

# TEARS DRY ON THEIR OWN

Words and Music by Amy Winehouse, Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson

♩ = 120 **Lively**

E/B  F#/A#  A  C#m/G# 

1. All I can ev - er be to you, is the dark-ness that we knew, and this re-gret I got ac - cus -  
 2. I don't un-der - stand, why do I stress a man, when there's so ma - ny bet - ter things.

4 F#m  E/B  F#/A#  A  C#m/G#  F#m 

- tomed to. Once it was so right, when we were at our high, wait-ing for you in the ho - tel  
 — at hand? We could have nev-er had it all, we had to hit a wall, so this is in - ev - i - ta - ble

8 E/B  F#/A# 

— at night, I knew I had - n't met my match, but ev - 'ry mo - ment we could snatch, I  
 — with - drawal. Ev - en if I stop want - ing you, and pers - pec - tive push - es thru, I'll

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11

A C#m/G# F#m E/B F#/A#

don't know why I got so at - tached, it's my res - pon - si - bi - li - ty, you don't  
be some next man's oth - er wo - man soon. I should-n't play my - self a - gain, I should just

14

A C#m/G# F#m E/G#

owe no - thing to me, but to walk a - way I have no ca - pa - ci - ty. He  
be my own best friend, not fuck my - self in the head with stu - pid men. }

17

A F#m G#m C#m A F#m G#m C#m

— walks a - way, the sun goes down, he takes the day but I'm grown, and in your

21

A F#m G#m C#m F#m G#m A I.

— grey, in this blue shade, my tears dry on their own.

2.

A/B



25

So we are his - to - ry, your sha - dow co - vers me, the

B/A



G#sus4



G#



28

sky a - bove, a blaze. He walks a - way,

C#m




A



31

the sun goes down, he takes the day but I'm grown, and in your

34  B7






grey, — in this blue — shade, my — tears dry on their own.



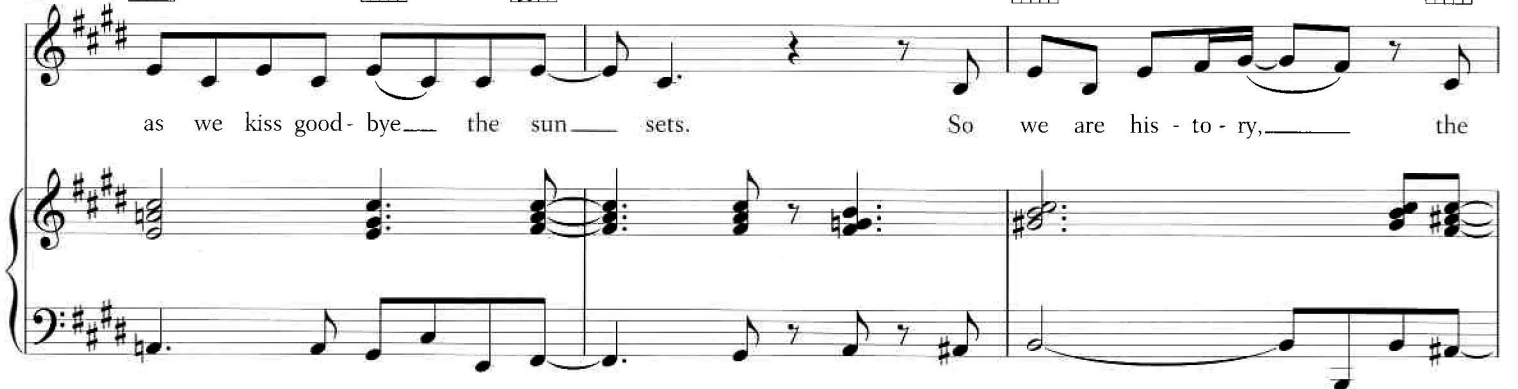
37  E/B  F#/A#





3. I wish I could say no re-grets, and no e - mo - tion - al debts, — and




40  A  C#/G#  F#  E/B  F#/A#

as we kiss good - bye — the sun — sets. So we are his - to - ry, — the



43  A  C#/G#  F#  E/G#

sha-dow cov - ers me, — the sky a - bove a blaze — that on - ly lov - ers see. He —



46

A F#m G#m7 C#m A F#m G#m7

— walks a - way, the sun goes down, he takes the day but

49

C#m A F#m G#m7 C#m F#m G#m A

I'm grown, and in your grey, my blue shade, my tears dry on their own.  
2,3° deep

53

3. A F#m G#m C#m N.C.

Play 3 times ad lib.

— Woah, — he — tears dry.