

**Tell Tale Signs**  
**Frank Turner**

[Intro]

**Am Em F G Am**

[Verse 1]

**Am** God dammit **Em** Amy, we re not kids anymore.  
**F** You can t just keep waltzing out of my life, **G**  
**Am** Leaving clothes on my bedroom floor.  
**Am** Like nothing really matters, like pain doesn t hurt. **Em**  
**F** You should be more to me by now than just heartbreak in a short skirt. **G** **Am**

[Chorus 1]

**G** You kind of remind me of scars on my arms that I made when I was a kid, **C** **F** **G**  
With a disassembled disposable razor I stole from my dad, **C** **F** **G**  
When I though that suffering was something profound, **C**  
That weighed down on wise heads, **F** **G**  
And not just something to be avoided, something normal people dread. **Dm** **F** **Am**

[Verse 2]

**Am** God dammit **Em** Amy, well of course I ve changed.  
**F** With all the things that I ve done and the places I ve been **G**  
**Am** I d be a machine if I had stayed the same.  
But you re still back where we started, you haven t changed at all. **Am** **Em**  
**F** You re still trying to live like a kid, like you can always have it all. **G** **Am**

[Chorus 2]

**G** **C** **F** **G**  
 You know you kind of remind me of scars on my arms that I hid as best I could,  
**C** **F** **G**  
 That I covered with ink, but in the right kind of light they still bleed  
 through,  
**C** **F** **G**  
 Showing that there are some things I just can't change no matter what I do:  
**Dm**  
 The tell tale signs of being used,  
**F** **Am**  
 Of being trapped inside of you.

[Bridge]

(I'm sure I've made mistakes here, please comment if you can correct it.)

e|-----|  
 B|-----|  
 G|-----|  
 D|-----|  
 A|--3--2--5--4--7--8--12--2\*---|  
 E|--4--3--6--5--8--9--13--3\*---| (x2) \*First time only.

You're a beautiful butterfly burned with a browning iron,  
 Onto my outsides into my insides as a simple sign:  
 To show off your ownership. Burned into my naked skin,  
 Onto my outsides into my insides.

**Dm** **G** **C** **F**  
 It's not even love any more, It's just a claim upon my soul.  
**Dm** **G** **C** **F**  
 It stains my skin, yeah it's on my breath, and I'm ashamed to get undressed,  
**Dm** **G** **C** **F** **D**  
 In front of strangers in case they see the tell tale signs you have left all  
 over me.

[Chorus 3]

**G** **C** **F**  
**G**  
 God dammit Amy. You'll always remind me of scars on my arms that I know will  
 never fade.  
**C** **F** **G**  
 And it's not like it's something I think about each and every day:  
**C** **F** **G**  
 I just occasionally catch myself scratching at them, as if they'd ever go away.  
**Dm** **F**  
 But these tell tale signs are here to stay, and in the end you know that's OK.  
**Dm** **F** **G** **Am**  
 You will always be a part of my patched-up patchwork, taped-up tape deck heart.