

Pressing

Room Eleven

D C# F#m B
Rolling off my side to start the day
Em A D A
Spoon in my hand to scrape my milk away
Forward pressing
For the reason I am dressing
And the answers for the times I stopped to pray

Searching for an ear to ease my mind
And eyes that see enough to lead the blind
And I pretending?
These words we share in mending
Since when did listening become a crime?

CHORUS:

G F#m Bm E G
Why, when I need some
Bm Em A
It seems it never comes
G F# Bm E
It will be my self that I lose
Em A D
If itâ€™s still myself that I choose

Justifying time iâ€™ve spent alone
To turn this empty house into a home
Now undressing
The reason I was pressing
Was to find another piece to help me grow

CHORUS.:

Why, when I need some
It seems it never comes
It will be my self that I lose
If itâ€™s still myself that I choose
(2x)

D Em
One more smile
F#m
One more day
Em A
Iâ€™ve silently grown wiser for this time
One more smile
One more day
One more time

You and me!
We will see
You and me