

Isabel
Frank Turner

Isabel BY Frank Turner from Poetry of The Deed

intro
e-----|
b-----|
g--4~--|
d--4~--|
a--2~--|
e-----|

B (Em) B (Em)

So now the years are rolling by, and itâ€™s not long since you and I

G#m E Gb B

could have been train drivers and astronauts

B (Em) B (Em)

And now weâ€™re stuck in furnished ruts, but yet the thing that really cuts

G#m E Gb B (Em)

is that we canâ€™t remember how we got caught

B (Em) B (Em)

Filtered air, computer screens, muffled sighs and might-have-beens â€”

G#m E Gb B (Em)

count your blessings, then breathe, and count to ten

B (Em) B (Em)

And though it doesnâ€™t often show, we are scared because we know

G#m E Gb G#m

our forefathers were farmers and fishermen

G#m Eb E Gb
G#m

And so the world has changed, worse or betterâ€™s hard to tell,

Eb E Gb

but my hope remains within the arms of Isabel

B (Em) B (Em)

So now our calloused hands once told a story honest as itâ€™s old

G#m E Gb B

of sowing seeds and setting sail.

B (Em) B (Em)

But now our hands are soft and weak and working seven days a week

G#m

E

Gb G#m

at these salvation schemes that are bound to fail

back to chorus

C#m

Bm

Gb

And Iâ€™ll admit that I am scared of what I donâ€™t understand.

C#

Bm

Gb

But darling, if youâ€™re there, gentle voice and soothing hands

C#

Bm

Gb

Eb

E

to quiet my despair, to shore up all my plans, darling, if youâ€™re there...

G#m

Eb

E

Gb

G#m

And so the world has changed, and I must change as well

Eb

E

Gb

G#m

The machines weâ€™ve made will damn us into hell

Eb

E

Gb

G#m

And the time will come when all must save themselves.

Eb

E

Gb

I will save my soul in the arms of Isabel

outro **B (Em) G#m E Gb**