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My Blue Heaven
Taking Back Sunday
Capo 2nd trast
Two sides twist and then collide;
You re calling off the guards (Am I coming?)
I m coming through. (Am I coming?)
Adulterous conditioned to a spin cycled submission,
You know, sometimes it just feels better to give in.
(Sometimes, it just feels better to give in.)
And it s all too familiar
And it happens all the time.
All the cards begin to stack up,
Twisting heartache into fine
Little pieces that avoid an awful crime,
But it s you I can t deny.
(You I can t deny.)
Dull heat rises from the sheets.
                 F#m
I m both a patient boy,
                     D
Well, and a jealous man. (Am I coming?)
My double standardized suspicion
Is remedied, oh, my blue heaven,
Sometimes, it just feels better to give in.
F#m
(Sometimes, it just feels better to give in.)
And it s all too familiar
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And it happens all the time.
F#M
All the cards begin to stack up,
Twisting heartache into fine
Little pieces that avoid an awful crime,
        F#m
But it s you I can t deny.
(You I can t deny.)
     Α
We swing and we sway
As this tiny voice in
  F#m
My head starts to sing
You re safe, child, you are safe.
(You re safe, child, you are safe.)
You re safe, child, you are safe.
We swing and we sway
As this tiny voice in
   F#m
My head starts to sing
       D
You re safe, child, you are safe.
                      F#m
You re safe, child, you are safe
You re safe, child, you are
safe (safe), safe (safe),
    F#m
You are safe.
We swing and we sway
As this tiny voice in
  F#m
My head starts to sing
You re safe, child, you are safe. (Am I coming?)
                            F#m
You re safe, child, you are safe. (Am I --)
Coming through?
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A
Is this all too familiar?
E
Does it happen all the time?
F#m
I m just asking you to hear me.
D
Could you please, just once, just hear me?
A
E
More then anything you wanted to be right.
F#m
D
Still it s you, you, it s you I can t deny.
(You I can t deny.)
It s you I can t deny.
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