

Troubles with the Mood

Jefferson Berry

Intro/Turn Around

C#m C

Verse 1

E7

Packing one last time,

D7

Am I relying on

C#m7

Acceptance or denial of

C7

What's been going on?

Take whatever you like;

This Life is at an end.

Flat trappings of the past

Will slow my comeback down.

B4 C7

At this point of departure,

B4 C7

The Cry of July was born in March

B4

And I

Am Bm C

was so far away from you.

Am Bm

It was as if we had already

C

made the move.

Am7 Am7/G

And I was having Troubles

D/Gb

with the Mood

Intro/Turn Around

C#m C

Verse 2

Packing one last time,

Am I denying

The balance of the crying

Or have I had enough?

Got to be more to life.

Take a ride to the city.

A little late looking back,

Lacking pity without blame.

At this point of departure,

The Cry of July was born in March

And I was so far away from you.

Yes, you threw it all away

for something new.

And I was having Troubles

with the Mood

Packing one last time.

To yourself you're lying.

Apart of you is dying,

Still you're blaming someone else.

Say whatever you like:

In spite you find no gain.

You're a prisoner of the past.

Why has this lasted oh so long?

At this point of departure,

The Cry of July was born in March

And I was so far away from you.

It was as if we had already

made the move.

And I was having Troubles

with the Mood