

You
Luka Bloom

You,

Luka Bloom (the acoustic motorbike)
tuning Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb (standerd, half step lowered)

Dm **Am**
simple living room scene
Gm **Dm**
photographs of you 
Dm **Am**
the floor is a mess with my things
Gm  **Dm**
my jeans, my shoes

Dm **Am**
a voice called in the dead of the night
Gm  **Dm**
i heard it before, it never warns 
Dm **Am**
we love to smell roses
Gm **Dm** 
there are no roses without thorns
C **Dm**
and I have loved 
C **Dm**
and I do 
C **Dm**
still I love you ..
C **Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**
. you â€|â€|. you

C **Dm**
and I have loved 
C **Dm**
and I do 
C **Dm**
still I love you ..
C **Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**
. you â€|â€|. you

Dm **Am**
outside autumn leaves
Gm **Dm** 
lightly kiss the ground 
Dm **Am**
what once was luscious green
Gm **Dm** 

now is gorgeous brown

C **Dm**

and I have loved 

C **Dm**

and I do 

C **Dm**

still I love you ..

C **Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**

. you â€|â€|. you