

Sleeping At Last - North

Tom: G

Intro: G C G
Em C G

We will call this place our home

The dirt in which our roots may grow

Though the storms will push and pull

We will call this place our home

We'll tell our stories on these walls

Every year, measure how tall

And just like a work of art

We'll tell our stories on these walls

Let the years we're here be kind, be kind

Let our hearts, like doors, open wide, open wide

Settle our bones like wood over time, over time

Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine

A little broken, a little new

We are the impact and the glue

Capable of more than we know

We call this fixer upper home

With each year, our color fades

Slowly, our paint chips away

But we will find the strength and the nerve it takes

To repaint and repaint and repaint every day

Let the years we're here be kind, be kind

Let our hearts, like doors, open wide, open wide

Settle our bones like wood over time, over time

Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine

Let the years we're here be kind, be kind

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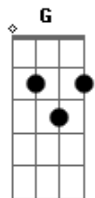
Smaller than dust on this map

Lies the greatest thing we have

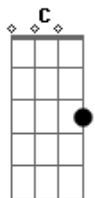
The dirt in which our roots may grow

And the right to call it home

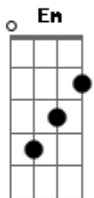
Acordes



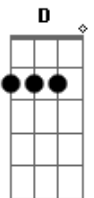
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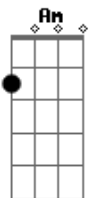
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