

Lucas Mayer - Black Sand

tom:

A

Hands on the wheel

My old lady would say

Of course they are

Of course they are not on you

Mountains form a wall

Along the way

The moss covers the fields

Where once lava drained away

D Gb

And from where I stand

B E

Black is the color of the sand

D B

And that's where your footprints

E A

Where stamped yesterday

(A Gb)

A

Eyes of the road

Gb

My old lady would say

A

Of course they are

F7M Gbm A

Of course they are not on you

A Gb

Waterfalls look like bridges and their veils

E

A lighthouse and some spouses

F7M Gbm Gb

Welcome home those who sailed away

D Gb

And from where I stand

B E

Black is the color of the sand

D B

And that's where your footprints

E A

Where stamped yesterday

D B

And that's where your footprints

E A

Where stamped yesterday

D Gb

And from where I stand

B E

Black is the color of the sand

D B

And that's where your footprints

E A

Where stamped yesterday

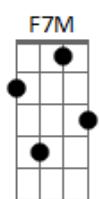
D B

And that's where your footprints

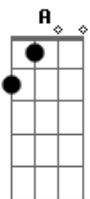
E A

Where stamped yesterday

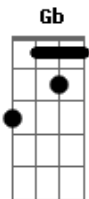
Acordes



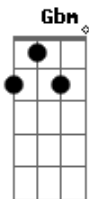
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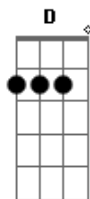
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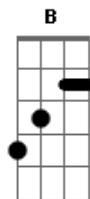
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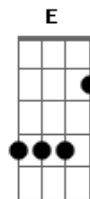
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