

AMAZING

Words and Music by STEVEN TYLER
and RICHIE SUPA

Moderately (not too fast)

Am G/A Am

mf

Em7 Am G/A

I kept the right ones out and let the wrong ones in, had an
lost my grip and I hit the floor, yeah, I
learn to crawl be-fore you learn to walk, but I

C7 F

an - gel of mer - cy to see me through all my sins. There were
thought I could leave but could-n't get out of the door. I was
just could-n't lis - ten to all that right - eous talk. I was

Fm6/Ab C/G

times in my life when I was go - ing in - sane I was
so sick and tired of liv - ing a lie.
out on the street just try'n to sur - vive,

F#m7b5

F

2,3

try'n to walk through the pain. ____ When I
 wish - ing that I would die. ____
 scratch - ing to stay a - live. ____ } It's a

C

Em7

F

C/E

maz - ing, ____ with the blink of an eye ____ you fin - 'ly see ____ the light.

G

C/G

G7

C

Em7

Oh, ____ it's a - maz - ing, ____ when the

F

C/E

G

C/G

mo - ment ar - rives ____ that you know you'll be ____ al - right.

G7 F C/E

{Yeah,} Oh, it's a - maz ing, and I'm

D7 G7sus C

To Coda

say - ing a prayer_ for the des - per - ate hearts_ to - night. _

G/B Am

That one last shot's a per - ma - nent_ va - ca -

D7 F

tion, _ And_ how high can you fly_ with bro - ken wings?_

C G/B Am

Life's a jour - ney, not a des - ti - na -

D7 F G C/G G7

tion, and I just can't tell just what to-mor-row brings.

D.S. al Coda

You have to


CODA C Dm

The

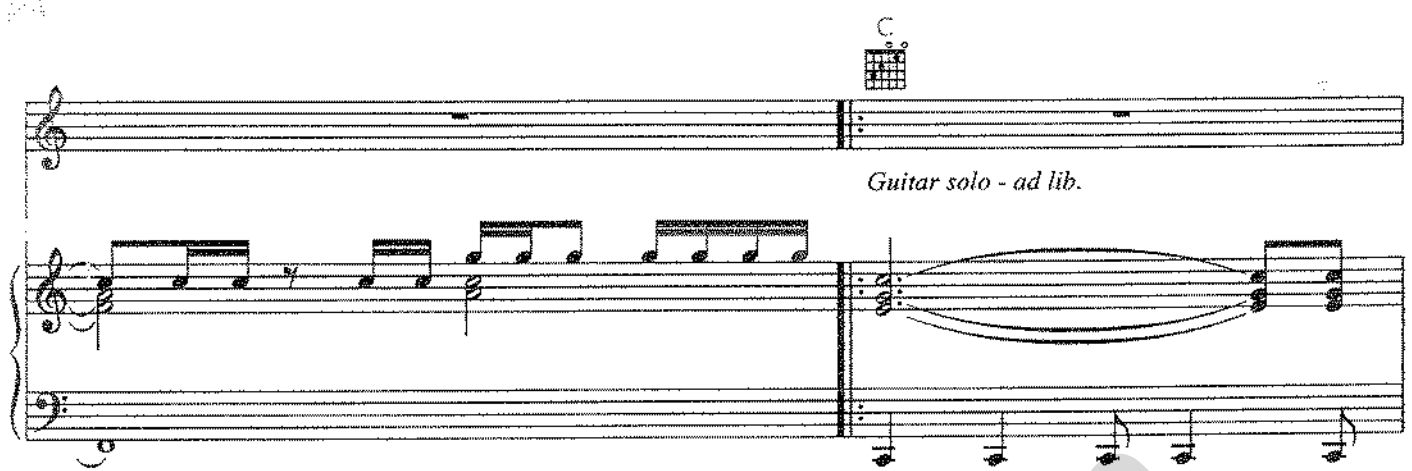
C/E F

des-per-ate hearts, des-per-ate hearts. *Vocal ad lib.*

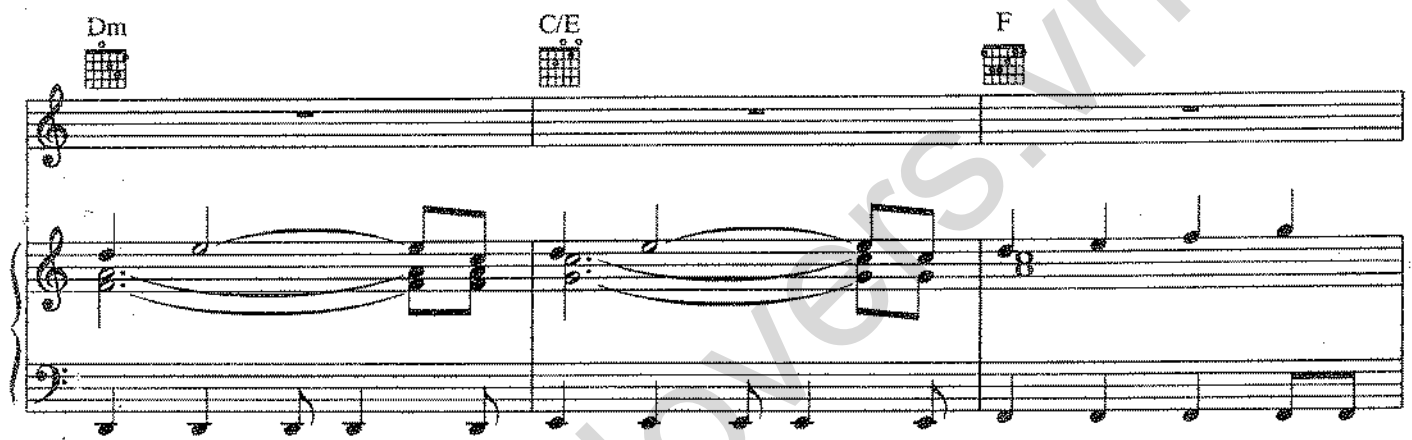

C



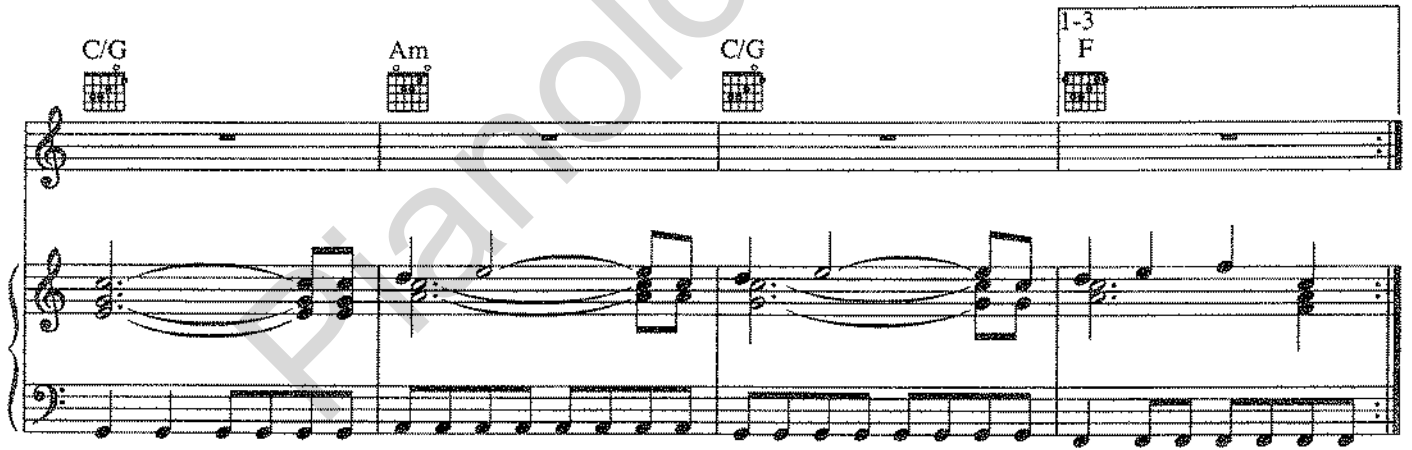

Guitar solo - ad lib.



Dm C/E F



C/G Am C/G 1-3 F



4 F C C7

