

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