

Am F Am

Am: x o 2 3 1, F: 1 3 4 2 1 1, Am: x o 2 3 1

1. Standing at her grave in the church - yard,
2. Ev - ry time you kissed me good morn - ing,

thinking 'bout the days of my
I ne - ver be - lieved it was

F C G Am

F: 1 3 4 2 1 1, C: x 3 2 1, G: 2 1 3, Am: x o 2 3 1

7 youth. true. The ten fif - teen from old Union Sta - tion is more faith - ful than
Such tender lips can't ne - ver be faith - ful, so I hid my love

F Am F

F: 1 3 4 2 1 1, Am: x o 2 3 1, F: 1 3 4 2 1 1

14 I was to you! Un - der chi - seled stone lies a flow - er,
far 'way from you! Now I'm standing here at the cross - roads,

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21 ris - ing up through fresh fallen snow. Ev - ry single guil - trid - den hou - r
holding up a rose in my hand. Swearing a vow to move forward, and

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28 gives a prick like the sharpest of thorns! Pene - lo - pe! Pene - lo - pe!
to heal the broke man that I am!

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36 Had a pure soul but I couldn't see! I was so blind! And on my mind,

44

Am

F

C

was just anger and cruel jealous - y Pene-lo - pe!