

The Fountain
Future Islands

[Intro]

D F#m

[Verse]

D

He sits low, in a shady grove

Where the trees arc slow, in the shape of you know

F#m

Marble stairwells, waterfalls, egrets heads and open arms

D

Whistling through his pensive teeth, the scene is set to peak

Bm

Like how the desert meets the reef

G

And steals the heart - of the thief

D

She walks slow, past the reach of home

In a Western World, far from the things she knows

F#m

Hanging gardens, patterned walls, the books of Rilke, orchestras

D

Motioning to the slow refrain, the soul is set to gain

Bm

Or swallow it whole

G

The causal chain - of human loam

[Pre-Chorus]

D

And as seasons go, it s a lot like this

He reasons for a look, then a glance

F#m

To the path, where she passed

From the page of a book, to a perch in the grass

D

And as meetings go, it s a lot like this

Bm

She tiptoes from the path, to the edge of the page

Where she dared - to be asked

G

