

C
There's Pictures Of Her Mother On The Wall
F
And When She Speaks, She Don't Look At Me At All
F *C*
She Likes To Check The Time Now And Then
G *C*
And I Start Whistling Cannonballs Again

C
Her Old Man Sleeps Till Dark Every Day
F
Then She Cleans And Puts The Ashtrays Away
F *Am*
I Think That I Could Make Her My Friend
G *C*
But I've Been Whistling Cannonballs Again

F *C*
And As She Pulls Her Skirt Above Her Knees
G *C*
I'm Thinking Bad Things Always Come In Threes
F *C* *F*
And So It Finished Right Where It Began
F *G* *C*
And I Went Whistling Cannonballs Again

C
Fragile Like A Teacup In A Storm
F
Sweet And Tender Like A Nurse In Uniform
F *C*
But Every Time I Here A Violin
G *C*
Then I Start Whistling Cannonballs Again

C
So She Curled Up Like A Cat In The Chair
F
With Her Fingers Drawing Circles In The Air
F *Am*
Stared Me Down And Said "lets Not Pretend
G *C*
That You Weren't Whistling Cannonballs Again

F *C*
And Without A Breath She Made It Pretty Clear
G *C*
That I Should Close The Door And Disappear
F *C* *F*
It's Been So Long I Don't Remember When
F *G* *C*
I Started Whistling Cannonballs Again
F *C* *F*

It's Been So Long I Don't Remember When
F G C
We Started Whistling Cannonballs Again

[AKORTR](#)