

This years love

Words & Music by David Gray .

♩ = 54





1. This year's love had bet - ter last; — hea - ven knows, it's high
 (Verse 2 see block lyric)

D^badd9



E^b



A^b



Fm



3

time. — I've been wait - ing on my own too — long. —

D^badd9



E^b



D^badd9



E^b



And when you hold me like you do — it feels — so — right, — oh now, —



D^badd9



E^b



A^b



I start to for - get how my heart gets torn when that
(Verse 3 see block lyric)

Fm



1.

B⁷



D^b



hurt gets thrown; feel - ing — like I can't — go on. —

2, 3.

B^b7

D^b

A^b

— dream in - side my — soul, when you kiss me on that mid - night street, sweep me

F^m

B^b7

D^b

To Coda ⊕

off my feet, sing - ing — ain't this life — so sweet? —

D^badd⁹

E^b

D^badd⁹

E^b

D^badd⁹

E^b

This year's love had bet - ter last. —

A^b

F^m

D^badd⁹

E^b

D^badd⁹

E^b

D.%. al Coda
(As 2°)

This year's love had bet - ter last. —

⊕ Coda

D^badd⁹



E^b



D^badd⁹



E^b



1, 2.

D^badd⁹



E^b



This year's love had bet - ter last. — This year's love had bet - ter last. —

3.

D^badd⁹



E^b



D^badd⁹



molto rit.

A^b



4

This year's love had bet - ter last. —

Verse 2:

Turning circles and time again
It cuts like a knife, oh now
If you love me I got to know for sure
Cos it takes something more this time
Than sweet, sweet lies, oh now
Before I open up my arms and fall
Losing all control
Every dream inside my soul
When you kiss me on that midnight street
Sweep me off my feet
Singing ain't this life so sweet.

Verse 3:

Cos who's to worry if our hearts get torn
When that hurt gets thrown?
Don't you know this life goes on?
Won't you kiss me on that midnight street
Sweep me off my feet
Singing ain't this life so sweet?