

Tommy Connors - Burying Confessions
Misc Unsigned Bands

Burying Confessions

Bm7

E

It s been a long, long winter.

A

Seems like months I ve been on the road.

E

Bm7

Interstate inspiration, dashboard s so cold.

E

My thoughts overcome me

A

They escape this cheap motel ball point pen

E

Bm7

E

I guess there s too much - to be said - not written

E

Not a day goes by

A

where I don t think I ll miss her very much

A

And not an hour passes

Bm7

where I don t curse her name

E

Now she s in Montana

A

spending time with her friends

E

And I m in midtown subway station

Bm7

Praying for the F train.

A

I ve seen a million faces

E

Sold a few souls

B7

E

Broke a few hearts - so I ve been told.

A

Sometimes I get the feeling

E

I need to right all my wrongs

F#m7

B7

A

Instead of burying my confessions in these songs

(SAME CHORDS AS EARLIER)

But I can't help but wonder
When it's all said and done
Will I be begging St. Peter
To overlook all my wrongs.
I tried to leave the world
Better than when it found me.
And so I'm longing for home
And the love of my family.

CHORUS