

Natasha Pierre And The Great Comet Of 1812 - Letters  
Misc Soundtrack

Am E7 F C Bb Am E7 Am  
Am E7 F C Bb Am E7 Am

Am  
In nineteenth-century Russia, we write letters, we write letters  
Am  
We put down in writing what is happening in our minds  
Am  
Once it s on the paper, we feel better, we feel better  
Am  
It s like some kind of clarity when the letter s done and signed

Am  
Dear Andrey  
Am  
Dear old friend, how goes the war?  
Am  
Do we march on the French splendidly?  
Am  
Do our cannons crack and cry?  
Am  
Do our bullets whistle and sing?  
Am  
Does the air reek with smoke?  
Am  
I wish I were there, ith death at my heels  
Am  
Dolokhov is recovering, he will be all right, the good man  
Am Dm  
And Natasha is in town, your bride to be, so full of life and mischief  
Dm  
I should visit  
Dm Am  
I hear she is more beautiful than ever  
Am  
How I envy you and your happiness

Am E7 Am  
Here at home I drink and read and drink and read and drink  
E7  
But I think I ve finally found it, what my heart has needed  
Am Ebdim  
For I ve been studying the Kabal  
Bbdim Bm  
And I ve calculated the number of the beast  
Fdim  
It is Napoleon!

**F#m**                    **Cdim**                    **C#m**  
Six hundred three score and six  
                  **Gdim**                    **G#m**  
And I will kill him one day  
                  **Ddim**  
He s no great man  
                  **Ebdim**                    **Adim**  
None of us are great men  
                                  **Bbm**                    **Edim**  
We re caught in the wave of history  
                  **Fm**  
Nothing matters  
**Bdim**                    **Cm**  
Everything matters  
                                  **F#dim**  
It s all the same  
                  **Gm**                                    **C#dim**  
Oh, if only I could not see