

# Volbeat - Black Rose

Tom: G  
Intro: E  
Counting days ?til it?s over, my friends,?til it?s over, my friends, count along  
E  
Counting days ?til it?s over, my friends ?til it?s over, my friends, count along

Dbm  
Feeling rich, feeling poor, feeling nothing more

Self destructive on a rollercoaster fireball

Cut her tongue, don?t believe a word she says

E  
She?s on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking misery

Dbm  
Left my heart on the shelf for way too long

Sick and tired, picking up from the dirty floor

I saw the line of snakes that came to me

E  
So innocent were the days

Dbm  
The taste of good memories

A  
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you

Dbm  
No more broken dreams I feel like a loaded gun

A  
Spitting bullets at your armor of mind control  
Cut her tongue, don?t believe a word she says

E  
She?s on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking misery

Dbm  
Cannot think, cannot talk, cannot do it right

A  
Can?t call the doctor, he?s as sick as you and I

B  
I saw the line of snakes that came to me

E  
So innocent were the days

Dbm  
The taste of good memories

A  
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you

E  
So innocent were the days

Dbm

The taste of good memories

A  
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you

( E E )

E  
Counting days ?til it?s over, my friends

E  
?Til it?s over, my friends, count along

E  
Counting days ?til it?s over, my friends

E  
?Til it?s over, my friends count along

E  
Counting days ?til it?s over, my friends

E  
?Til it?s over, my friends, count along

E  
Counting days ?til it?s over, my friends

E  
?Til it?s over that thing called love

[Solo] Dbm Dbm Dbm Dbm

A A E B

Dbm Dbm Dbm Dbm

A A B B

E  
So innocent were the days

Dbm  
The taste of good memories

A  
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you

E  
So innocent were the days

Dbm  
The taste of good memories

A  
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you

( E E Dbm Dbm )

( A A B B )

A  
Please let it grow, where it belongs

E  
There in the dark where the shadows are born

A B E

A  
Leave it alone. I?m sure it will find its way to redeem and blossom

A B E  
?Cause I know..., the black rose will find its home

## Acordes

