





When Doves Cry

Words and Music by
PRINCE

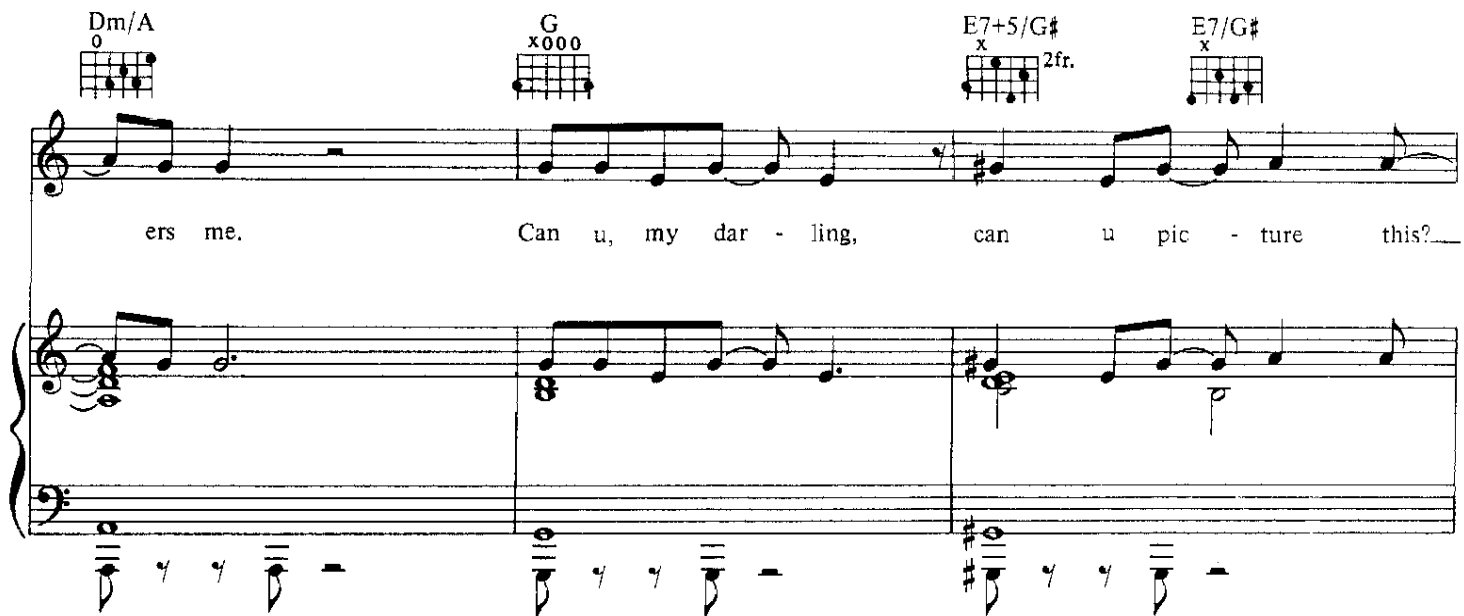
Medium tempo




Dig, if u will, the pic - ture of

u and I en - gaged in a kiss. The sweat of your bod - y cov -

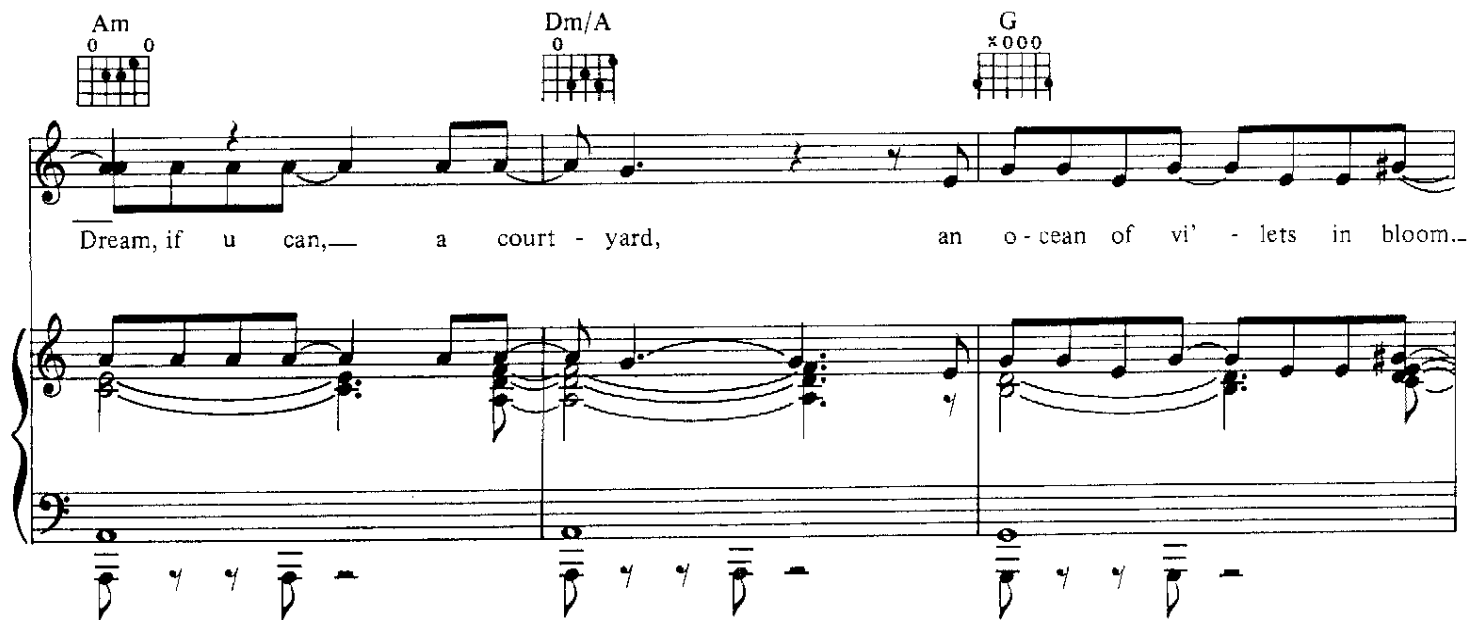





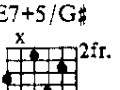



ers me. Can u, my dar - ling, can u pic - ture this?



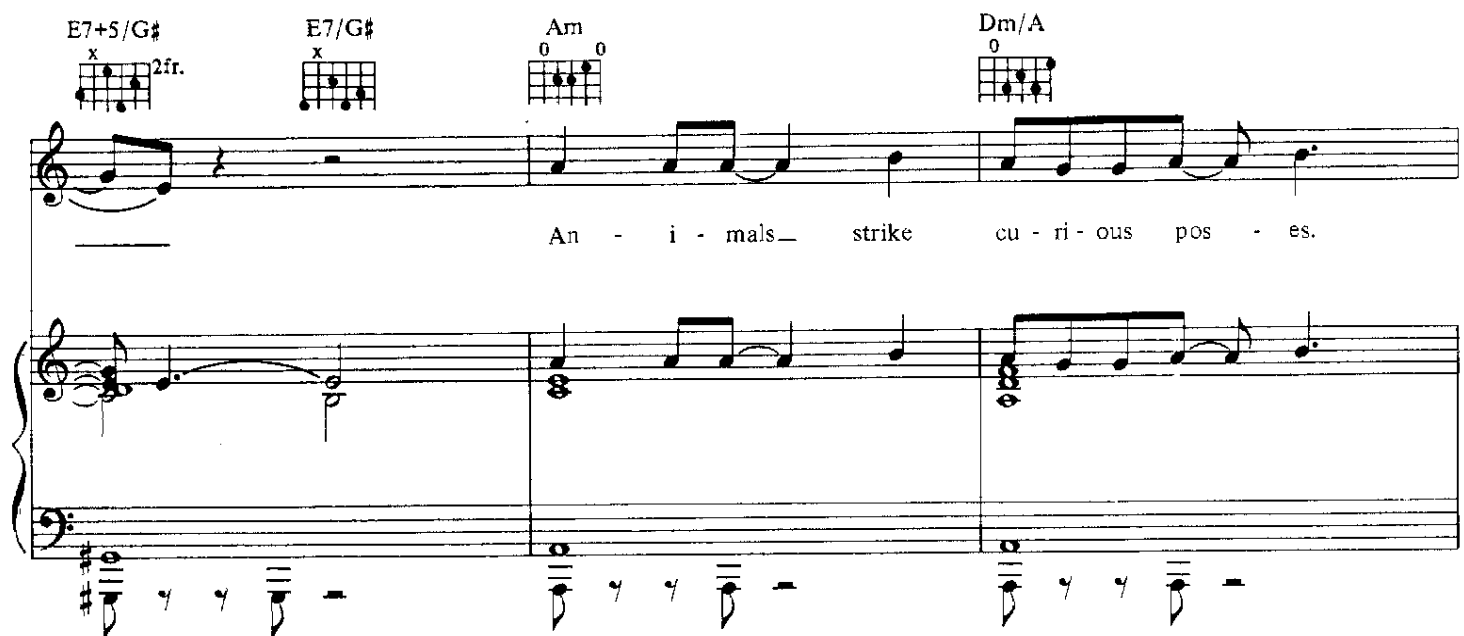




Dream, if u can, — a court - yard, an o - cean of vi' - lets in bloom.



An - i - mals — strike cu - ri - ous pos - es.



G x000 E7+5/G# x 2fr. E7/G# x Am 0 0

They feel the heat, the heat be-tween me and u.
How can u just— leave me stand-

Dm/A 0 G x000 E7+5/G# x 2fr. E7/G# x

ing a-lone in a world—that's so— cold?

Am 0 0 Dm/A 0 G x000

May-be I'm just— 2 de-mand-ing. May-be I'm just— like my

E7+5/G# E7/G# Am Dm/A


fa - ther: 2 bold. May - be you're just — like my moth - er.


G E7+5/G# E7/G# Am


She's nev - er sat - is - fied. — Why do we scream — at each oth -


Dm/A G E7+5/G# E7/G# To Coda ♯


er? This is what it sounds like when doves — cry.
































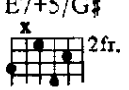





Touch, if u will, — my stom - ach.












Feel how it trem - bles in - side. You've got the but - ter - flies —



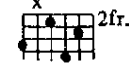
Dm/A



G



E7+5/G#



E7/G#



all tied up. Don't make me chase u. E - ven doves_ have pride..

Am



Dm/A



D.S. al Coda

Coda

No chord

How can u just_ leave me stand - ing a -