

Record Collerctor
Lissie

Capo setting: 1st

Intro: **Am**

Am

Iâ€™m tired of saying

G

That I wonâ€™t get lost ever again

F

Am

Who knows, maybe I will

And everywhere I go

There Iâ€™ll be

G

With a rust old rake in a pile of leaves

F

Am

Oh my, truly daunting

F

But my blue eyes

Am

Cannot see

F

Am

That their real hue is probably green

F

G

I should keep records of these things

F

G

Am

And Iâ€™ll know what yesterdays bring

Iâ€™m not really sure

G

But Iâ€™m starting to think that Iâ€™ve been here before

F

Who knows

Am

Maybe I have

And everywhere I went

G

There I was with a choir of bees

They were all a buzz

F

Am

Oh my, how amusing

F
 But my blue eyes
Am
 Cannot see
F **Am**
 That their real hue is probably green
F **G**
 I should keep records of these things
F **G** **Am**
 And Iâ€™ll know what yesterdays bring

G
 One time, there was this one time
F **Am**
 When I swore God, she spoke to me
G
 And she told me, oh yes she told me
F **Am**
 Of all the wonder that she could bring
 And I said,

G **F**
 Wonâ€™t you, wonâ€™t you fill me up with it, wont you fill me up with it,
Am
 Wonâ€™t you fill me (repeat 4 times - **Am G F**)

F
 But my blue eyes
Am
 Cannot see
F **Am**
 That their real hue is probably green
F **G**
 I will keep records of these things
F **G** **Am**
 And Iâ€™ll know what yesterdays bring

F **G** **Am**
 I am always there with me
F **G** **Am** (hold)
 And Iâ€™ll know what yesterdays bring