

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.