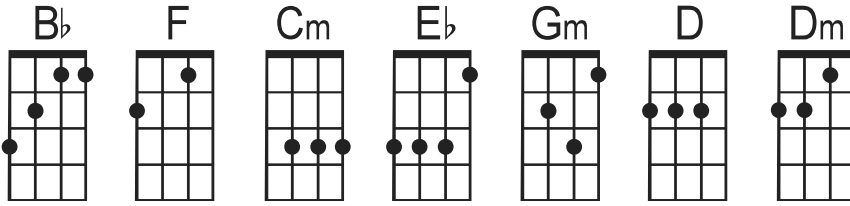


Please Come Out

by Alexis Harte (2011)



Intro: Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . | Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |

Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |
It's the time of year— when doors don't fit well—

Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |
Win-dows won't close— beaches fill with empty shells

Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |
You're tying ribbons— all a-round your little finger

Bb . F . | Cm\ -- -- -- |
To re-mind you— of all you have to do to-day, but

Chorus: Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
Plea—ease, won't you come out—

Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
Plea—ease, won't you come out—

Bb . D . | Gm . Eb . |
There are stars and there are fire-flies—

. | Bb . D . | Gm\ -- --
Chase me down— thru the— old town—

-- | Eb\ -- -- -- |
Won't you come out—?

Inst: Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . | Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |

Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |
I once called you— the girl with the tiger in-side her

Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |
Every-body's— got to have a secret name

Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |
So if you feel you're comin'a-part at the seams

. | Bb . F . | Cm\ -- -- -- |
Maybe you were meant to be suited that way, any-way

Chorus: Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
Plea—ease, won't you come out—

Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
Plea—ease, won't you come out—

Bb . D . | Gm . Eb . |
There are stars and there are fire-flies—

. | Bb . D . | Gm\ -- --
Chase me down— thru the— old town—

-- | Eb\ -- -- -- |
Won't you come out—?

Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . |
 How did we get so— de - railed and dis - tracted—?
 Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . | Bb
 How long have we been— sitting by the side of the road?
 . F . | Cm . Eb . |
 Do you think the wind stops to think a-bout the pressure
 Bb . F . | Cm\ -- -- -- | Eb\ -- -- -- |
 As she makes a run from high———— to low? Oh, no, so |

Chorus: Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
 Plea—ease, won't you come out—
 Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
 Plea—ease, won't you come out—
 Bb . D . | Gm . Eb
 There are stars and there are fire- flies—
 . | Bb . D . | Gm . .
 Chase me down— thru the— old town—

Chorus: Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
 Plea—ease, won't you come out—
 Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . |
 Plea—ease, won't you come out—
 Bb . D . | Gm . Eb
 There are stars and there are fire- flies—
 . | Bb . D . | Gm . .
 Chase me down— thru the— old town—
 . | Eb . . | Eb\ -- -- -- |
 Won't you come out—? Please come out—

Outro: Bb . F . | Cm . Eb . | Bb . F . | Gm . Eb . | Bb\