

**Its Not True**

**William Fitzsimmons**

It s played with the Capo on the 8th fret.

**INTRO + VERSE**

```
E-----|
B-----0-----1-----|
G-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----|
D---0---0---0---2---2---2---0-2-----|
A--3--3--3---(0)-(0)-(0)---0-----3-----|
E-1-----3-----|
```

**SOLO (during verse)**

```
E-----|
B-----|
G-----0-----|
D---0-2-3---3-2-0-----|
A-3-----3-----|
E-----3--|
```

**CHORUS**

```
F#-x-0-x
C#-0-1-0-|
A-0-0-0-|
E-0-2-0-|
B-2-3-2-|
F#-3-x-3
```

**LYRICS**

--[VERSE]

Should I decide it s true,  
that you would leave if given half the chance to go,  
and I d be left here on my own,  
to find myself in bed,  
wishing everything that changed would be the same.

--[VERSE]

The room still looks like you,  
It s a mess and all the pictures on the shelf,  
are dusted off by someone else,  
to keep me company,  
I haven t told her that your thought still lingers on.

--[CHORUS]

**A**                      **D**                      **C#**      **A**

Everyday s another chance to bury my regret,  
**A**                    **D**                    **Bm**           **D**           **A**  
everyday s another chance to make it but I can t,  
but I can t.

--[VERSE]

I saw you on my phone,  
on a contact list that isn t up to date,  
would have changed it with more time,  
that I require to,  
rid my mind of all the freckles on your face.

--[VERSE]

And reconcile to what?  
the ring I bought you is buried deep within the ground,  
behind the swing where we first met,  
and memory only serves,  
to remind of all the bruises you forgave.

--[CHORUS]

**A**                    **D**                    **C#**           **A**  
everyday s another chance to bury my regret  
**A**                    **D**                    **Bm**           **D**           **A**  
everyday s another chance to make it but i can t  
but I can t, but I can t

--[VERSE]

should I decide it s true,  
that you d return if given half the chance to come...  
but it s not true, bet it s not true, but it s not true...