

To The Winter
Brett Anderson

Gm F

Gm

Called you on your private number

F

Left a message on your mobile phone

Even tried the operator

When I call, no one s home

Gm

Trying just so hard to reach you

F

Try to keep this thing alive

You are the woman I need to speak to

Didn t you know there s a monster inside

D#

If you re gonna carry on then deep inside

Gm

I ll give my heart to the winter

D#

If you leave I ll take this blade

Gm

to carve your name into my ugliness

So I went and sat in the Crystal Palace

By the plastic dinosaurs

In my pocket was a piece of paper

And the writing look like yours

Starting picking thru our conversations

Kicking thru the rotten leaves

Never realize the implication

Didn t you know there s a monster in me

If you re gonna carry on then deep inside

I ll give my heart to the winter

If you leave I ll take this blade to carve your name into my ugliness

Summer s gone and there s no sun what have I done

I lost my love to the winter

Now my heart is cold and dark what have I done I ve given our love away