

Life Goes On
The Sundays

...to Kate

The Sundays - Life Goes On

C **G**
Build me up, don t get me down

Dm
Weather the storm

F
Well, life goes on

C **G**
Feelings ebb and flow by hours

Dm
You re up in the clouds
F
and then you sink like a stone

F
So do you feed yourself with pills?

C
Hope to deaden your ills
F

Or are you only one love short
Am
of happiness

F
And in a picture on the wall
C
No glimmer of yourself at all

Dm **F**
You ve left yourself far away

C **G**
Build me up, don t mop my brow

Dm
Weather the storm? No...

F
Because life goes on

C **G**
It s my only hope right now
Dm
To soar like a bird

F

and not to sink like a stone

F

So do you feed yourself with pills?

C

Oh, to deaden your ills?

F

Or are you only one love short

Am

Of happiness

F

And in a picture on the wall

C

No glimmer of yourself at all

Dm

F

You ve left yourself far away

G

solo: **C, G, Dm, F;**

C, G, Dm, F

F

Oh, so do you feed yourself with pills?

C

To cure you of your ills

F

Or are you only one love short

Am

Of the happy days to come

F

And in a picture on the wall

C

You can t see your face at all

Dm

So unti yourself

F

Because that s all you ve got to do

F

And I can grow a pair of wings

C

And I can take off flying

There ll be no crying

F

Am

Up in the air, looking back down

F

And let me tell you, if I talk about gloom

C

I don t get out of feeling down

Dm

It strips you of yourself

Bb

C

and it splits you from the self that you know...

Any comments @ tordajav@yahoo.com