

## The Sensible

F            C    Bb

Moister almost rain

The fog moving beetween the craner

The streetlamp combing its pale hair

Her eyes were big and dark

Cm            Bb    Ab

I had to go she said

Dont go you can't

He squesses her hand

I had to go she said

Lucky in game bad luck in love

Her man came around the corner

Lucky in game bad luck in love

With an crooked knife

F            C    Bb

Red lips and white hull

The sweet at the tung tip

The bitter at the root

Running down the stairs under the bridge

Cm            Bb    Ab

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Dont go you can't

He squesses her hand

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Lucky in game bad luck in love

Her man came around the corner

Lucky in game bad luck in love

With an crooked knife

F            C    Bb

She's heavy he carrie her up the stairs

Let her slide down the pavement

The black hair the red flower of kaos

Prosper up on her temple

Cm            Bb    Ab

I had to go she said

