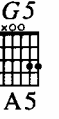
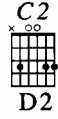
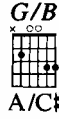
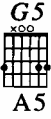


# TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

Moderately fast ♩ = 144

Words and Music by  
STEVEN PAGE and ED ROBERTSON

Guitar Capo 2 →



Piano →

*f*

Verse 1:

1. You say, "Why does ev - 'ry - thing re - volve -

a - round you?" You say, "Why does ev -

C2/G



G5



'ry - thing I do con - found you?" You say

G/B



C



G/B



that I pulled the world from un - der you, you can't.

A



go through it this time. And I could be

Chorus:

G



D



F



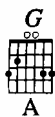
C



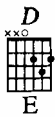
D



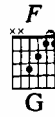
good, and I would if I knew I was un - der - stood. And it - 'll be



A



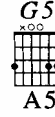
E



G

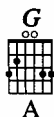


D

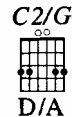


A5

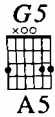
great, just wait, or is it too lit - tle too late? Who!



A

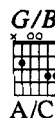


D/A

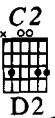


A5

Verse 2:

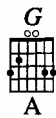


A/C#



D2

2. One day this em - bar - rass - ment will fade



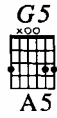
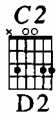
A



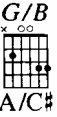
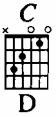
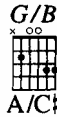
A/C#

be - hind me, and that day I could think

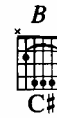
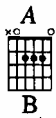
(2nd time - Inst. solo ad lib....)



\_\_\_\_\_ of things that won't re - mind me. But these days

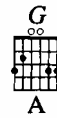
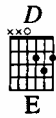
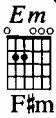


it's un - bear - a - ble for both of us, we can't.

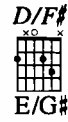
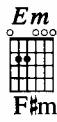


dis - cuss it this way, this way. ...end solo)

Bridge:

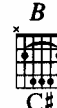
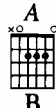
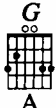


I'm gain - ing strength, trying to learn to pull my own  
Re - cord and play, af - ter years of end - less re -



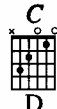
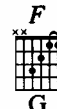
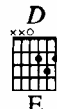
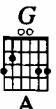
weight. I'm gain - ing pounds at the pre -  
wind. Yes - ter - day was - n't half -

To Coda



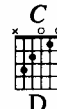
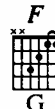
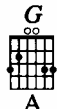
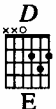
ci - pice of too late, just wait. I could be  
as tough as this

Chorus:













good, and I would if I knew I was un - der -

D.S. al Coda



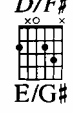
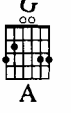
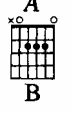
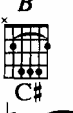
stood. And it - 'll be great, just wait, or is it too lit - tle too late?

Coda

 A  
 B  
 G/B  
 A/C#  
 C2  
 D2  
 D  
 E  
 Em  
 F#m


time. This time is - n't Hell, last time I could - n't tell,

*mf*

 D/F#  
 G  
 A  
 B

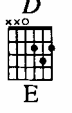
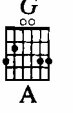
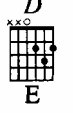
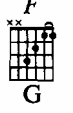
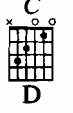
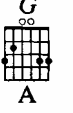
this mind was - n't well, next time, hope.

Chorus:


 G  
 D  
 F  
 C


I'm going to be good, and I would if I knew I was un - der -


*cresc.* *f*


 D  
 G  
 D  
 F  
 C  
 G

stood. And it - 'll be great, just wait, or is it too lit - tle too late? Good,


D  
  
 E


F  
  
 G


C  
  
 D


D  
  
 E


and I would if I knew I was un - der - stood. And it - 'll be




G  
  
 A

D  
  
 E


F  
  
 G


C  
  
 D


G5  
  
 A5

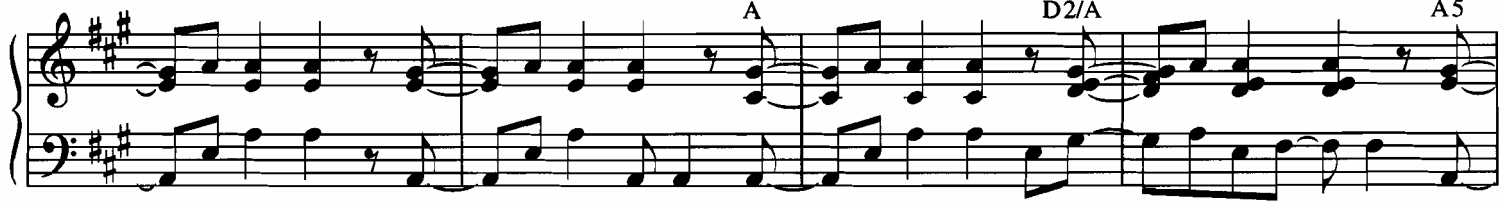
great, just wait, or is it too lit - tle too late?





G  
  
 A

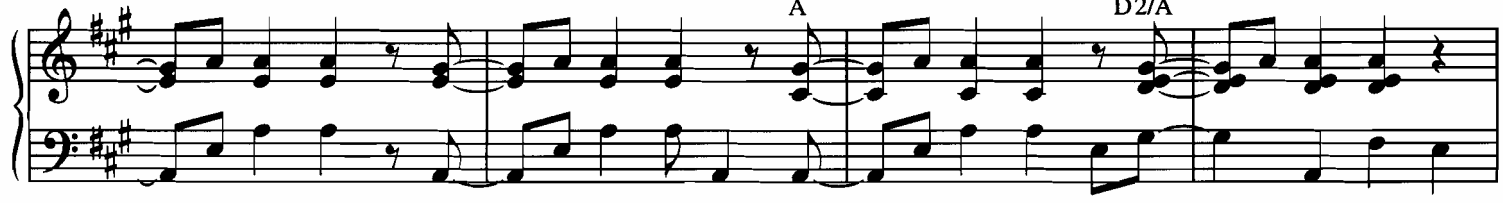
C2/G  
  
 D2/A


G5  
  
 A5



G  
  
 A

C2/G  
  
 D2/A



G5  
  
 A5

