

Yaelokre - My Farewells To The Fields

tom:
 Ha, hmm, ha, hmm)
 (Ha-a, ha-a)

Where the yarrow grows

(Where the yarrow)

(Where the yarrow)

(Where the yarrow)

Where the yarrow grows!

Find me beneath the grove

Home, home, home

Home, home!

(Dm G)

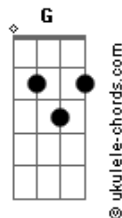
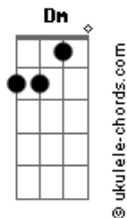
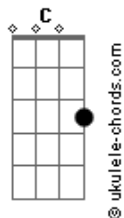
The hills were left quiet

And I am in hiding

They've forgotten, they've forgotten

I do not want to see

Acordes



I could hear and that's enough

The clashing of the hoards

Hoof by hoof, horn by horn

Raging song and an encore

I could barely speak

I could only hum a tune

And with that I am met

With a chorus I am soon

Sought and safe behind a wing

My farewells to the fields

To the man made of straws

To my name

To the hills

(La la la la-la, la-la)

(La la la la-la, la-la)

(La la la la-la, la-la)

(La la la la-la, la-la)