

Chelsea

Counting Crows

esta musica esta no cd live in ny, ou no across a wire, como uma musica secreta, depois da ultima musica

Intro and verse: (Piano arranged for guitar)

F	Bb	F	Bb
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-----1--	-----3-----1--	-----1--	-----3--
-----2--	-----3-----	-----2--	-----3--
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-----	--1--1-----	-----	--1--1-----
--1--1-----	-----	--1--1-----	-----

F Bb F Bb

I never go to New York City these days
Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
And maybe in a month or two, maybe when things are different for me
maybe when things are different for you
And all of this shit sticks in my head

Chorus:

Gm Csus2/G Bb Gm Bb Bbsus2

Is anything different these days?

Gm Bb

The light in her eyes goes out I never had light in my eyes anyways
But maybe things are different these days
It s good for everybody to hurt somebody once in a while
The things I do to people I love shouldn t be allowed
Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
Something about the buildings and Chelsea just kills me
Is anything different these days? The light in her eyes goes out
I never had light in my eyes anyways But maybe things are different these days
I dream I m in New York City some nights
I dream I m in New York City some nights. Angels flow down from all the buildings
Something about an angel just kills me I keep hoping something will
Is there anything different these days? The light in her eyes goes out,
I never had light in my eyes anyways Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe
Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe maybe things are different,
Maybe things are different these days The light goes out
I never had light in my eyes anyways Maybe things are different.....these days