

TEARS DRY ON THEIR OWN

Words and Music by Amy Winehouse, Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson

♩ = 120 **Lively**

Chord diagrams: E/B, F#/A#, A, C#m/G#

1. All I can ev - er be to you, is the dark-ness that we knew, and this re-gret I got ac - cus -
 2. I don't un-der - stand, why do I stress a man, when there's so ma-ny bet - ter things.

Chord diagrams: F#m, E/B, F#/A#, A, C#m/G#, F#m

4 - tomed to. Once it was so right, when we were at our high, wait-ing for you in the ho - tel -
 — at hand? We could have nev-er had it all, we had to hit a wall, so this is in - ev - i - ta - ble

Chord diagrams: E/B, F#/A#

8 — at night, I knew I — had-n't met my match, but ev -'ry mo-ment we could snatch, I
 — with - drawal. Ev-en if I stop want-ing you, and pers - pec - tive push-es thru, I'll

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11

A C#m/G# F#m E/B F#/A#

don't know why I got so at - tached, it's my res - pon - si - bi - li - ty, you don't
be some next man's oth - er wo - man soon. I should-n't play my - self a - gain, I should just

14

A C#m/G# F#m E/G#

owe no - thing to me, but to walk a - way I have no ca - pa - ci - ty. He
be my own best friend, not fuck my - self in the head with stu - pid men. }

17

A F#m G#m C#m A F#m G#m C#m

— walks a - way, the sun goes down, he takes the day but I'm grown, and in your

21

A F#m G#m C#m F#m G#m A I.

— grey, in this blue shade, my tears dry on their own.

2.



25

So we are his - to - ry, your sha - dow co - vers me, the



28

sky a - bove, a blaze. He walks a - way,



31

the sun goes down, he takes the day but I'm grown, and in your

34  
 — grey, — in this blue — shade, my — tears dry on their own.

37   
 — 3. I wish I could say no re-grets, and no e - mo - tion - al debts, — and

40      
 as we kiss good - bye — the sun — sets. So we are his - to - ry, — the

43     
 sha-dow cov - ers me, — the sky a - bove a blaze — that on - ly lov - ers see. He —

46

A F#m G#m7 C#m A F#m G#m7

— walks a - way, the sun goes down, he takes the day but

49

C#m A F#m G#m7 C#m F#m G#m A

I'm grown, and in your grey, my blue shade, my tears dry on their own.
2,3° deep

1.2.

53

3.

A F#m G#m C#m N.C.

Play 3 times ad lib.

— Woah, — he — tears dry.