

Joanna Newsom - Sadie

Tom: **B**
(com acordes na forma de **G**)
Capostrate na 4ª casa
Tabbed by: Hackenbush
Email:

Tuning: EADGBE, Capoead at the 4th fret. The rhythm's not as complicated as it looks in places.

G **Bm** **C** **Bm**
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2
& 3 & 4 &

G **Em** **D** **C**
carry me home

G **Bm** **C** **Bm**
Bury this bone

G **Em** **D** **C**
take this pinecone

Bm **D** **Am** **C**
Bury this bone

G **G** **Em**
to gnaw on it later; gnaw on the telephone.

Bm **D** **Am** **C**
'Till then, we pray & suspend

G **G** **Em**
the notion that these lives do never end.

G
And all day long we talk about mercy:

G **C** **D** **G**
lead me to water lord, I sure am thirsty.

G
Down in the ditch where I nearly served you,

G **C** **D** **G**
up in the clouds where he almost heard you

C
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2
& 3 & 4 &

Em
And all that we built, and all that we breathed,

G **C**
and all that we spilt, or pulled up like weeds

G
is piled up in back; it burns irrevocably.

G
1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4 . & . 1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4
& .

Em **C** **D2/4**
(we spoke up in turns, 'till the silence crept over me)

G **G**
1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4 . & . 1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4
& .

G **Em** **D** **C**
Bless you
and I deeply do
no longer resolute
and I call to you

G **Bm** **C** **Bm**
But the water go so cold,
and you do lose
what you don't hold.

G **Em** **D** **C**
This is an old song,
these are old blues.
This is not my tune,
but it's mine to use.

Bm **D** **Am** **C**
And the seabirds
where the fear once grew
will flock with a fury,
and they will bury what'd come for you

G **G** **Em**
Down where I darn with the milk-eyed mender
you and I, and a love so tender,
is stretched-on the hoop where I stitch-this adage:
"Bless this house and its heart so savage."

Bm **D** **Am** **C**
And all that I want, and all that I need
and all that I've got is scattered like seed.
And all that I knew is moving away from me.
(and all that I know is blowing
like tumbleweed)

G **G** **Em**
And the mealy worms
in the brine will burn
in a salty pyre,
among the fauns and ferns.

G **C** **D** **G**
And the love we hold,
and the love we spurn,
will never grow cold
only taciturn.

G
And I'll tell you tomorrow.
Bless those who've sickened below;
bless us who've chosen so.

G **C** **D** **G**
And all that I've got
and all that I need
I tie in a knot
that I lay at your feet.
I have not forgot,
but a silence crept over me.
(So dig up your bone,
exhume your pinecone, my sadie)

G **C** **D** **G**
And all that I've got
and all that I need
I tie in a knot
that I lay at your feet.
I have not forgot,
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(So dig up your bone,
exhume your pinecone, my sadie)

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Acordes

