

Fair-weather Friend

Tommy Montgomery

$\text{♩} = 120$

3

6

9
some kind of lead
6

17
verse

I washed my hands_ in ho - ly wa - ter but I still_ seem_ to bleed.

20

I sent my mo - ney to your temp-le

23

but I still_ feel_ your greed._ But now I_ see_

26

what it means_ to be_ all a - lone_ with just a fair weath - ered

29

friend. 8 verse

intro riff 8

I lift my eyes_

39

and beg for mer - cy but I'm too_ blind_ to see_

42

all the things_ you hold a - gainst_ me

44

and what might_ set_ me free._

46

48

50

52

chorus riff 8