

F# G#m B B F#

3 3

told me I was beau-ti-ful and came in-to my bed oh I

F# G#m B B E

cut his hair my-self one night I bu-ried those sci-ssors in the yel-low light and he

E B

told me that I'd done al-right and

B F#/A# G#m E

3

kissed me til the morn-ing light the morn-ing light and he