Hobart Paving Saint Etienne

I heard she drove the silvery sports-car C#m Along the empty streets last night. Amaj7 Hanging around with hair-dos like mine. Bsus4 No, I haven t seen the kids for some time. Picked up her shoes from the red-brick stairway, C#m Just like a harpsichordist she moved. Amaj7 And back upstairs at half past two, Bsus4 With a paper folded outside the loo. F#m Rain falls like elvis tears. Bsus4 B Oh no, no sugar tonight. В Out on the high street, dim all the lights and F#m Bsus4 B Bsus4 B Bsus4 B Cry coloured tears again. Е And baby, (don t forget to catch me.) C#m Don t forget to catch me. (don t forget to catch me.) Hobart paving, don t you think that s it s time, Bsus4 On this platform with the drizzle in my eyes? And baby, (don t forget to catch me.) C#m

Don t forget to catch me. (don t forget to catch me.)

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F#m
                         В
Out on the high street, dim all the lights and
                    Bsus4 B
Cry coloured tears.
SOLO
    Е
And baby, (don t forget to catch me.)
                C#m
Don t forget to catch me, (don t forget to catch me.)
                Amaj7
Don t forget to catch me, (don t forget to catch me.)
Don t forget to catch me. (don t forget to catch me.)
Oh no, no sugar tonight, (don t forget to catch me.)
Oh no, no sugar tonight, (don t forget to catch me.)
          Amaj7
No no, no sugar tonight. (don t forget to catch me.)
          Α
                          Don t forget to catch me...
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Hobart paving, don t you think that s it s time?

Rain falls like elvis tears.

E Bsus4 B
Oh no, no sugar.

The ticket s in my hand, the train pulls down the line.

Bsus4

Amaj7

F#m