

James Spaité - 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

Dbm A
 And a golden-rose fire
 E Broken to coins on the water

By the tide and the way she sways
 B B She sways the way she sways my mind

Dbm 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

(Dbm A Dbm A)

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

Dbm A
 And a golden-rose fire
 E Broken to coins on the water

By the tide and the way she sways
 B B She sways the way she sways my mind

Dbm 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

(Dbm A Dbm A)

E A
 Nothing's perfect
 E I know
 A But discomfort's worth it

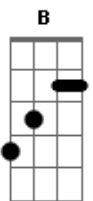
E
 If we want to grow
 Dbm A There's not much time
 E Before we go
 B E B A So I will do my best today for tomorrow

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

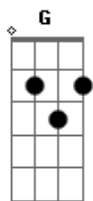
Dbm A
 And the cold-bitter salt water
 E Up to my hips as I stripped to my knicks
 Plastic bag in my fist
 B Muscles tense, I lament
 B For the poison in the beauty

(Dbm A Dbm A)
 (Dbm A Dbm A)
 (Dbm A Dbm A)
 (Dbm A Dbm A)

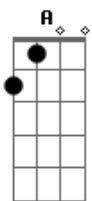
Acordes



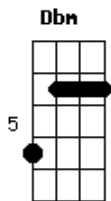
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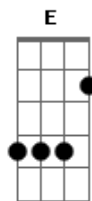
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