

Paradise

Bruce Springsteen

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Capo 3rd fret

Gm///F///Gm///

Where the river runs to [G]black
I take the schoolbooks from your [Am]pack
Plastics, wire and your [F]kiss
The breath of eternity on your [Am]lips
In the crowded market[G]place
I drift from face to [Am]face
I hold my breath and close my [F]eyes
I hold my breath and close my [Am]eyes
And I wait for para[G]dise
And I wait for para[Am]dise////G///Am

The Virginia hills have gone to [G]brown
Another day another sun going [Am]down
I visit you in another [F]dream
I visit you in another [Am]dream
I reach and feel your [G]hair
Your smell lingers in the [Am]air
I brush your cheek with my finger[F]tips
I taste the void upon your [Am]lips
And I wait for para[G]dise
And I wait for para[Am]dise [F]////[Am]////[G]////[Am]

I search for you on the other [G]side
Where the river runs clean and [Am]wide
Up to my heart the waters [F]rise
Up to my heart the waters [Am]rise
I sink `neath the water cool and [G]clear
Drifting down, I disap[Am]pear
I see you on the other [F]side
I search for the peace in your [Am]eyes
But they re as empty as para[G]dise
They re as empty as para[Am]dise//[F]//[Am]//[G]//[Am]//

I break above the [G]waves
I feel the sun upon my [Am]face
[Fade out]