

**Far Away Coast**  
**Dropkick Murphys**

Album: Do or Die

Tabber: \*

Intro: (tin whistle part)

|                               |  |    |
|-------------------------------|--|----|
| e--7--10--8-7-5-3-----        |  |    |
| B-----7-5-3--5-7-8-10-7-5-3-- |  |    |
| G-----                        |  | x2 |
| D-----                        |  |    |
| A-----                        |  |    |
| E-----                        |  |    |

Verse 1:

|        |                |              |                         |
|--------|----------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| Here   | in the         | trenches     | the fist of the Beast   |
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| For    | fear of an     | atmosphere   | poisoned deceased       |
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| With   | a gas mask     | to keep me-  | from breathing my death |
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| It s   | American       | soil I hope  | for at best             |
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| But    | the duty I     | serve can t  | begin to compare        |
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| To     | my ancestors   | battles and  | wars through the years  |
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| Though | the loneliness | strikes like | an enemy shell          |
| G      | C              | Am           | D                       |
| I      | pray for my    | home but     | still sit here in hell  |

Chorus:

|       |               |              |                |         |
|-------|---------------|--------------|----------------|---------|
| Am    | C             | G            |                |         |
| Sail  | away to a     | place that s | unknown        |         |
| Am    | C             | G            |                |         |
| Taken | away from     | my friends   | and my home    |         |
| Am    | C             | C            | G              |         |
| To    | a place they  | call sacred, | a place I call | hell    |
| Am    | C             | G            |                |         |
| I     | long for that | corner I     | once knew      | so well |

Verse 2:

|      |           |              |                 |       |
|------|-----------|--------------|-----------------|-------|
| G    | C         | Am           | D               |       |
| Go   | to the    | grind it s   | all that I have |       |
| G    | C         | Am           | D               |       |
| Work | on and on | with nothing | to show         |       |
| G    | C         | Am           | D               |       |
| But  | a graying | face in      | this dying      | place |
| G    | C         | Am           | D               |       |

Thats a lock in my solitude

G C Am D

I think of a place on a faraway coast

G C Am D

Where friends are so dear and there s reason to toast

G C Am D

A cloudy dark image of a Middle East land

G C Am D

Comes down and wrecks my hopeful thoughts

Chorus x1

Whistle Riff:

|                                     |    |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| e-----                              |    |
| B--3--5--8-7-5--3--5-7-8-10-7-5-3-- |    |
| G-----                              | x2 |
| D-----                              |    |
| A-----                              |    |
| E-----                              |    |

Repeat Verse 1

Chorus

That s it! For suggestions, corrections, and requests, email me:

\*