

C
F
G - C  
 She could always tell, I was lying  
C
F
G - C  
 And god knows, that I be lying all the time  
C
F  
 And sitting here right now you know that I m dying  
Dm
Em
F
Ab  
 cause I could not keep myself in line

Am C  
And it s to late I m gonna need her  
Am C  
and the nights are getting cold and long  
Am C  
and I never will forget that front door slamming  
Dm Em F G C  
You know because She just aint leavin she s gone  
  
I m not shure about the Ab, so if anybody got hints youre welcome  
  
Philip Frankort  
frankort@euronet.nl