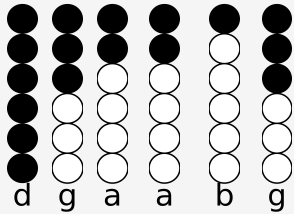


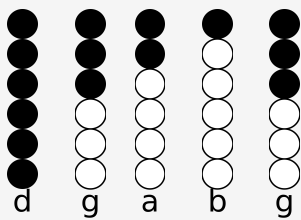
Tin whistle tabs for: There Is

Categories: Folk

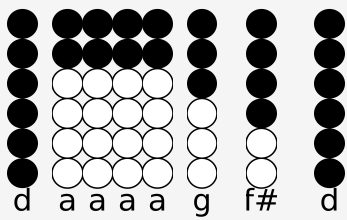
Author/Performer: Boxcar Raver



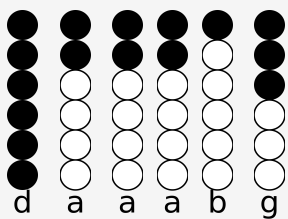
This va-ca-tion's use-less



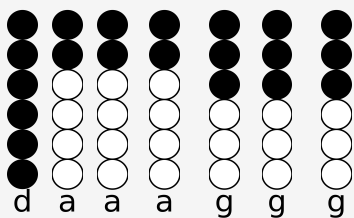
These white pills aren't kind



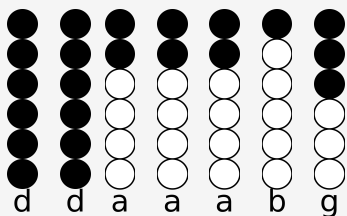
I've gi-ven a lot of thought on



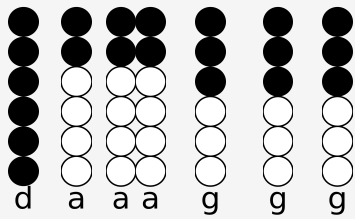
this thir-teen ho-ur drive



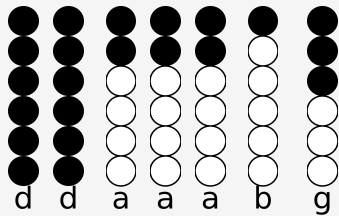
I miss the grind-ing con-crete



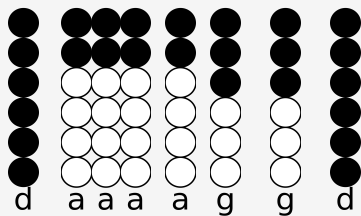
where we sat past eight or nine



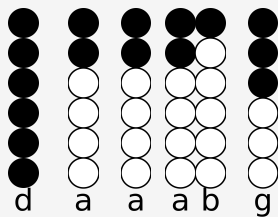
And slow-ly fin-ished laugh-ing



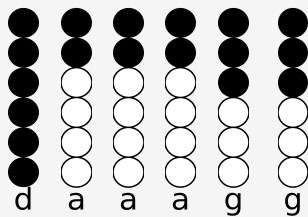
in the glow of our head-lights



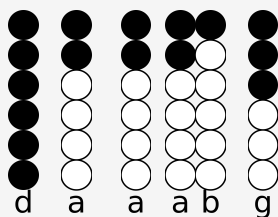
I've giv-en a lot of thought to



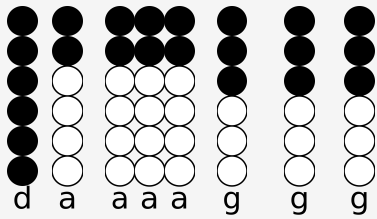
the nights we use to have



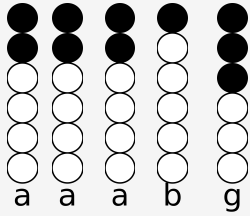
The days have come and gone



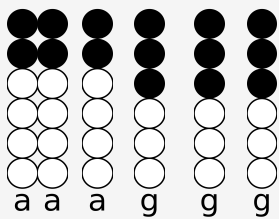
Our lives went by so fast



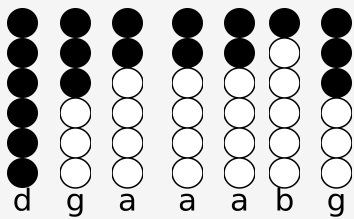
I faint-ly re-mem-ber breath-ing



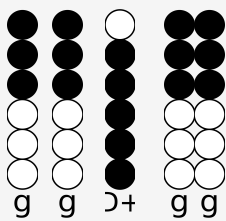
on your bed-room floor



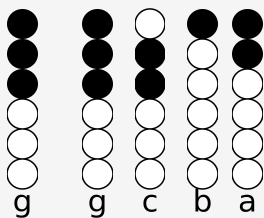
Where I laid and told you,



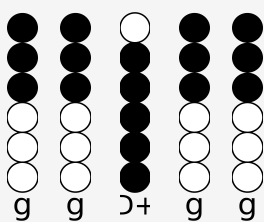
but you swore you loved me more



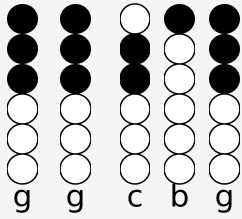
Do you care if I



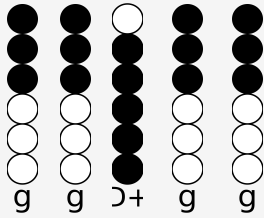
don't know what to say?



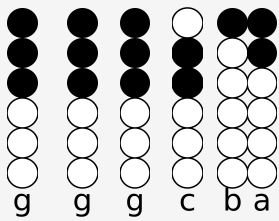
Will you sleep to-night,



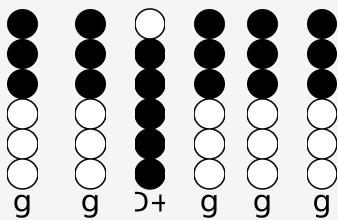
will you think of me?



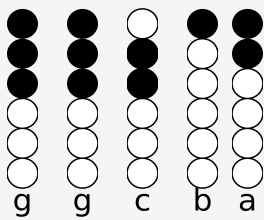
Will I shake this off,



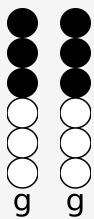
pre-tend its all ok-ay?



That there some-one out there



who feels just like me,



There is.