

Can She Excuse My Wrongs
Sting

Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue s cloak?
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
Shall I call her good, when she proves unkind?
Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
Must I praise the leaves, where no fruit I find?

Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
Thou may st be abus d, if thy sight be dim.
Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
Cold love is like to words written on sand
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
Or to bubbles which, on the water swim.

F
Wilt thou be thus abused still
G
Seeing that she will right thee never?
A
If thou canst not o ercome her will
D **G D**
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
Unto those high joys, which she holds from me?
Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
As they are high, so high is my desire:
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
If she this deny, what can granted be?

Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
If she will yield to that which Reason is,
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
It is Reason s will, that Love should be just,
Dm **F** **C** **Dm** **A**
Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
Am **Dm** **Gm** **C** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Asus** **A** **D**
Or cut off delays, if that I die must.

F

Better a thousand times to die,

G

Than for to live thus still tormented:

A

Dear, but remember it was I

D

G D

Who for thy sake did die contented.

F

Better a thousand times to die,

G

Than for to live thus still tormented:

A

Dear, but remember it was I

D

G D

Who for thy sake did die contented...