

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 until 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