Twist In My Sobriety Tanita Tikaram

F#m Bm C# F#m (2x)

F#m Bm

All God s children need travelling shoes

C# F#m

Drive your problems from here

F#m Bm

All good people read good books

C# F#r

Now your conscience is clear

I hear you talk girl

C# F#m

Now your conscience is clear

F#m Bm

In the morning I wipe my brow

C# F#m

Wipe the miles away

F#m Bm

I like to think I can be so willed

C# F#m

And never do what you say

I ll never hear you

C# F#m

And never do what you say

(CHORUS)

F#m C# F#m

Look my eyes are just holograms

C# F#m

Look your love has drawn red from $\operatorname{\mathsf{my}}$ hands

From my hands you know you ll never be

C# F#m

More than twist in my sobriety

Bm

C# F#m

More than twist in my sobriety

C# F#m

More than twist in my sobriety

F#m Bm C# F#m

F#m Bm

We just poked a little empty pie

C# F#m

For the fun people had at night

F#m Bm

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Late at night don t need hostility
C#
                     F#m
The timid smile and pause to free
I don t care about their different thoughts
C#
Different thoughts are good for me
                Bm
Up in arms and chaste and whole
C#
All God s children took their toll
            (CHORUS)
F#m
         C#
                                F#m
Look my eyes are just holograms
                                            F#m
          C#
Look your love has drawn red from my hands
             Bm
From my hands you know you ll never be
          C#
More than twist in my sobriety
          C#
                               F#m
More than twist in my sobriety
          C#
                               F#m
More than twist in my sobriety
F#m
                  Bm
Cup of tea, take time to think, yea
Time to risk a life, a life, a life
Sweet and handsome
Bm
Soft and porky
     C#
                                       F#m
You pig out til you ve seen the light
Pig out til you ve seen the light
                 Bm
Half the people read the papers
C#
Read them good and well
F#m
                Bm
Pretty people, nervous people
People have got to sell
The News you have to sell
           (CHORUS)
F#m
                                F#m
         C#
Look my eyes are just holograms
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F#m

C#

Look your love has drawn red from my hands

Bm F#m

From my hands you know you ll never be

C# F#

More than twist in my sobriety

C# F#m

More than twist in my sobriety

C# F#r

More than twist in my sobriety

F#m Bm C# F#m (2x)

C# F#m C# F#m