Citadel Anna Nalick Bm A I m sitting on a citadel Bm Contemplating life A

Making a point to waste my time **D A** I m walking on clouds of white

D What if I fall? Α What if I don t? G Α What if I never make it home? D What if I bleed? Α What if I break? G Α And I find that I can t take Bm The city below the Citadel Α Holding my own hand? And I m breaking on the balcony Breaking window panes Killing the pain of broken hearts I m walking on clouds Walking on stars What if I fall? What if I don t? What if I never make it home? What if I bleed? What if I break? And I find that I can t take The city below the Citadel

Holding my own hand?

G I m holding on to something D It s keeping me from jumping

G D I m so afraid to do it alone G And holding up this fortress D With imaginary forces G D Longing for a life down below What if I fall? What if I don t? What if I never make it home? What if I bleed? What if I break? And I find that I can t take The city below the Citadel Holding my own hand?

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