                                               But she knows where her ticket takes her
Persuade her with their power
She says that her mind is made
                                                               She will find her place in the sun
 C
Up
                                                               Why not leave why not
                                                               Go away
She's got her ticket
                                                               Too much hatred
I think she gonna use it
                                                               Corruption and greed
I think she going to fly away
                                                               Give your life
No one should try and stop her
                                                                     G
                                                               And invariably they leave you with nothing
Persuade her with their power
She says that her mind is made
                                                               She's got her ticket
Up
                                                               I think she gonna use it
Why not leave why not
                                                               I think she going to fly away
Go away
Too much hatred
                                                               No one should try and stop her
Corruption and greed
                                                               Persuade her with their power
Give your life
And invariably they leave you with
C G
Nothing
                                                               She says that her mind is made
Young girl ain't got no chances
No roots to keep her strong
                                                               And she'll fly, fly, fly...
She's shed all pretenses
That someday she'll belong
                                                               Solo 2:
Acordes
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