



<b>G</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>
not have gone	astray	these tears would not have	fallen down and.

<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>
washed those words away,		no need to talk, 'cause	if the chalk should

<b>G / G7 / C</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
write those words again,	it will be for	someone else, not.

<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G G //    G</b>	<b>G</b>
things that might have been.	but my tears have washed	I love you from the	

*CHORUS*

<b>G</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>
blackboard of my heart.		it's too late to	clean the slate and

<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>
make another mark.	I'm satisfied	the way things are	

<b>G / G7 / C</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
although we're far apart,	my tears have washed	I love you from the

<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
blackboard of my heart.	my tears have washed	I love you from the	

<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G D G</b>
blackboard	of	my	heart.

<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>G7</b>	<b>D</b>