Those Final Feet
Cowboy Junkies


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Subject: c/cowboy_junkies/those_final_feet.crd

  THOSE FINAL FEET by the Cowboy Junkies

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More of my guitar music can be found at:
  http://www.ils.nwu.edu/~davies/

  [**G#**] [**Bbm**] [**C#**] [**G#**]
  [**G#**] [**Bbm**] [**C#**] [**G#**]

[G] Place my body on the [Am] funeral pyre,
[C] cut it loose to float down[G]stream.
[G] Leave it frozen on a [Am] mountain top,
[C] suspend it high to be picked [G] clean.

  You said [D] never to grow [C] old,
  but you for[G]got to tell me how. [G]
  You said [D] never to grow [C] old
  and then sank your [G] teeth into those final feet. [G]

[G] Last night I dreamt of [Am] owls at my window.
[C] I knew that time was winding [G] down.
[G] Turned to tell you [Am] of my premonition,
[C] changed my mind and lay back [G] down.

  Chorus

[G] No sense wasting the [Am] time you got,
[C] you got to walk down every [G] road.
[G] No sense pretending that you re [Am] what you re not,
[C] when you got to shoulder every [G] load.

  Chorus

  [**G#**] [**Bbm**] [**C#**] [**G#**]
  [G] [Am] Cut it [C] loose, cut it loose, cut it [G] loose

Chorus

[G] Those final feet.