

# The Postal Service

## Nothing Better

D G B m A / G - A A 7 ( 2 x )

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... 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 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**

**D G A F # m / /  
B m G A D B m / B m G A F # m B m / D - - -**

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 have to leave

**So, please back away and let me go  
I can't my darling i love you so... 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  
Don't you feed me lines about some idealistic future  
Your heart won't heal right if you keep tearing out the sutures**

**' / ' / ' / ' / 3<sup>rd</sup> / 4<sup>th</sup> / 3<sup>rd</sup> / 4<sup>th</sup> / 3<sup>rd</sup> / 4<sup>th</sup> /**

I admit that i have made mistakes and  
I swear I'll never wrong you again  
You've got a lure i can't deny,  
But you've had your chance so say goodbye / Say goodbye (*end on D*)