

TOO MUCH TO ASK



Words and Music by AVRIL LAVIGNE
and CLIF MAGNESS

Moderate Waltz

C#m7b5



Cmaj7



C#m7b5



mf

Cmaj7



Gmaj7/D



It's the first time I ev - er felt — this lone - ly. I



wish some - one would cure this pain.

It's fun - ny when you think it's gon - na

Em Gmaj7 D C Gmaj7 D Em Gmaj7 F#

work out, till you chose weed o - ver me. — You're so lame. I

G D/F# Em G D/F#

thought you were cool — un - til the point, — up — until the point — you did - n't

Em C Gmaj7/D Em Gmaj7/D

call me when you said you would. — Fi - n'ly fig - ured out you're all the same. Al-ways

C Gmaj7/D Em Gmaj9/F# G G/B

com - in' up with some kind of sto - ry. Ev - 'ry time I try to make you smile —

C G G B C D5

— you're al - ways _ feel - in' sor - ry for your - self. —

G D/F# Em Em/D C#m7b5

Ev - 'ry time I try to make you laugh, — you can't, you're too tough. —

Cmaj7 C#m7b5 Cmaj7 Gmaj7/D

— You think you're love - less. — Is that too much that I'm ask - in' for?

G D/F# Em G D/F# Em

G D F# Em G D F#

Thought you'd come a - round when I ig - nored you. Sort of thought you'd have the de - cen - cy to

Em C Gmaj7/D Em Gmaj7/D

change. But babe, I guess you did - n't take that warn - ing 'cause

C Gmaj7/D Em Gmaj9/F# G G/B

I'm not a - bout _ to look at your face _ a - gain. _ Can't _ you see _ that you lie to your - self? _

C G G/B C D5 Str G D/F#

_ You can't see the world _ through a mir - ror. It won't be too late when _

Em Em D C#m7b5 Cmaj7 Cmaj7 D

the smoke clears — 'cause I, I am still here. — But

G G/B Cmaj7 G G/B

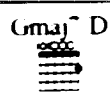
ev - 'ry time I try to make you smile — { you'd al-ways go off feel-in' sor-ry for your -
 you're al-ways feel-in' sor-ry for your -

C D5 G D/F# Em Em/D

self. — } Ev - 'ry time I try to make you laugh —
 self. — }

C#m7b5 Cmaj7 C#m7b5

{ you'd stand like a stone, — a - lone in your zone. — Is that too
 { you can't, you're too tough. — You think you're love - less. — It was too



To Coda



much that — I'm ask - in' for? }
much that — I asked him for? }

Yeah, — yeah, — yeah. yeah. —



can't find where I am.

Ly - ing here a - lone in fear.

A - fraid of — the dark. No



D.S. al Coda

one to claim. A - lone a - gain.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, — can't

CODA

