

Nothing Compares
Pixie Lott

G Gm
Walking down Brick Lane, feeling blue
F Fm C F C
Winds blowing lightly and I picture you.
G Gm
Sweet Sunday morning, with nothing to do.
F Fm C F C
Love is like a dream , when it s just me and you.

(G C G C Am G F)

G Gm
Open my window, sing me a song.
F Fm C F C
Baby can t you see that this is where I belong
G Gm
With your hand in my hand, still feel feel the love
F Fm C F C
Really wish that we could go back to the way that it was.

G C G C Am G F

Dm Am G F
They say if it doesn t kill you it ll make you stronger.
Dm Am G F
Oh, but I can t be without you any longer.
F G Am
Everytime I let it go, baby it s you.
G C F G
Nothing compares to you.
G C F G
Nothing compares to you.

G Gm
Sweet sunday morning, all by myself.
F Fm C F C
Hard love what we ve done, when with anyone else.
G Gm
Watch my mascara dripping down.
F Fm C F C
Baby how did we end up like this? Where are you now?

Dm Am G F
They say if it doesn t kill you it ll make you stronger.
Dm Am G F
Oh, but I can t be without you any longer.
F G Am

Everytime I let it go, baby it s you.

G C F G

Nothing compares to you.

G C F G

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