Twist in my sobriety Emi - Tanita Tikaram

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Tanita Tikaram – Twist in my sobriety
(pro transpozici do originálu v Fmi použijte kapodastr na 1.posici)

            : Emi Ami Hmi Emi :
předehra:

Emi                                 Ami
All God's children need travelling shoes
Hmi                         Emi
Drive your problems from here
Emi                          Ami
All good people read good books
Hmi                          Emi
Now your conscience is clear
Emi          Ami  C
I hear you talk girl
Hmi                       Emi
Now your conscience is clear

In the morning I wipe my brow
Wipe the miles away
I like to think I can be so willed
And never do what you say
Emi          Ami  C
I'll never hear you
And never do what you say

Emi     Hmi                  Emi
Look my eyes are just holograms
Emi     Hmi                         Emi
Look your love has drawn red from my hands
Emi         Ami                       Emi
From my hands you know you'll never be
      Hmi                   Emi
More than twist in my sobriety
     Hmi                   Emi
More than twist in my sobriety

          : Emi Ami Hmi Emi :
Mezihra:

Emi                      Ami
We just puked a little pie
Hmi                          Emi
For the fun people had at night
Emi                              Ami
Late at night don't need hostility
Hmi                              Emi
The timid smile and pause to free

I don't care about their different thoughts
Different thoughts are good for me
Up in arms and chaste and whole
All God's children took their toll


Look my eyes are just holograms
Look your love has drawn red from my hands
From my hands you know you'll never be
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          : Emi Ami Hmi Emi :
Mezihra:   Někde je to bez repetice

Emi                              Ami
Cup of tea, take time to think, yea
Hmi                              Emi
Time to risk a life, a life, a life
Emi                             Ami
Sweet and handsome soft and perky
Hmi                                    Emi
You pick out 'til you've seen the light
Hmi                                Emi
Pick out 'til you've seen the light

To se někdy nezpívá ...

Look my eyes are just holograms
Look your love has drawn red from my hands
From my hands you know you'll never be
More than twist in my sobriety
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To se někdy nezpívá ...

Half the people read the papers
Read them good and well
Pretty people, nervous people
People have got to sell
News you have to sell

Look my eyes are just holograms
Look your love has drawn red from my hands
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