

James Spaite - Killowen

G tom:

As joyful rocks came out to breath
A Feathers on stilts picked at the leaves
B Blue and white shells underneath my feet

And a golden-rose fire
Broken to coins on the water
By the tide and the way she sways
B B She sways the way she sways my mind

And the cold-bitter salt water
Up to my hips as I stripped to my knicks
Plastic bag in my fist
B Muscles tense, I lament
B For the poison in the beauty
(Dbm7 A Dbm7 A)

E Our fingertips searched the beach
For smooth stones to skip troughs and peaks
A It takes me back to the river weeks

And a golden-rose fire
Broken to coins on the water
By the tide and the way she sways
B B She sways the way she sways my mind

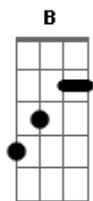
Dbm7 A And the cold-bitter salt water
E Up to my hips as I stripped to my knicks
Plastic bag in my fist
B Muscles tense, I lament
B For the poison in the beauty
(Dbm7 A Dbm7 A)

E A Nothing's perfect
E I know
A But discomfort's worth it
E If we want to grow
Dbm7 A There's not much time
E Before we go
B E B A So I will do my best today for tomorrow

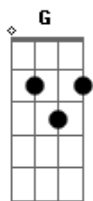
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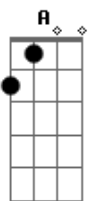
Acordes



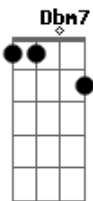
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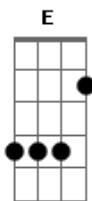
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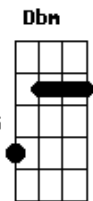
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