

Intro: E, B, F#, G#m, E, B, F#, (hold longer) G#m, C#m, G#m, C#m

E **B** **F#**
I m in no hurry, you go run
G#m **E**
And tell your friends I m losing touch
B **F#**
Fill their heads with rumors of impending doom
G#m
It must be true

G#m
Console me in my darkest hour
C#m
And tell me that you ll always hear my cries
G#m
I wonder what you got conspired
C#m
I m sure it was the consolation prize

E **B** **F#**
I m in no hurry, you go run

G#m **E**
And tell your friends I m losing touch

B **F#**
Fill the night with stories, the legend grows

B5 F#5
 Of how you got lost
G#5 E F#5
 But you made your way back home
B5 F#5 G#5 E
 You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond

G#m

I heard you found a wishing well

C#m

In the city

G#m

Console me in my darkest hour (in my darkest hour)

C#m

And you throw me down

E B F#

I m in no hurry, you go run

G#m

E

And tell your friends I m losing touch

B

Fill your crown with rumors

F#

G#m

Impending doom, it must be true

B5 F#5 G#5 E F#5

But you made your way back home

B5 F#5

G#5

E

F#5

You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond

B5 F#5

G#5

E

F#5

And all that now you got lost, but you made your way back home

B5 F#5

G#5

E

F#5

You went and sold your soul, an allegiance dead and gone

B5 F#5 G#5 E F#5 B5 F#5 G#5 E F#5

I m losing touch