## <u>It's A Heartache</u>

	F	Am •	Bb •	C	Dm ••	C7	<b>C6</b>		
Intro:	F				Am				
	It's a fool's	s game,	nothii	ng but	a fools	game		•	
		Bb				F		C↑	
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clow-ow-own									
(come i	n)								
F			An	1					
It's a he	eartache, no	•	t a he	artach	е				
		Bb				F		C	
Hits you when it's too late, hits you when you're dow-ow-own									
F Am									
It's a fool's game, nothing but a fools game									
Bb F C									
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clow-ow-own									
F			An	1					
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache									
		Bb				F		C	
Love him 'till your arms break, then he lets you dow-ow-ow-own									
	Bb	C							
It ain't i	right with lo	ve to sha	are						
	Am	D	m	$\mathbf{C}^{\downarrow}$	<b>C7</b> ↓	$\downarrow$ C6 $\downarrow$	$\downarrow$		
When you find he doesn't care, for you									
$\mathbf{C}^{\downarrow}$	Bb		C						
It ain't wise to need some – one,									
	Am	Dn	1	$C \downarrow \downarrow$	C7↓↓				
As much as I depended on you									

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INTERLUDE:				
$C^{\downarrow\downarrow}$ F		Am		
It's a heartache, 1	nothing but a			
	Bb		F	C
Hits you when it's	too late, hit	s you when yo	ou're dow-ov	v-ow-own
F		Am		
It's a fool's game,	nothing but	a fools game		
Bh	-	F	C	
Standing in the co	ld rain, feeli	ng like a clow	-ow-ow-own	
F		A 200		
_		Am hoartacho		
It's a heartache, n	Bb	ileai tacile	F	C
Love him 'till your		then he lets		Ŭ
Bb	C	then he lets	you don on	ow own
It ain't right with l	ove to share			
_	Dm	$c \mid   c$	$\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$ $c_6\downarrow\downarrow$	
Am When you find he		0 0.	* * CO * *	
	doesh ( care,	ioi you		
$C \downarrow \qquad Bb$	C			
It ain't wise to ne	eed some – or			
Am	Dm	$C^{\downarrow\downarrow}$ $C^{7}$	$\downarrow\downarrow$ C6 $\downarrow\downarrow$	
As much as I dep	ended on	you		
$C \downarrow \downarrow F$		Am		
It's a heartache,	nothing but			
	Bb	u	F	C
Hits you when it's	too late, hits	s you when yo	ou're dow-ov	v-ow-own
F	•	Am		
It's a fool's game,	nothing but	a fools game		
Bł	)	F	C	$_{\mathbf{F}}\downarrow$

Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clow-ow-own