

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**