

# Fair-weather Friend

Tommy Montgomery

$\text{♩} = 120$

3

6

9  
some kind of lead

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