

Nothing Better by The Postal Service

C Am F G Am F G (G7)

Will someone please call a surgeon, who can crack my ribs and repair this
broken heart that you're deserting, for better company
I can't accept that it's over and I will block the door like a goalie
tending the net in the third quarter, of a tied game rivalry

So, just say how to make it right and
And I swear I'll do my best to comply
Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together

I feel I must interject here you're getting carried away feeling
sorry for yourself with these revisions and gaps in history
So let me help you remember, I've made charts and graphs that should
finally make it clear I've prepared a lecture on why I had to leave
So back away and let me go

I can't my darling I love you so (But oh oh.)

Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together

Tell me am I right
Don't you feed me lines about some ideallistic future

Tell me am I right
Your heart won't heal right if you keep tearing out the sutures

Male vocal part

C Am F G
I know that I have made mistakes

Am F G
And I swear I'll never wrong you again

Female Vocal Part

C Am F G
You've got a lure I can't deny

Am F G
But you've had your chance so say goodbye

C
Say goodbye.