

# Shovels & Rope - The Last Hawk

Tom: A

(forma dos acordes no tom de G )

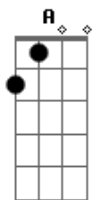
Capostrate na 2ª casa

Intro: C

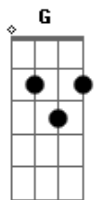
I hadn't seen the place since '68  
 When we all got high and we rolled that tape  
 We were holed up waiting for a call from the man  
 Who had crashed his bike and gave birth to the band  
 I frowned and bend in my special way  
 Told my daddy I was gonna teach them boys to play  
 'Cause sometimes you know what you know  
 You're never gonna learn if you can't let go  
 I'm the last hawk, flying over Woodstock  
 This is my last stop 'fore I'm on my way  
 They say if you've never been to Saugerties  
 Then you've never heard the wind whisper through the trees  
 Never known work till you've worked holes in your knees  
 And I betcha you've never heard any songs like these  
 They dragged our name through the mud out there  
 It didn't feel right and it didn't feel fair  
 'Cause that loud rock n' roll was too much to bear  
 For the soft-hearted poets down in Harvard Square  
 Lee got tired, spit and swear  
 Went floating down the river to a rig somewhere  
 'Cause sometimes you know what you know  
 You're never gonna learn if you can't let go

I'm the last hawk, flying over Woodstock  
 I can see the tree tops, praying for the rain  
 This is my last stop, gonna take a long walk  
 Before I take my boots off, I'll see ya round the way  
 This may be the last I'll see  
 Of the rotten old house down in Saugerties  
 I was here and I made a mighty stand  
 But I may never stand right there again  
 Play a sweet song on these old keys  
 And hope y'all might remember me  
 'Cause all that time is here and gone  
 Won't be no one left to carry it on  
 From my piano bench I saw it all  
 From the great ascension to the mighty fall  
 How could anyone know what we sang that day  
 Would tear your heart apart this way  
 All my brothers they have flown away  
 But I still got something left that I wanna say  
 It's that sometimes you know what you know  
 You'll never be free if you can't let go  
 I'm the last hawk, flying over Woodstock  
 I can see the tree tops, praying for the rain  
 This is my last stop, gonna take a long walk  
 Before I take my boots off, I'll see ya round the way  
 ( F G C )  
 ( F G C )

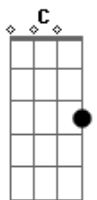
## Acordes



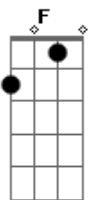
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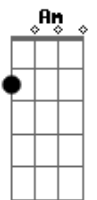
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