

17 EDWARD

The

19

flow-ers all have died the skies are go-ing grey I begged my ba-by not to leave I could-n't make her stay the

*mf*

A D/A A D/A A D

23

heat has dis-ap-peared the e - ter-nal flame is low the fore-cast ain't so good I'm all messed up no place to go.

A D/A A D/A A D

27 + PIANIST

Cold like a fro - zen tear drop there's a chill

37

in the air and there's ice in my veins and it won't stop

35

Cold it's an end-less win - ter the

39

EDWARD & LOCAL

moon's on the run and e-ven the sun is cold I

43

got-ta see my girl I got-ta see her eyes the ba - ro-me-ter is fall-ing on-ly she can make it rise there's

A D E A