

Had looked at the still pale faces

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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 learned more than you wanted to know  
I know you'll escape it  
There is nothing but 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