

# Bedshaped

Keane

E Amaj7 C#m  
1. Many's the time I ran with you down,  
The rainy roads of your old town.  
Amaj7 C#m  
Many the lives we lived in each day,  
And buried altogether.

Don't laugh at me,  
Don't look away.

R: You'll follow me back,  
With the sun in your eyes,  
and on your own, bedshaped,  
Your legs of stone.  
You'll knock on my door,  
And up we'll go,  
In white light,  
I don't think so.  
But what do I know? What do I know?  
I know...