

Cannonball

Words & Music by Damien Rice

♩ = 74



There's still a lit-tle bit of your taste— in my mouth. There's still a lit-tle bit of you laced—

Db Db/C Db/Bb Db Db/C

— with my doubt. It's still a lit-tle hard__ to say,___ what's

G^bsus² Db/Bb

go-ing on.____ There's still a lit-tle bit of your ghost, -

Db Db/C Db/Bb Db Db/C

— your wit - ness. There's still a lit-tle bit of your face____ I have - n't__ kissed.

Db/Bb Db Db/C

— You step a lit - tle clos - er each day,____ still I can't say___ what's

D^b

D^b/C

D^b/B^b



D^b

D^b/C

D^b/B^b



D^b

D^b/C

D^b/B^b

D^b

D^b/C



D^b/B^b

D^b

D^b/C

D^b/B^b



There's still a lit-tle bit of your song — in my ear. There's still a lit-tle bit of your words, —

D^b

D^b/C

D^b/B^b



— I long to — hear. — You step a lit - tle clos - er to me, —

D^b

D^b/C

G^bsus²

D.S. al Coda

so close that I can't see what's go-ing on.

♠ *Coda*

G^bmaj⁷

A^bsus²

D^b

G^bsus²

A^bsus²/C

float like a can - non. Stones taught me to fly.

D^b

G^bsus²

A^bsus²/C

D^b

G^bsus²

Love taught me to cry. So come on, cou- rage, teach me to be shy,

A^bsus²/C

G^bmaj⁷/B^b

G^bmaj⁷

A^bsus²/C

'cause it's not hard to fall, and I don't wan- na scare her. It's not

G^bmaj7/B^b



G^bmaj7



A^bsus2/C



G^bmaj7/B^b



hard to fall, —

and I don't wan-na lose. —

It's not hard to grow, —

when you

G^bmaj7



A^bsus2/C



D^b/B^b



D^b



D^b/C



know that you just — don't know.

D^b/B^b



D^b



D^b/C



D^b/B^b



D^b



D^b/C



D^b/B^b



D^b



D^b/C



Play 3 times and fade