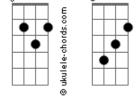


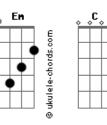
Pat Green - Poetry

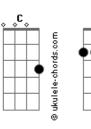
```
Intro: G Em G C G Em G C
                Fm
                     G
Some things I've done make my conscience burn,
My very spine shutter and squirm.
          Em
I only hope that I've learned from my sins.
                 Em G
I heard a voice when I was 13,
Got baptised and washed up clean.
But the world has a way, if you know what I mean,
Of scuffin' you up again.
D D
- I can't explain a blessed thing,
Not a fallen star or a feathered wing,
             D
Or how a man in chains can have the strength to sing.
     D G
(2."I'll Fly Away)
Just one thing is clear to me,
                                            (3.
like a bird)
There's always more than what appears to be
         D
                   D G C
And when the light's just right I swear I
see...poetry. -
G Em G C
                  Fm G
Well, somebody made everything
From my soul inside out to Saturn's rings,
                    Em G C
```

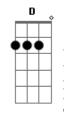
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How my baby smiles, how Ray Charles sings...
Of course we were created.
Clouds make rain, the ocean makes sand,
The earth breathes fire, and lava makes land.
                Em G
Well, that took a mighty hand
And a wild imagination.
- REPEAT CHORUS -
E A D 4x
                    Em
Dreams I dreamed came back ten-fold
From the friends that I have to the woman I hold.
        Em G
I look down on a street of gold,
After all the mud along the way.
                  Em G C
Sometimes a big ol' mystery can lead right in on me.
 G
                     Em G
Says that I am home and I am free...
And I'll take that anyday.
- REPEAT CHORUS -
   D
Just one thing is clear to me,
 С
There's always more than what appears to be
And when the light's just right I swear I
see...poetry.
```

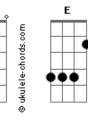
Acordes

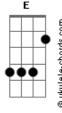


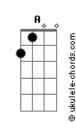












G Em G C