

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...