Snow Cherries From France Tori Amos Intro: F Bb F Bb I knew a boy who would F/C Bb Bsus4 Not share his bike Bbsus2 F Ab Oh, but he let me go sailing F Bb I swore that I F/C Bb Bsus4 Could survive any storm Ab Bbsus2 F Oh then he let me go C#sus2 Ab Ab can you launch rockets from here? C#sus2 Eb Boy, i ve done it for years Eb Right over my head Ab C#sus2 Ab And when i promised my hand C#sus2 Eb He promised me back Eb Snow cherries from france C#sus2 Eb All that summer Ab Bb We traveled the world C#sus2 Eb Ab Вb Never leaving his own back garden C#sus2  $\mathbf{E}\mathbf{b}$ Girls, i didn t know Ab Bb Just what it could be Ab Eb Bb Bbsus4 Oh, but he let me go sailing F/C вb You question me, Bb Bsus4 F/C can you ride anything? Bbsus2 F Ab Lord, do you mean like your mood swings

F/C Вb Invaders and traders with F/C Bb Bsus4 The best intentions Ab Bbsus2 F May convince you to go Ab C#sus2 Ab they look like pirates from here C#sus2 Eb Boy, i ve been one for years Eb Just keeping my head Ab C#sus2  $\mathbf{Ab}$ And when i promised my hand C#sus2 Eb You promised me back Eb Snow cherries from france C#sus2 Eb All that summer Ab Bb We traveled the world Ab Bb C#sus2 Eb Never leaving his own back garden Eb C#sus2 Girls, i didn t know Ab Вb Just what it could be Ab Eb Bb Bbsus4 Oh, but he let me go sailing Solo:

	F		F/C	Bb	Ab	Bbsus2	—
e							
В							
G			-55-8^10-		88-8-	-7-5	-58/10-
D	-75-7-	-87-8-		-7		8-	
							8

F Bb And then one day he said F/C Bb Bsus4 girl it s been nice, Ab Bbsus2 F Oh, but i have to go sailing F/C Bb With cinnamon lips F/C Bb Bsus4 That did not match his eyes Ab Bbsus2 F Oh then he let me go