

Had looked at the still pale faces

E 5 555 (One row)

A 5 555 3 333 5 555 3 333 (One row)

D 5 555

Had looked at the still, pale faces

It was a return to absolute despair

Left that phase to turn to ponies

Without replying, trotting behind

To stand alone, differently

You're like a shaman, or a storyteller

With a little heat, with any response

Seeing the swollen joint and it's purple

A frozen and blank thought, a good destiny

You've already learned more than you wanted to know

You know you'll escape it

There is nothing but the hills

Though the songs were desolate, pale

Between peaks in a vast green valley

Are you ready, if it starts to rain

The wind is difficult to judge

Reach a similar conclusion

The approaches in the same confusion

Could force your way through

Nor anything then your own family