

# SYCAMORE

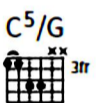
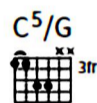
Words and Music by ED SHEERAN  
and AARON DESSNER

Steady Ballad

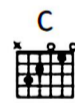
N.C.



Sy-ca-more in the sum-mer, bear-ing leaves. Swing, you're push-ing our daugh-ter un-der-  
shade from beat-ing sun. Noth-ing more than a word, a smok-ing



-neath. Flowers bloom in the gar-den, sway in breeze. Just i-mag-ine a world where we could  
gun. What a puz-zle is this to be in love. To be plant-ing your roots, then dig them



be. Right now in the wait-ing room, e-mo-tions run-ning wild.  
up. Wait-ing on pro-fes-sion-als to tell you how it is.

G Am C

Wor-ried 'bout my lov - er and I'm wor-ried 'bout our child. Part of me was al - ways in de - nial. It's  
 What's he gon - na say af - ter "I think you bet - ter sit"? Brace your-self, some-thing's a - bout to hit. It's

G F C G F C

gon-na take a lit-tle while. \_ But in our sto - ry, love \_ in, love out. We are glo - ri - ous. \_\_\_\_\_  
 gon-na take a lit-tle while. \_

G F C G F C

\_\_\_\_\_ In our sto - ry, love \_ in, love out. We are glo - ri - ous. \_\_\_\_\_

1.  2.    

Sy-ca-more bring-ing In our sto - ry, love in, love out. We are

glo - ri - ous. In our sto - ry, love in, love out. We are glo - ri - ous.

Sy - ca - more in the field, a lone - ly

tree. Dar-ling, what will be - come of you and me?