





This years love

Words & Music by David Gray .


♩ = 54



1. This year's love had bet - ter last; — hea - ven knows, it's high
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

time. — I've been wait - ing on my own too — long. —








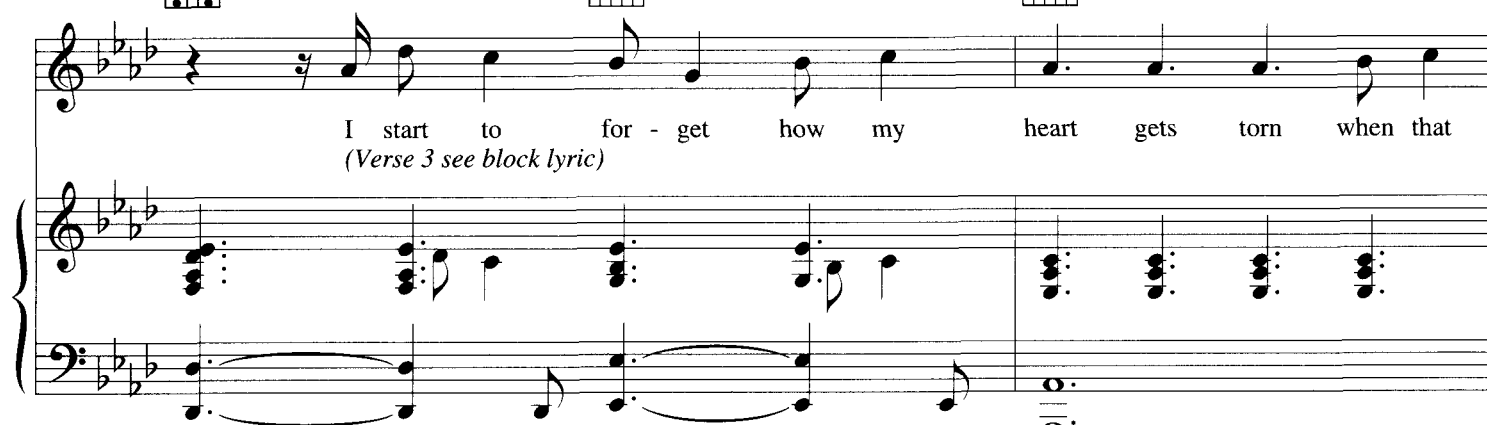






And when you hold me like you do — it feels — so — right, — oh now, —








I start to for - get how my heart gets torn when that
(Verse 3 see block lyric)



1. hurt gets thrown; feel - ing — like I can't — go on. —



2, 3.

B^b7 D^b A^b

— dream in - side my — soul, when you kiss me on that mid - night street, sweep me

F^m B^b7 D^b

To Coda ⊕

off my feet, sing - ing — ain't this life — so sweet? —

D^badd⁹ E^b D^badd⁹ E^b D^badd⁹ E^b

This year's love had bet - ter last. —

A^b F^m D^badd⁹ E^b D^badd⁹ E^b D.%. al Coda (As 2°)

This year's love had bet - ter last. —

Coda

1, 2.

3.

molto rit.

4

This year's love had bet - ter last. — This year's love had bet - ter last. —

This year's love had bet - ter last. —

Verse 2:

Turning circles and time again
 It cuts like a knife, oh now
 If you love me I got to know for sure
 Cos it takes something more this time
 Than sweet, sweet lies, oh now
 Before I open up my arms and fall
 Losing all control
 Every dream inside my soul
 When you kiss me on that midnight street
 Sweep me off my feet
 Singing ain't this life so sweet.

Verse 3:

Cos who's to worry if our hearts get torn
 When that hurt gets thrown?
 Don't you know this life goes on?
 Won't you kiss me on that midnight street
 Sweep me off my feet
 Singing ain't this life so sweet?