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Gentlemens Pact Smoke Signals
Conor Oberst and the Mystic Valley Band
Conor Oberst - Gentleman s Pact (also known as Smoke Signals)
Standard Tuning
С
                                             Am
I was lost for a while in the mirrored hallway of a high-rise hotel
\mathbf{F}
                          G
Umbrella drink in my hand, sitting there
C
                                                 Αm
Saw ten thousand meâ{\in} {}^{\rm t\!m}{\rm s} with cocaine teeth and the chattering mouths
Thought about home thought about death
G
Thought about moving south
C
Rodeo wind blew in now the candles out
Αm
And everyone's scared
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
\mathbf{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 don't you know?
\mathbf{F}
They never let you open the window
                                   C (hammer on D string 2nd fret)
They never let you open the window
G7
Smoke signals of thought
С
           C/B
                    Am
White ribbons of loss
                        C (hammer on D string 2nd fret)
Fm
          G
High above the tree line They cry out
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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