

Dire Straits - Telegraph Road

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Tom: F
                                                                 yes and they say we're gonna have to pay what's owed
                                                                 we're gonna have to reap from seed that's been sowed
A long time ago came a man on a track
                                                                 and the birds up on the wires and the telegraph poles
walking thirty miles with a sack on his back
                                                                 they can always fly away from this rain and this cold
and he put down his load where he thought it was the best
                                                                 you can here them singing out their telegraph code
he made a home in the wilderness
                                                                 all the way down the telegraph road
         Dm
he built a cabin and a winter store
                                                              At 7:52
and he ploughed up the ground by the cold lake shore
and the other travellers came riding down the track
                                                                 You know I'd sooner forget but I remember those nights
and they never went further and they never went back
                                                                 when life was just a bet on a race between the lights
then came the churches then came the schools
                                                                                           C F
                                                                 you had your head on my shoulder you had your hand in my
                    Bb
then came the lawyers then came the rules
                 C F
then came the trains and the trucks with their loads
                                                                 now you act a little colder like you don't seem to care
and the dirty old track was the telegraph road
                                                                 but believe in me baby and I'll take you away
                                                                 from out of this darkness and into the day
                                                                 from these rivers of headlights these rivers of rain
Then came the mines - then came the ore
                                                                                          C7 F
                                                                 from the anger that lives on the streets with these names
then there was the hard times then there was a
                                                                                            C7 F
                                                                 'cos I've run every red light on memory lane
                                                                                    C7 F C
telegraph sang a song about the world outside
                                                                 I've seen desperation explode into flames
                    Gm7
telegraph road got so deep and so wide
                                                                 and I don't want to see it again. .
like a rolling river. . .
                                                                 From all of these signs saying sorry but we're closed
At 4:07
                                                                 all the way
                                                              At 9:32
    And my radio says tonight it's gonna freeze
people driving home from the factories
there's six lanes of traffic
    three lanes moving slow. . .
At 5:49
  I used to like to go to work but they shut it down
  I've got a right to go to work but there's no work here to
be found
                                                              (Fade out)
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Acordes

