

F Ebmaj7

burn-ing the night_ like_ the dawn. Oh, the

12. Ebmaj7 Bb

dawn. Steam on the win - dow

decresc. *mf*

Gm Eb Eb Dm Cm Bb

salt in a kiss, two hearts have nev - er pound-ed like this.

rit. poco a poco

Verse 2:
 Steam on the window, Salt in a kiss:
 Two hearts have never pounded like this.
 Inspired by a vision
 That they can't command,
 Erasing the borders
 With each brush of a hand.
 (To Chorus:)

Bridge:

... end solo) Ah, but the blues will be blue and the jeal - ous - ies green, but when

F Gm F Eb Bb/D

love picks its shade, it de - mands to be seen. Oh, the

Gm Bb/F F F7sus F Fsus F

Chorus:

red strokes, pas - sions un - caged, thun - der - ing mo - ments of

Bb F Gm Ebmaj7

ten - der - ness rage. Woah, the red strokes, fear - less - ly drawn,

F7sus F Bb F Gm

Chorus:



red strokes, *f* (3rd time instr. solo ...)

pas-sions un - caged, -

thun-der - ing mo - ments of



ten-der-ness rage. — Woah, — the red strokes,

tem-pered and strong, —

1.

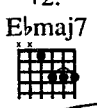
D.S.



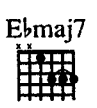
burn-ing the — night — like — the dawn. —

decresc.

2.



3.



dawn. —

THE RED STROKES

Words and Music by
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 JENNY YATES and GARTH BROOKS

Moderately slow $\text{♩} = 84$

mf

(with pedal)

Verse:

mf

1. Moon-light on can-vas, mid-night and wine, two shad-ows start - ing to

soft - ly com - bine. The pic - ture they're paint - ing is one of the heart, and to

those who have seen it, it's a true work of art. Oh, the
cresc.