

# Out of this place

© Roger Häggström 2008

[int] |Am. . .G |Am. . .G |  
|Am. . .G |Am |

[v1] <sup>Am</sup> Sometimes the lull is growing, <sup>Em</sup> the changing wind is gone  
<sup>G</sup> And I don't know where I'm going, <sup>C G Am G Am</sup> or where I'm coming from

[v2] I got darkness on my shoulders, my heart's a piece of coal  
And the one thing that wont grow older, is the winter in my soul

[ch] I gotta get <sup>C</sup> out of this place,  
gotta get <sup>G</sup> out of this place,  
Got a <sup>F</sup> hundred ways,  
to get <sup>C</sup> out of this place <sup>G</sup>  
  
Put a <sup>C</sup> smile on my face,  
and get <sup>G</sup> out of this place  
Got a <sup>F</sup> hundred ways,  
to get <sup>C</sup> out, <sup>G</sup> get out,  
of this place |Am. . .G |Am. . .G |  
|Am. . .G |Am |

[v3] No, you wont catch me crying, but I think I'm cursed  
Every time that I'm trying, is the time that I hurt

[v4] Well, I know I'm a dreamer, a stranger to this world  
A leaf floating on a river, the odd one in the herd

[ch]

[br] <sup>Dm</sup> Tell me how can I stand it? |Am. . .G |Am. . .G |  
<sup>Dm</sup> The shadow passing by... |Am. . .G |Am. . .G |  
<sup>Dm</sup> Tell me where will I find it? |Am. . .G |Am. . .G |  
<sup>G</sup> The answer to my lie...

[ch] (I gotta get out..., Put a smile on my face...)

[out v] Well, I'm longing for the summer,  
for the sun to keep me warm  
When the chilly cold inside of me,  
wont bother me no more...