

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