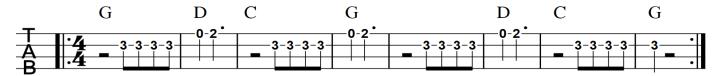
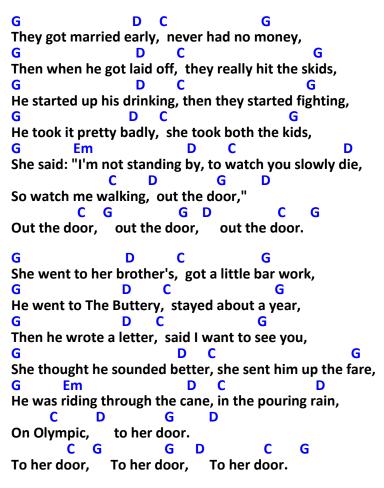
## **TO HER DOOR**

Paul Kelly

## G D C Em

## **INTRO/INSTRUMENTAL:**





## **INSTRUMENTAL**

D He came in on a Sunday, every muscle aching, Walking in slow motion, like he'd just been hit, D Did they have a future? Would he know his children? D Could he make a picture and get them all to fit? D He was shaking in his seat, riding through the streets, C In a Silver Top to her, Shaking in his seat, riding through the streets, D G D In a Silver Top, to her door, C G To her door, to her door, C G To her door.