

## Gentlemens Pact Smoke Signals

### Conor Oberst and the Mystic Valley Band

Conor Oberst - Gentleman s Pact (also known as Smoke Signals)

Standard Tuning

**C** **Am**  
I was lost for a while in the mirrored hallway of a high-rise hotel  
**F** **G**  
Umbrella drink in my hand, sitting there  
**C** **Am**  
Saw ten thousand meâ€™s with cocaine teeth and the chattering mouths  
**F**  
Thought about home thought about death  
**G**  
Thought about moving south  
**C**  
Rodeo wind blew in now the candles out  
**Am**  
And everyoneâ€™s scared  
**F**  
Call my broker sell everything  
**G**  
I want to be prepared  
**C**  
Heard the cavalry cry my girl for the night when  
**Am**  
I entered her  
**F**  
Sounds so fake, always feels fake finishes and  
**G**  
then it feels worst  
  
**F**  
But any hallway has a camera  
**F** **C** (hammer on D string 2nd fret)  
Every hallway has a camera donâ€™t you know?  
**F**  
They never let you open the window  
**F** **C** (hammer on D string 2nd fret)  
They never let you open the window  
  
**G7**  
Smoke signals of thought  
**C** **C/B** **Am**  
White ribbons of loss  
**Fm** **G** **C** (hammer on D string 2nd fret)  
High above the tree line They cry out

I froze up for a second on the pyramid side of the Las Vegas strip  
My brother hunched over in the bushes, getting sick  
Security knew he took one look and through us out, Life's not fair  
Thought I'd die young with my true love  
Thought I'd be a millionaire

In a mechanical world  
A loud sound you never heard is always there  
Radio's trailing in the desert  
Keep driving until you disappear

We made a gentleman's pact  
We're not stopping no looking back,  
Lace those shoes  
Take the first step, take the next step  
That a boy! It's never too soon

All that you keep is the journey  
All that you keep are the spaces in-between  
It's not the first start of the ending  
All that you keep is the journey

Smoke rings around your thoughts  
Blue ribbons at dawn  
High above the tree line  
We pass out

Smoke signals of thought  
White ribbons of loss  
High above the tree line  
They cry out