

Em C D
If I recall it was a Friday
Em
Gentle hum before the war
C D
You were high and watching poker
Em
And I had just walked in the door
C D
You started screaming at the TV
Em
Saying, make a play you filthy whore
C D
And I was trying to make you see me
Em
Like the way you did before
Em
So I took off my clothes and I opened a bottle
C
And told you I d do whatever you wanted
D **Em** C
Naked on the floor, crying I m too beautiful
G C D
Oh my poor, poor, pauvre cÅ"ur
Em D **Em**
Beats no more
C D
Dare I say I was enamored
Em
By the stories of your pain
C D
You were darkened in the wild fight
Em

And I was tangled in your mane

C

But God forbid you would get angry

D Em

I had to dive out of the way

C D

You'd be gunning for me blindly

Em

And there was nothing I could say

Em

But I love you, don't do this, is it really worth it

C

That's not very Buddhist and I don't deserve it

D Em

C

I'm naked on the floor, crying I'm too beautiful

G C D

Oh my poor, poor, pauvre cÅ"ur

Em D G

Beats no more

C D

Poor, pauvre cÅ"ur

Em D Em

Beats no more

Em C D Em

Em

Making me nauseous, open elevator

C

I'm stuck in the middle, there's nobody out there

D Em

To pull me off my sword

C D

I am far too beautiful

G

To be yours