

Heathers Like Sunday

Matthew Good

Song: Heather s Like Sunday

Tabbed By: Dukemaniac (dukemaniac40@hotmail.com)

Tuning: Standard

Chords:

G -320033

Cadd9 -x32033

Asus4 -x02233

Em7 -022033

Just an acoustic guitar with some violins and maybe piano and bass

Intro/Verse:

G Cadd9 Asus4 Cadd9

Had a map, had a chance left in a stolen car

G Cadd9 Asus4 Cadd9

Brochure sure looked like heaven but we knew we d never make it that far

Chorus :

G Em7

If the devil was a poet I doubt that he would know it

Cadd9 G

I doubt that he would win your hearts with simple words of flame like

G Em7

Love is just a prison if there is no one there to listen and

Cadd9 G

Heathers like sunday

Lyrics:

Had a map had a chance left in a stolen car

The brochure looked like heaven but we knew we de never make it that far

See fields and the poor towns flew by in the da--rk

And our plan my dear there she slips with one single shots to the (?)

heart full of strings, heart full of finer things

There is salvation out there, there are reasons for us to care

And on the wheel, try hard to breathe and feel

Cuz goin out s the easy part x2

And if the devil was a poet, I doubt that he would know it

and I doubt that he could win your heart with simple words of flame like

love is just a prison if there s no one there to listen and the truth is shallow
water

you learn nothing when you came

Found a cause had a chance, dream with a cheap guitar
I know she believed it but she knew I'd never make it that far
She says they'd follow me down if I didn't give myself away
So you just hold on tight and close your eyes and try damn not think about
yesterday

She said Her father was a holy man who hid her from the world like a puppet in
an

dress with plastic friends and pearls

And I never was much for dancin, so I was the leader of the band, and I played
waltzes with a revolver in my hand

And over strings, a hand full of finer things

There is salvation in here, reasons for us to care

And on the wheel, try hard not to breathe and feel

Cuz goin out's the easy part x2

And if the devil was a poet, I doubt that he would know it

and I doubt that he could win your heart with simple words of flame like

love is just a meaning of someone else's dreaming and Heather's like Sunday

And if the devil was a poet, I doubt that he would know it

and I doubt that he could win your heart with simple words of flame like