



**a tempo**

eyes. He said, "It was no-thing... it's o-ver and done" (But) the rot-ten worm was bur-row-ing still Its

spi-rit in-vades me bleed-ing me white For oth-er re-plies I searched his pock-ets I

searched his eyes I searched his wal-let for clues or lies And I found a num-ber that I

some - how dialled And a wom - an ans - wered, a wom - an smiled Then she

arco pizz. arco

27  
 hung up on the si - lence un - per - plexed In - no - cent - ly spun her ro - lo - dex I dialled a -

pizz. arco

31  
 gain I could not re - sist Re - veal - ing just the den - tist re - cep - tion -

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

arco pizz.

ist.

*ppp*

day we'll laugh a - bout this or may - be we'll curse But there's one thing that is mak - ing it worse It's the

*vib.*

*p*

*arco*  
*p*

*pont*

*pont*

*molto vib.*

*molto vib.*

lack of for - give - ness that I can't dis - guise No mat - ter how well he lies And

*vib.*

*p*

*arco*  
*p*

*molto vib.*

we don't know each oth-er an-y-more And when we touch our lips feel sore I ques-tion the long-ing left

*pp*

*pp*

*pp senza vib.*

*senza vib.*

in his sighs For oth-er eyes.

*vib.*

*vib.*

*pp > ppp*

*pp > ppp*