

Richie
Sinead Burgess

[Intro]

C Em F C G

[Verse]

C Em
Richie sits with a vacant stare pulling labels off his beer
F C G
It s 12 o clock in the afternoon but his 5 s already here
C Em
Six minutes in he throws it out, what he just can t keep within
F C G
An on-the-rocks love and life back home, to a girl in love with him

[Pre Chorus]

F Dm
We, we stumble out
Am
Amongst the crowd
G
These hands of mine unsure
F Dm
Can, can love exist
Am
In dives like this
G
Somewhere in New York

[Chorus]

C G
Cos I m not one for dancing
Am F
But I would waltz with you
C G
I m not one for falling
Am G F
But I am trippin , trippin on you
Fm
Trippin on you

C Em

[Verse]

C Em

Richie tells me Dylan used to walk these cobbled streets

F **C** **G**

He recites a couple lines but he hardly looks at me

C **Em**