Its Cool We Can Still Be Friends Bright Eyes

I hope this is right. It ${\widehat{a}} \in {\mathbb N}$ best to play this using your hand instead of pick. Capo on the fifth

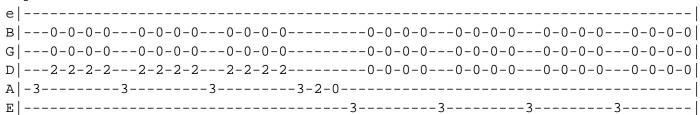
Chords:

	С	G	F#	Em	Em *thingy
e -	X	X	X	0	0
В -	0	0	X	0	0
					0
					3
					2
					0

Thumb plays the bass notes and use your middle and ring finger to play the rhythm

if you know how. If that doesn't work out you can just strum through it.

Rhythm:



C

Yeah, you still kiss me, but it s just on the cheek

Yeah, you still kiss me, but it s just on the cheek

C G

Yeah, you still kiss me sometimes, but it s just on the cheek

F# Em Em

You pull away so easily

C

And I still call you, but I get your machine

Yeah I still call you, but I get your machine

And if I m lucky I guess, It s your roommate answering

F# Em Em* Em*

But you re at the bar, or at Gene s

C G

And we go to dinner, but you won t hold my hand

C

We sit at the same table, we don t play with our feet

G

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Em*
                                  Em Em*
When the waitress turns around
And we still watch movies, but we don t share the couch
Yeah we still rent movies, but we don t share the couch
Yeah, we still watch movies sometimes, but you don t lay in my lap
                       Em
                            Em*
                                Em Em*
The plot is slow, take a nap
And you even stay over, but now we stay in our clothes
Yeah, you ll even sleep over, but now we stay in our clothes
Yeah, you even sleep over sometimes, but we stay in our clothes
                                Em
                                     Em*
I m only there so that you re not alone
And you say that I hurt you, in a voice like a prayer
Yeah, you say that I ve hurt you, and your voice is like a prayer
Yeah, well maybe I hurt you sometimes, but let s contrast and compare
                                           Em Em* Em Em*
Lift up your shirt, the wound isn t there
I guess that your truth, is just the ghost of your lies
I guess your kind of truth, is just the ghost of your lies
Yeah, your kind of truth, darling, is just the ghost of your lies
                              Em* Em Em*
                         Em
I see through them all the time
So I m pouring some whiskey, I m gonna get drunk
Yeah, I m pouring myself some whiskey, I m going to get really fucking drunk
I m pouring some whiskey right now, I m going to get so, so drunk
That I pass out, and forget your face, by the time I wake up.
B -----
G | -----|
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Yeah we still go to dinner sometimes, but we don t sneak a kiss