

Marian

Another Life

6

Bossa Nova (♩ = 133)

2
1-2

VAMP

2
3-4

4
5-8

9 [MARIAN:]

Put in-side the pic-ture frame some ta-bles and a cof-fee - pot,...

u - ni - form, a girl of - rwen - ty - three.

Sit - ting at a ta - ble, put a man of - thir - ty - sev - en, As ex -

- ec - ic as that girl would ev - er see.

26 27 28 29
Have her stand - ing o - ver him - and laugh - ing As he's ask - ing her - a ques -

29 30 31 32
tion - no one thought to ask - be - fore -

33 34 35 36
Col - or him with mys - ter - y and col - or her - with dan - ger And ex - pose


37 38 39 40
- them just e - nough - to wish for more. And there was

42 43 44
some - thing - there be - tween us. Some - thing

45 46 47 48
I could nev - er name - Some - thing

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49 strong - er, 50 some - thing 51 stran 52 get, More than



53 - quick - sand, 54 more 55 than 56 flame: An-oth-er life.



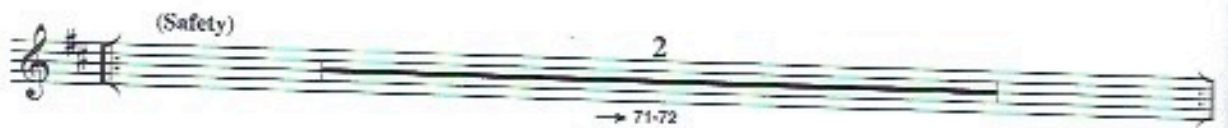
57 58 59 60 Mmm...



61 62 2 63 64



(Safety) 2 → 71-72



73 **MARIAN:** 74 Fur - ther down 75 the gal - lor - y. 76 a pic - ture of a cou - ple On a



77 hon-ey - moon in 78 Mar - ra-kesh some-where. 79 80

81 See him with his cam - era at his eye. — 82 83 And see her grasp - ing at his hand. 84

85 a - fraid he doesn't know she's there. — 86 87 And there was 88

89 some - thing — 90 deep in - side him. — 91 Some-thing 92

93 I could nev - er reach. — 94 95 Like he 96

97 saw it — 98 get - ting clos - er. — 99 In a 100

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101 102 103 104
win - dow, on a beach, An-oth-er life.

105 106 107 108
An-oth - er

109 110 111 112
life... but I be - lieved I'd grow to be

113 114 115 116
The thing he need - ed most to see...

117 118 119 120
And if our nights just stayed this hor...

121 122 123 124
I'd break him down, He'd o - pen up

h-cr life.

125 126 127 128
Well, ob-vi-ous-ly

th - er

129
not.
130-132

he

133
134 135 136 137 138
Back there— in a shad-ow,— find a pic-ture of a wo-man— Wear-ing

see—

139 140
four years of con-fu-sion— like a scar.

hot,—

141 142 143 144
Walk-ing through the door and leav-ing nothing but— a note— That says— "I'm

o-pen up...

145 146 147 148
sor-ry, Robert," taped to her— gui-tar— And there is

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149



so much I still won-der, Did he



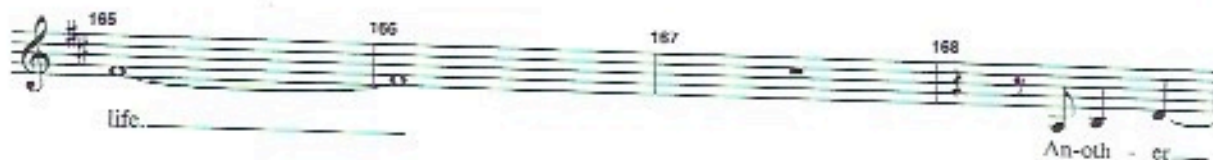
need me? Did he know? Love is



o-pen, love is eas-y. That was



some-one long a-go An-oth-er



life. An-oth-er



life.

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