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Nothing Compares Pixie Lott F# F#m Walking down Brick Lane, feeling blue в Е В Е Em Winds blowing lightly and I picture you. F#m F# Sweet Sunday morning, with nothing to do. E Em в E в Love is like a dream , when it s just me and you. (**F# B F# B G#m F# E**) F# F#m Open my window, sing me a song. E Em в ЕВ Baby can t you see that this is where I belong F# F#m With your hand in my hand, still feel feel the love Е В Е \mathbf{Em} в Really wish that we could go back to the way that it was. F# B F# B G#m F# E C#m G#m F# They say if it doesn t kill you it ll make you stronger. C#m G#m F# Е

Oh, but I can t be without you any longer.EF#G#mEverytime I let it go, baby it s you.F#BEF#BEF#BEF#BEF#BENothing compares to you.

 \mathbf{E}

F# F#m Sweet sunday morning, all by myself. E в Е Em в Hard love what we ve done, when with anyone else. F# F#m Watch my mascara dripping down. Е Em в Е В Baby how did we end up like this? Where are you now?

C#mG#mF#EThey say if it doesn t kill you it ll make you stronger.C#mG#mF#EOh, but I can t be without you any longer.EF#G#m

Everytime I let it go, baby it s you. F# B E F# Nothing compares to you. F# B E F# Nothing compares to you.