

I dream of your lips

A

When I dream

F#m **E**

I dream of your kiss

A

When I dream

F#m **E**

I dream Of your fists

D

Your fists... your fists...

A

Leave me dreaming on the bed,

F#m **E**

See you right back here tomorrow, for the next round

A

Keep that scene inside your head

F#m

As the bruises turn to yellow

E

Swelling goes down

D

And if you re ever around

F#m **E**

In the city or the suburbs of this town

D

Be sure to come around

F#m

I ll be wallowing in sorrow

E **D**

Wearing a frown, like pierrot the clown...

Like pierrot the clown...

Like pierrot the clown...

Like pierrot the clown...

Like pierrot the clown...

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