

# Affair Melancholia

Dm

She looked in his eyes

B<sup>b</sup>

C

Said, "Take me away from this rain."

Dm

Stared through the window

B<sup>b</sup>

C

The storm clouds were coming again

Gm

The next thing she knew

A

They were up in the air

Dm

B<sup>b</sup>

On a whim they were headed to Spain

Gm

On a word she had whispered

A

Dm

She'd been whisked off her feet once again

It did not get better

Bad weather had followed her there

She looked in his eyes

Felt nothing but her deep despair

But the next thing she knew

They were both in the bed

On a whim they were lovers in Spain

On a word he had whispered

She'd been whisked off her feet once again

She looked in his eyes

Saw the face of a stranger within

Fell into a chasm

The cost of her own caving in

The next thing she knew

She had fled from the room

On a whim she ran into the rain

The voice in her head said

"Whisked off your feet once again!"