

FOOL (If You Think It's Over)

{Chris Rea}

[E2]A dying fl[A7]ame
[F#m7]you're free [Bm7]again
[E2]who could [A7]love
[Dmaj7]do that to you.

[E2]All dressed in b[A7]lack
[F#m7]he won't be com[Bm7]ing back.
[E2]Save your [A7]tears
[B4]you've got years and ye[B7]ars.

[Em7]The pains of se[A7]venteens
[F#m7]unreal, they're on[Bm7]ly dreams.
[Em7]Save your cryi[A7]ng
for the [B]day.[B7]

{sac}

[Em7]Fool, if you think it's [A7]over,
[Dmaj7]'cos you said goodb[Bm7]ye.
[Em7]Fool, if you think it's [A7]over,
I'll tell you [B4]why.[B]

[Em7]New born eyes always [A7]cry with pain
at the [Dmaj7]first look at the morning [Bm7]sun
[Em7]Fool, if you think it's [A7]over,
it's just be[B4]gun.[B]

{eoc}

[E2]Miss teenage [A7]dream
[F#m7]Such a tragic s[Bm7]cene
[E2]he knocked your [A7]crown
[Dmaj7]and ran away.

[E2]First wound of p[A7]ride
[F#m7]but how you cri[Bm7]ed and cried
[E2]but save your [A7]tears
[B4]you've years and [B7]years.

(Solo)(1/2 of chorus)

[Em7]I'll buy your first good[A7] wine
[F#m7]We'll have a [Bm7] real good time
[Em7]Save your cryi[A7]ng
for the [B4]day.[B]

{c: chorus and end}