

Story of my life

F# B C#

La la la la

F# B C#
High school seemed like such a blur,

F# B C#
I didn't have much interest in sports or school elections.

F# B C# F# B C#
And in class I dreamed all day, about a rock 'n roll weekend.

F# B C#
And the girl in the front of the room,

F# B C# F# B C#
So close yet so far y'know she never seemed to notice,

F# B C# F# B C#
That this silly schoolboy crush, wasn't just pretend.

F# B C#
Life goes by so fast,

F# B C#
You only want to do what you think is right.

F# B C#
Close your eyes and then it's past;

F# B C#
(it's the) Story of my life.

F# B C#
(it's the) Story of my life.

F# B C#
(it's the) Story of my life.

F# B C#
(it's the) Story of my life.

F# B C#
(it's the) Story of my life.

F# B C#
And I went down my old neighborhood,
F# B C#
The faces have all changed, there's no one there left to talk to.
F# B C# F# B C#
And the pool hall I loved as a kid is now a 7-Eleven.

F# B C#
I went downtown to look for a job,
F# B C#
I had no training, no experience to speak of.
F# B C# F# B C#
I looked at the holes in my jeans, and turned and headed back.

CHORUS

F# B C#
Good times come and good times go,
F# B C#
I only wish the good times would last a little longer.
F# B C# F# B C#
I think about the good times we had, and why they had to end.
F# B C#
So I sit at the edge of my bed,
F# B C#
I strum my guitar and I sing an outlaw love song.
F# B C# F# B C#
thinkin 'bout what you're doin' now, and when you're coming back

CHORUS