

Angelina - sts

F - Bb C

F - Bb C
Packed in this old F train she's too tired to
F - Bb C
speak, or even turn around
F - Bb C
Kids packed with books & nervous looks, they only want
F - Bb C
what they need, to keep from getting down

Dm Gm C F
And she's hoping to find out how
Bb - A
She could break through and just allow, for a
Dm F Bb F
Chance of a glimpse of a possibility
A Bb C F
In the event that they can meet eventually

F F Bb C
F - Bb C
Another day, another class, another awkward
F - Bb C
Pause, when she looked at her
F - Bb C
Maybe a smile maybe a smirk but it was just
F Bb C
enough, not to turn away
Dm Gm C F
And as the bell rang, they moved to the door
Bb - A
A little closer than a week before, now there's a
Dm F Bb F
Chance of a glimpse of a possibility
A Bb C F
In the event that they can meet eventually

Dm
Now here's the minute that her
Dm
mother warned about, when you
D7
Look inside your head,
D7
not your heart
Gm
And she coughed and stopped
Gm
and called out loud
A
"Angelina are you going home
A
alone?

F
'Cause I'll ride with you."

F F F F
F
'Cause I'll ride home with you
F
And I'll be the one for
F
We don't have to hide away
F F
Cause in the end we're just the same

F F Bb C
Dm Gm C F
And she's hoping to find out how
Bb Gm F A
She could break through and just allow, for a
Bb F A Bb
Chance of a glimpse of a possibility
Gm F Bb F
That she can find herself eventually