

AFTERSHOCKS

Lyrics by
FRAN YORKEY

Music by
TOM KITT

Allegro, urgent $\text{♩} = 112$

F#m7

Gabe:

They've

Fmaj7(#11)

man - aged to get rid of me, re - turn me to the grave..

C#m/E

B(9)/D#

E - C - T., e - lec - tric chair, - we shock who we - can't save. They've

D(9)

A(9)/C#

cleared you of my mem - o - ry, and man - y more - as well. You

Bm7

C#7sus

C#7

Your
may have want - ed some of them, but who can ev - er tell? —

G

the
brain - waves are more reg - u - lar, — the chem - is - try — more pure;
mf

Bm/F#

headaches and the nau - se - a will pass and you'll en - dure;
your

Bm7(b5)/F

F#m

son is gone — for - ev - er, though, — of that the doc - tor's sure. The
rit. *rit.*

D(9) A(9)/C# D(9) A(9)/C# D(9) A(9)/C# Bm7

colla voce

mem-o-ries will wane... The af - ter - shocks_ re - main. You won - der which is worse, the

mp *mp* *mf* *mf*

F#m7 *a tempo*

symp - tom or the cure. They've

mp *mf* *a tempo*

Fmaj7(#11)

man - aged to get rid of me, I'm gone with - out_ a trace. But

subito p

C#m/E B(9)/D#

sear the soul_ and leave a scar_ no treat - ment can e - raise_ They

D(9) A(9)/C#

cut a - way_ the can - cer but for - got to fill_ the hole;_ they

mp

Bm7 C#7sus C#7

moved me from your mem - o - ry, I'm still there in your soul. Your

p

G

life goes back to nor - mal now,_ or so they all_ be - lieve... Your

mf

Bm/F#

heart is in your chest a - gain,_ not hang - ing from_ your sleeve. They've

Bm7(b5) *rit.* **F#m**

driv - en out the de - mons and they've earned you this re - prieve: The

f *rit.*

D(9) *colla voce* **A(9)/C#** **D(9)** **A(9)/C#**

mem - o - ries are gone. The af - ter - shocks_ live on... But with

mp *f* *rit.*

Bm7

noth - ing to re - mem - ber, is there noth - ing left to

mf

F#m7 *a tempo* **Bm7** *colla voce* **Diana:** *rit.* **mp**

grieve? With noth - ing to re - mem - ber...

a tempo *p* *rit.* *mp*