

**I Am Disappeared**  
**Frank Turner**

Intro x2: C C Csus4 Csus2

I keep having  
C Csus4 Csus2 C  
dreams of pioneers and pirate ships and Bob Dylan  
Csus4 Csus2 C  
Of people wrapped up tight in the thing that ll kill them  
Csus4 Csus2 C  
Of being trapped in a lift plunging straight to the bottom  
Csus4 Csus2 Am  
Of open seas and ways of life we ve forgotten  
G  
I keep having dreams

Am F  
Amy worked in a bar in Exeter  
G Am  
I went back to her house and I slept beside her  
Am F  
She woke up screaming in the middle of the night  
G Am  
Terrified of her own insides  
Am F  
Dreams of pirate ships and Patty Hearst  
G Am  
Breaking through a life of a rehearse  
Am F  
She can t remember which came first  
G Am  
The house the home or the terrible thirst  
G  
She keeps having dreams

F G  
And on the worst days  
G C F  
When it feels like life weighs ten thousand tonnes  
F G C  
She s got her cowboy boots and her keys on the bed stand  
F  
So she can always run  
F  
She could get up and shower in half an hour  
F Am  
She d be gone

Am F

I keep having dreams of things I need to do

**G** **Am**

Of waking up and not following through

**Am** **F**

It feels like I haven't slept at all

**G** **Am**

When I wake to a silence and she's facing the wall

**Am** **F**

Posters of Dylan and Hemingway

**G** **Am**

An antique compass for a sailor's escape

**Am** **F**

She says you just can't live this way

**G** **Am**

I close my eyes and never say

**G**

I'm still having dreams

**F** **G**

And on the worst days

**G** **C** **F**

When it feels like life weighs ten thousand tonnes

**F** **G** **C**

I sleep with my passport, one eye on the back door

**F**

So I can always run

**Fm**

I could get up and shower in half an hour

**Am**

I'd be gone

**Am**

And come morning I am disappeared

**C** **G**

Just an imprint on the bed sheets

**Dm** **Am**

And by the roadside with my thumb out

**C** **G**

A car pulls up and Bob's driving

**Dm** **Am**

So I climb in we don't say a word

**C** **G**

As we pull off into the sunrise

**Dm** **Am**

And these rivers of tarmac

**C** **G**

Are like arteries cross the country

**Dm**

We are blood cells

**Am**

Alive in

**C**

The blood stream

**G**

and the beating heart of the country

**Dm**

**Am**

We are electric pulses

**C**

**G**

In pathways of the sleeping soul of the country

**Dm**

**Am**

We are electric pulses

**C**

**G**

In pathways of the sleeping soul of the country

**Dm**

We are electric

**Am**

**C**

In the sleeping soul of the country

**G**

(the sleeping soul of the country)

(**Dm Am C G F**)