

# Better Together

Jack Johnson (2005)

There's no combination of words I could put on the back of a postcard

No song that I could sing, but I can try for your heart,

Our dreams, and they are made out of real things,

Like a shoe box of photographs with sepia-toned loving,

Love is the answer, at least for most of the questions in my heart, like:

Why are we here? And where do we go? And how come it's so hard?

It's not always easy and sometimes life can be deceiving.

I'll tell you one thing, it's always better when we're together.

Mmm, It's always better when we're together.

Yeah, we'll look at them stars and we're together,

Well, it's always better when we're together.

Yeah, it's always better when we're together.

And all of these moments just might find their way into my dreams tonight,

But I know that they'll be gone when the morning light sings,

And brings new things, for tomorrow night you see,

That they'll be gone too, too many things I have to do,

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                  C                                  Em                  Am                  G  
But if all of these dreams might find their way into my day to day scene,  
          F                  C/E                  Dm                  G  
I'd be under the impression I was somewhere in between,  
          C                                  Em                  Am                  G  
With only two, just me and you, not so many things we got to do,  
          F                  C/E                  Dm                  G  
Or places we got to be, we'll sit beneath the mango tree, now ...

F                                  G  
Yeah, it's always better when we're together.  
F                                  G  
Mmm, we're somewhere in between together,  
F                                  G  
Well, it's always better when we're together.  
F                                  G  
Yeah, it's always better when we're together.

Dm                  G                                  Dm                  G  
*I believe in memories, they look so, so pretty when I sleep,*  
                                  Dm                                  G          Dm                  G  
*Hey now, and when I wake up, you look so pretty sleeping next to me,*  
                  F                  G                                  F                  G  
*But there is not enough time, there is no, no song I could sing,*  
                  Dm  G  
*And there is no combination of words I could say,*  
          F  G  
*But I will still tell you one thing: we're better together.*

[Capo 5<sup>TH</sup> fret]