

# TEARS DRY ON THEIR OWN

Words and Music by AMY WINEHOUSE,  
VALERIE SIMPSON and NICKOLAS ASHFORD

Moderately slow

Emaj<sup>7</sup>

♩ = 90



All I can ev - er be to you  
I don't un - der-stand. Why

*mf*

G#m<sup>7</sup>



C#<sup>7</sup>



is the dark - ness we once knew  
do I stress a man\_

and this deep\_ re - gret\_ I had\_ to get ac -  
when there's so man - y big - ger things\_ than\_

F#m<sup>7</sup>





Emaj<sup>7</sup>



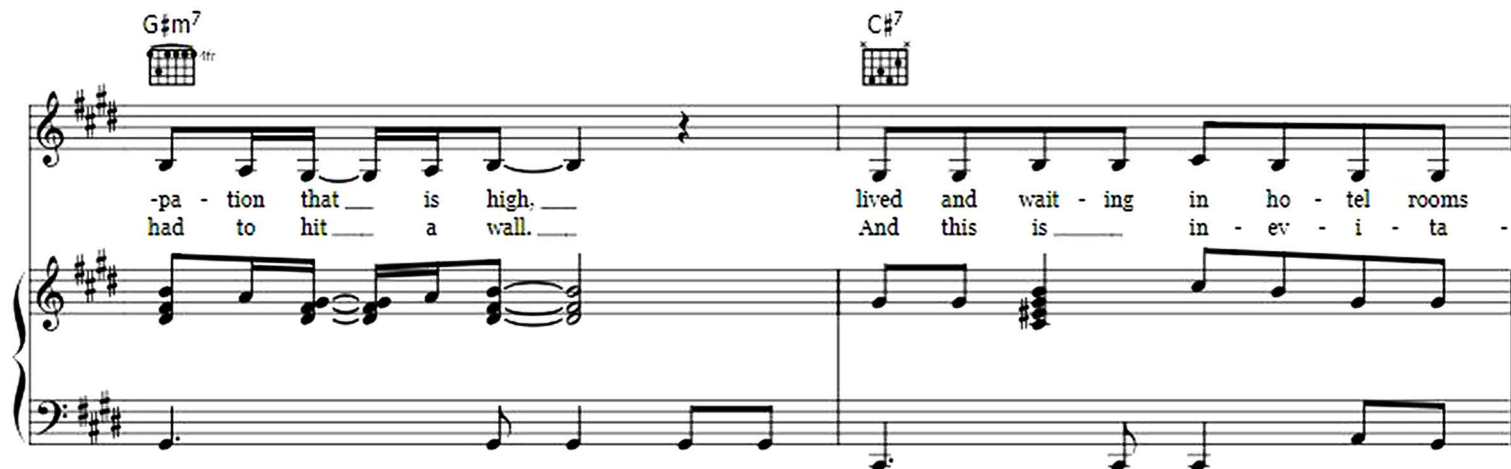
-cus - tomed to.  
him at hand?



We could 've

Once it felt\_ so right,\_ an - ti - ci -  
nev - er had\_ it all. We

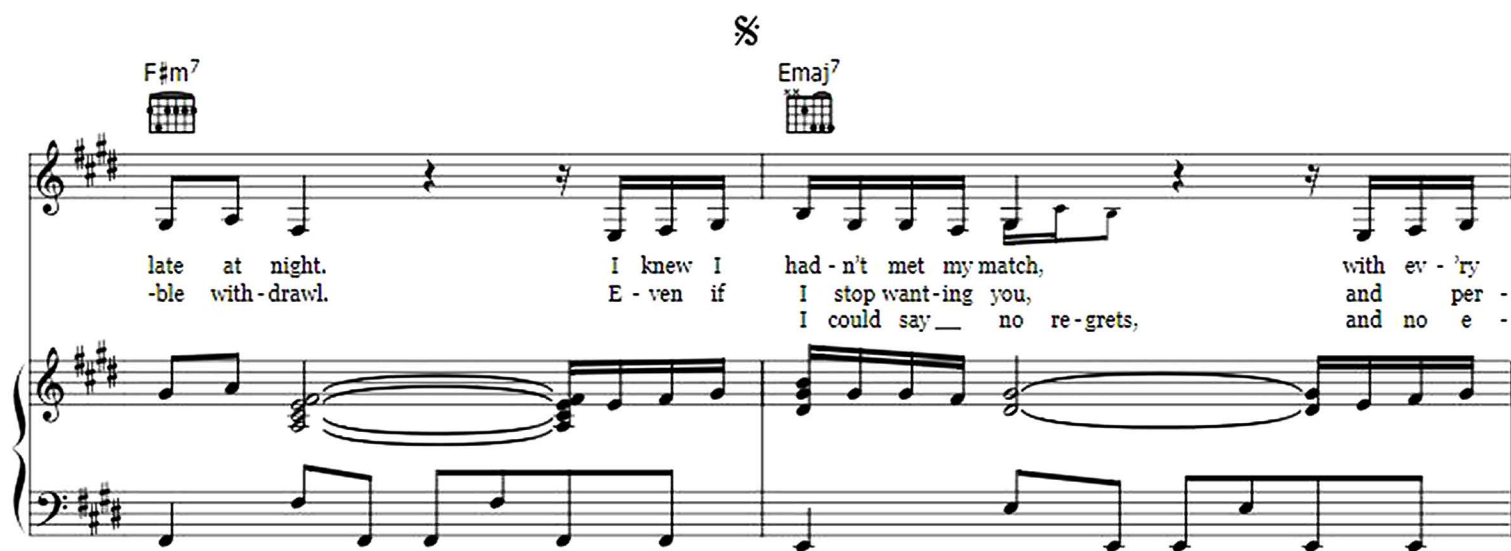
G#m7  C#7 



-pa - tion that is high, lived and wait - ing in ho - tel rooms  
had to hit a wall. And this is in - ev - i - ta -



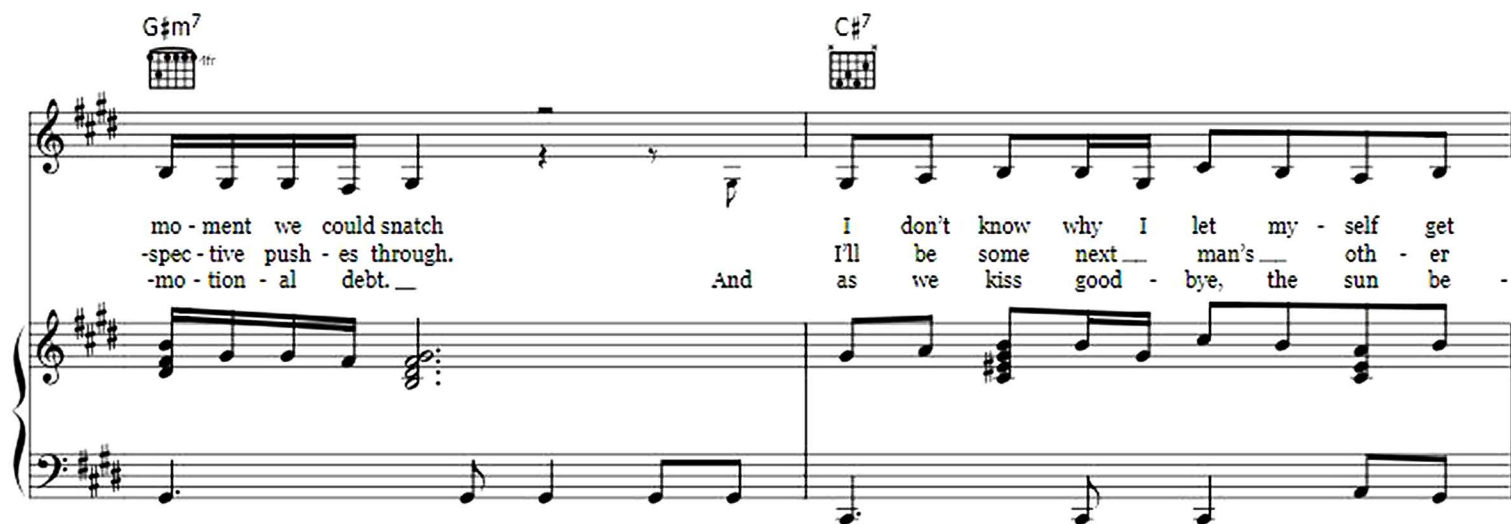
F#m7  Emaj7 

late at night. I knew I had - n't met my match, with ev - 'ry  
-ble with - drawl. E - ven if I stop want - ing you, and per -  
I could say no re - grets, and no e -



G#m7  C#7 

mo - ment we could snatch I don't know why I let my - self get  
-spec - tive push - es through. I'll be some next man's oth - er  
-mo - tion - al debt. And as we kiss good - bye, the sun be -



F#m7

Emaj7



so at - tached. It's my re - spon - si - bil - i - ty, and you don't  
 wom - an soon. I can - not play my - self a - gain. I should not  
 -hind you sets. So, we are his - to - ry. Your

G#m7

C#7





owe noth - in' to me. But to cut my - self of I have no ca -  
 be my own best friend. Not fuck my - self in the head with  
 shad - ow cov - ers me. The sky a - bove a blaze that on - ly

F#m7

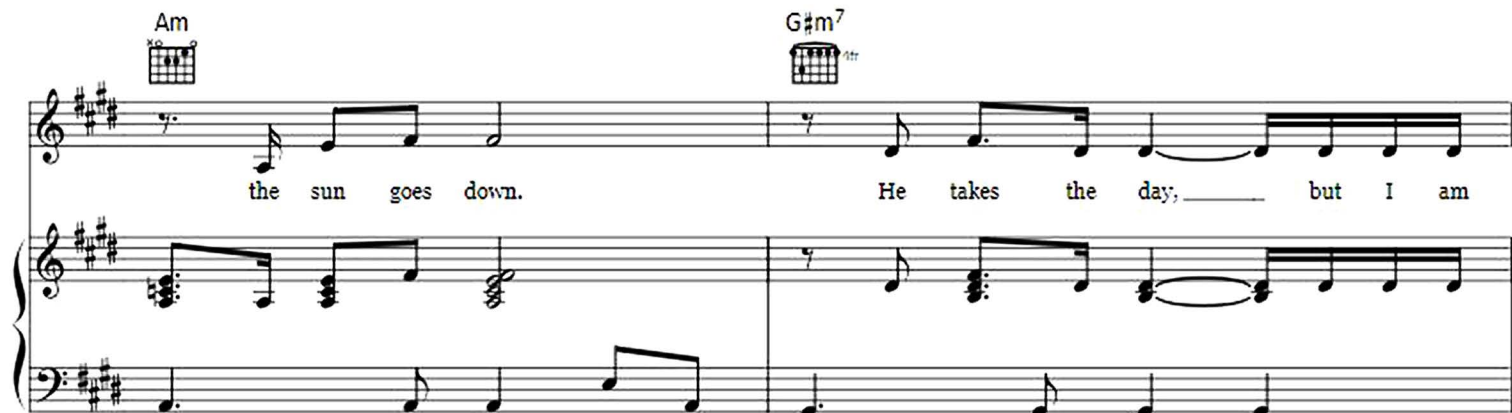
A







-pac - i - ty. He walks a - way,  
 stu - pid men.  
 lov - ers see.

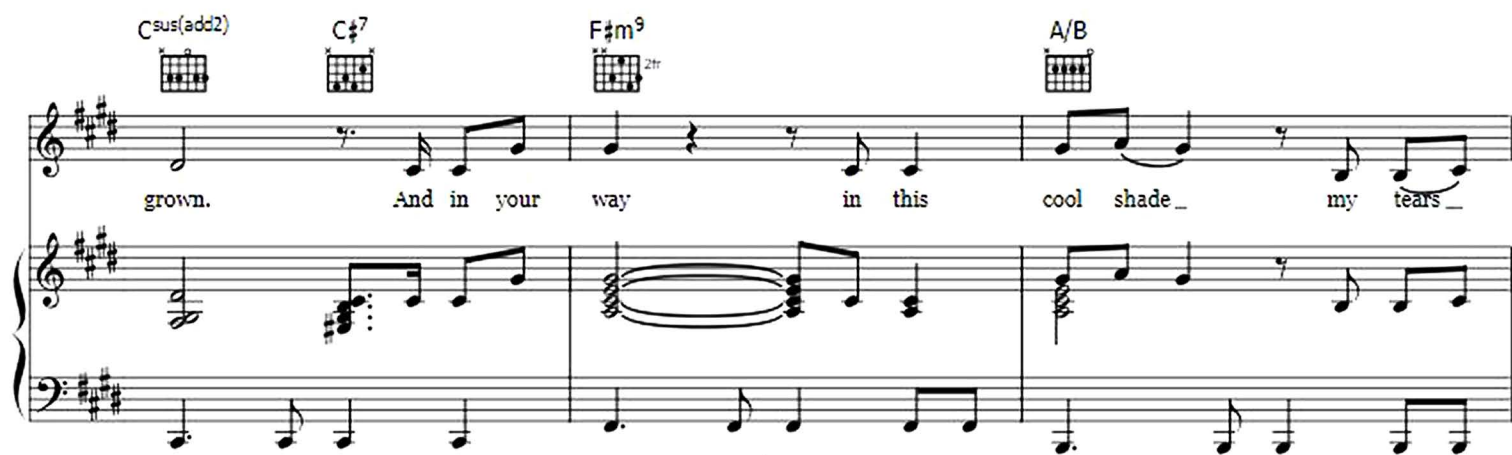
Am  G#m7 




the sun goes down. He takes the day, but I am



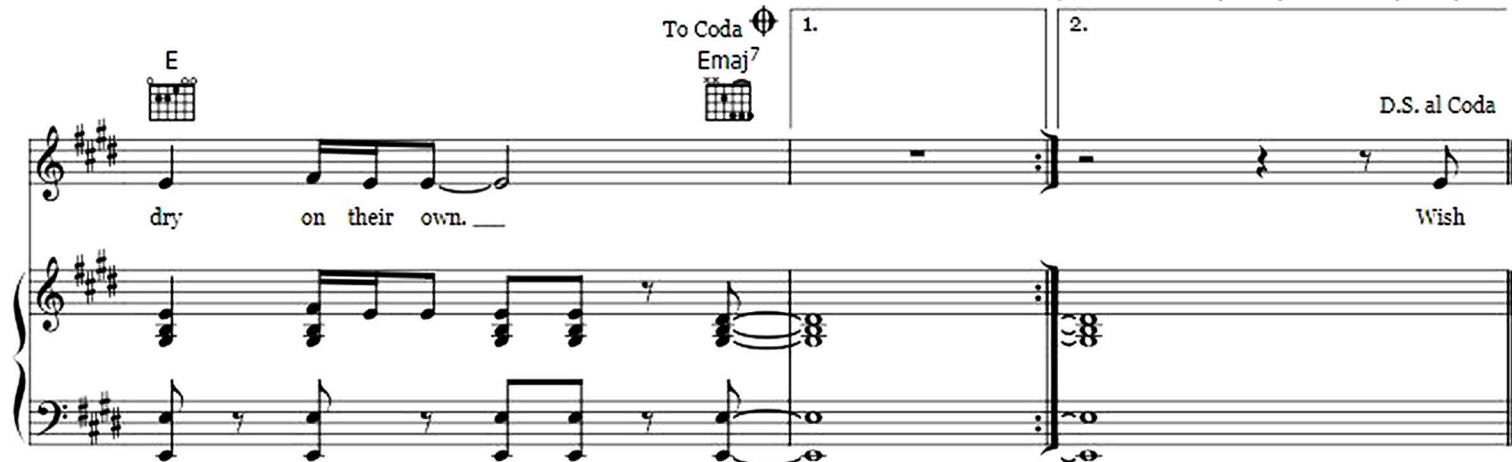
Csus(add2)  C#7  F#m9  A/B 



grown. And in your way in this cool shade my tears



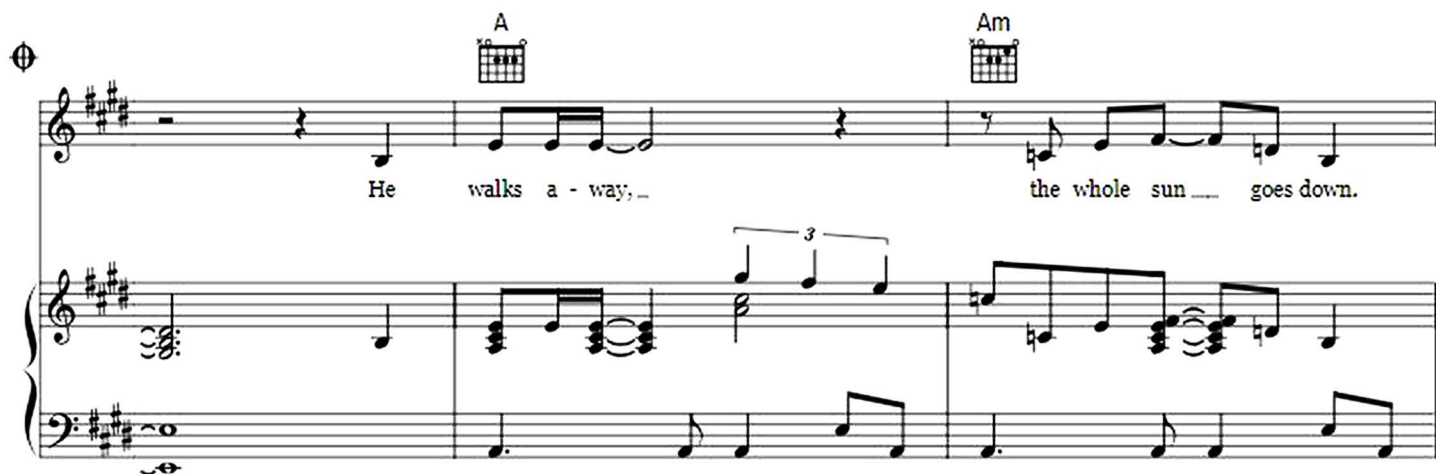
E  To Coda  Emaj7  1. 2. D.S. al Coda

dry on their own. Wish



A  Am 



He walks a - way, the whole sun goes down.



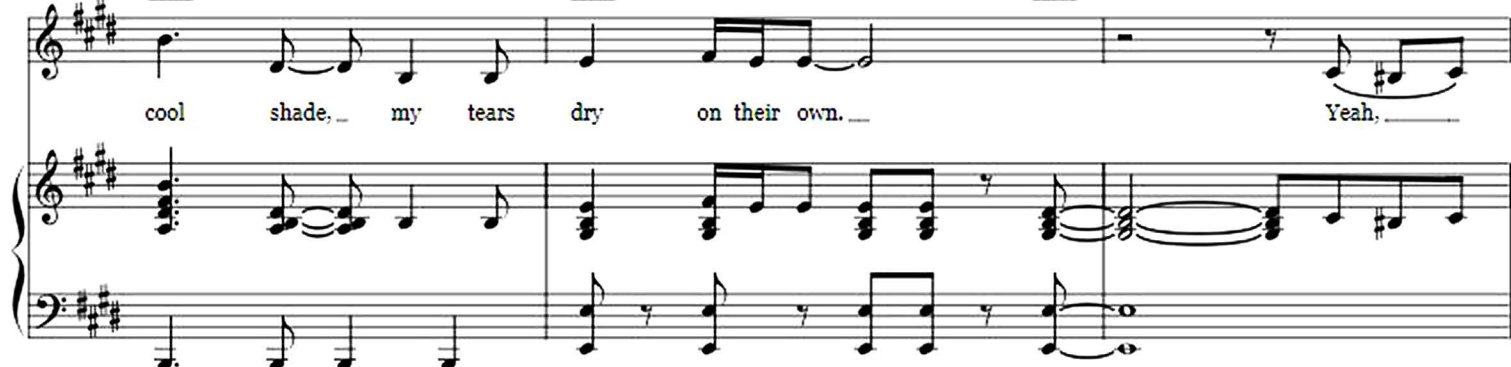
G#m<sup>7</sup>  C#sus(add2)  C#<sup>7</sup>  F#m<sup>9</sup> 





He takes the day, — but I am grown. Ba-by, in your grey, in this




B<sup>7</sup>  E  Emaj<sup>7</sup> 



cool shade, — my tears dry on their own. — Yeah, —



F#m<sup>7</sup>  B<sup>7</sup>  E  Emaj<sup>7</sup> 

leave your gray to shade, — my tears dry on their own. —



F#m<sup>7</sup>  A/B 

In — your gray, — in this — cool — shade — my tears

