

Fmaj 7 **Bb** **Fmaj 7** **Am** **Dm**
 First rain of winter first fall from grace
Bb **Fmaj 7** **Am** **Dm**
 It s my first hollow echo in the halls of praise
Bb **Fmaj 7**
 How could Samson
Am **Dm**
 I thought he was blind as a bat
Bb **Fmaj 7** **Am** **Dm**
 How could he have torn down the temples like that
Bb **Fmaj 7**
 And how could little Ceasar
Am **Dm**
 How could he know where of he spoke
Bb **Fmaj 7** **Am** **Dm**
 When all of his wheels are turning into a joke
Dm7
 Cause the blind are leading the blind
Bbmaj 7 **Bb** **Bb9** **Bbmaj7**
 And I am amazed
Abmaj7 **Ab** **Ab9** **Abmaj7** **Am** **Dm** **Dm** **G** **Dm** **G**
 At how they stumble homeward thru the haze
Bb **Fmaj 7** **Am** **Dm**
 Got the soul of a ragpicker got the mind of a slug
Bb **Fmaj 7** **Am** **Dm**
 I keep sweeping problems under my rug
Bb **Fmaj 7**
 And all of my fine
Am **Dm**
 My fine fair weather friends yeah
Bb **Fmaj 7** **Am** **Dm**
 Will have no more time to make their amends
Dm7
 Cause the blind are leading the blind

Bbmaj 7 Bb Bb9 Bbmaj7
And I am amazed

Abmaj7 Ab Ab9 Abmaj7 Am Dm Dm G Dm G
At how they stumble homeward thru the haze

Staysail Music BMI 1975
Crosby/Nash