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The Great Wide Open Funeral for a Friend

The Great Wide Open - Funeral For A Friend

VERSION 2 (ACOUSTIC)

By Nicolas Rapiera

From Madagascar

I think it s easier than my first version. As for me it s better as an acoustic version

an electric..

I m not sure if it s B or Bm, E or Em and F#m or F but if you like, you can change.

No capo

Chords Used:

G: 355xxx 320033
F#m: 244xxx 244222
Em: x220xx or 022000
B: x244xx 024432
Am: x577xx 002210
F: 133xxx 133211

Verse 1:

G Am

Spitting from the bridges, like a bird perched on a branch,

G Am

I m wilting like a tree that will never let me breathe.

Pre-chorus:

G F Am

Soul soldier with your gun held high, where does the crow fly,

G F Am

soul soldier with your gun held high, will you follow it home.

Chorus:

G Em F#m

For the road that we walk has more miles left to talk,

G Em F#m

stories on and on we go, into the great wide open.

Verse 2:

G Am

No it never came back to break me, the way it broke it down,

G Ar

spitting from the bridges, while the trees give a soft sigh to the ground.

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Pre-chorus:
                                       Am
Soul soldier with your gun held high, where does the crow fly,
soul soldier with your gun held high, will you follow it home.
Chorus:
                      F#m
        \mathbf{Em}
For the road that we walk has more miles left to talk,
                     F#m
        Εm
G
        \mathbf{Em}
                      F#m
For the road that we walk has more miles left to talk,
                      F#m
stories on and on we go, into the great wide open, into the great wide open.
Bridge:
Bm
                Е
                                  G
The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head,
                Е
                                  G
The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head,
Pre-chorus:
                                       Am
Soul soldier with your gun held high, where does the crow fly,
soul soldier with your gun held high, will you follow it home.
Chorus:
                Е
                                  G
The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head,
                Е
                                  G
The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head,
Climb out, climb out (woah), climb out, climb out (woah),
Climb out, climb out (woah), over me.
Climb out, climb out (woah), climb out, climb out (woah),
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Climb out, climb out (woah), over me.

Into the great wide open...

THAT S IT, HAVE FUN!!