

**Ryan Russell - Tuscan Vineyards**  
**Misc Your Songs**

[Verse 1]

C#m                    A                    G#                    C#m C#m                    A                    G#  
                 C#m                    C#m

Smells like Tuscany on a warm spring day. Drinking wine from tumblers and  
playing funny games. We sat for

A                    G#                    C#m                    C#m                    A                    G#  
hours before we realised we were oversized, criticise...

[Pre-Chorus]

C#m                    A                    G#                    C#m                    C#m                    A                    G#  
                 C#m                    C#m

Me, I m ready for your wisdomatic brutality. C mon, teach me professor. Profess  
me with profundity. I can see

A                    G#  
the vineyards from here.

[Chorus]

                 C#m                    A                    G#                    C#m  
A                    G# C#m                    C#m

Take me to Tuscany where I can lay beneath an olive tree. Oh, treat me with the  
finest grapes. When we re in

A                    G#  
Tucany we ll drink from tumblers.

[Verse 2]

C#m                    A                    G#                    C#m                    C#m                    A                    G#                    C#m                    C#m  
A                    G#

Unike Rome, we are home. Away from the city, deep in the unknown. You can see  
the pressure leaving...

[Pre-Chorus]

C#m                    A                    G#                    C#m                    C#m                    A                    G#  
                 C#m                    C#m

Me, I m ready for your wisdomatic brutality. C mon, teach me professor. Profess  
me with profundity. I can see

A                    G#  
the vineyards from here.

[Chorus]

                 C#m                    A                    G#                    C#m  
A                    G# C#m                    C#m

Take me to Tuscany where I can lay beneath an olive tree. Oh, treat me with the  
finest grapes. When we re in

A                    G#  
Tucany we ll drink from tumblers.

[Verse 1]

C#m            A            G#            C#m    C#m            A  
G#

Smells like Tuscany on a warm spring day... When we re in Tucany we ll drink  
from tumblers.