

Blue Valentines

Words and Music by
Tom Waits

Freely

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is for guitar, showing chords E9, Dm7, E9, and Dm7 with fingerings (0)x, xx0, (0)x, and 0 respectively. The second staff is for piano/vocal, with a dynamic marking *mf*. The third staff is for bass. The bottom staff is for guitar, showing chords Am7, A7, Dm7, and E9 with fingerings x0, 000, xx0, and (0)x respectively. The vocal part includes lyrics and some grace notes. Measure numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 are indicated above the staff.

She sends me blue _____ val - en - tines _____ all the way from Phil - a -

del - phi - a _____ to mark the an - ni - ver - sar - y _____ of

some-one that I used to be. And it feels like a war - rant is

Am7 (x0) 3 A7 (0 0 0) 3 Dm7 (xx0) 3
 out — for my ar - rest, — Ba - by, you got me check-in' in my

E9 (0x) 3 Am7 (x0) 3 A7 (0 0 0) 3
 rear view mir - ror. — That's why I'm

Dm7 (xx0) 3 E7 (0 0 0) 3 Am7 (x0) 3
 al - ways on the run, That's why I changed my name, And I

B7 (x 0) 3 E9 (0x) 3 1.2.3.
 did - n't think you'd ev - er find me here To send me

4.

Dm7
xx0

E9
(0)x 3

Dm7
xx0

These blue val - en - tines, — blue

E9
(0)x 3

Dm7
xx0

E9
(0)x

Am7
x0

val - en - tines, — Blue val - en - tines. —

ritard.

2. Blue valentines, like half-forgotten dreams,
Like a pebble in my shoe as I walk these streets,
And the ghost of your memory
Baby, there's a sizzle in the kiss,
It's the burglar that can break a rose's neck,
It's the tattooed broken promise.
I got eyes beneath my sleeve,
I'm gonna see you every time I turn my back.

3. You send me blue valentines, though I try to remain at large,
They're insisting that our love must have a eulogy.
Why do I save all this madness here in the nightstand drawer,
There to haunt upon my shoulders, baby, I know
I'd be luckier to walk around everywhere I go
With this blind and broken heart that sleeps beneath my lapel,
Instead these . . .

4. Blue valentines to remind me of my cardinal sin,
I can never wash the guilt or get these bloodstains off my hands,
And it takes a lot of whiskey to make these nightmares go away.
And I cut my bleeding heart out every night,
And I'm gonna die just a little more
On each Saint Valentine's Day.
Don't you remember, I promised I would write you
These blue valentines, blue valentines,
Blue valentines.