

C, C May 7 G#7 Dm7 Em7 G C7
 I'm always waitin' for my love to come
 I see you watchin' whisper ~~come~~ ^{Em7} ~~come~~ ^{C#7} ~~come~~ ^{Em7}
 Like a man whose lover never quite appears ^{Dm7} ^C
 Windin' up so dead and cold ^{G#7} ^{Em7}
 Waitin' for our bodies to grow old ^{G#7} ^{Em7}

I'm always standin' for the bus to ride
 Lookin' up the street we exchange a little jibe
 To Broadway and Columbus in a day to hang around
 City lights and La Trieste
 For a walk home we are dressed ^{Em7} ^G ^{Em7} ^A

D Maj 7 D Maj 7 Am 7 B7
 Never give a day a chance she minutes scare us so
 Looking at your evening dressed
 In slight seductive ~~fun~~ ^{F#m7} and ~~hose~~
 Christmas now is dyin' ^{B7} in our hearts ^{F#m7}
 and ~~hoses~~ ^{Em7}
 How can we replace it now with no place ^{Dm7}
 warm to go ^G

~~I'm always eager for the unexpected frost~~
~~brings disappointment but Winter comes across~~
~~the love we find in freezing is no warmth~~
~~in the comfort that we bring you~~
~~but always hope~~ ^{Em7} ^{Dm7} ^G ^{Em7} ^{Dm7} ^G
 Comfort of our spine and hearts for

I'm always lonely in ^{the} pleasure bought ^{I have}
Comfort of our spines ^{and} hearts forgot
The love we find in pressing us ^{no} wants
Eager for the ^{un}suspected frost ^{control}
Summer's disappointed, but winter comes across.