

Duna
Gordon Bok

[Intro]

C G D G

[Verse]

D G
When I was a little lad
C G
With folly on my lips
Em Am
Fain was I for journeying
D7
All the seas in ships

[Verse]

C Bm
But I m weary of the sea wind
C D
I m weary of the foam
Em G D
And the little stars of Duna
G
Call me home

[Instrumental]

D C G C D G D

[Verse]

G
When I was a young man
C G
Before my beard was grey
Em
All to seas and islands
Am D7
I gave my heart away

[Verse]

C
But now across the Southern swell
Bm
Every dawn I hear
C G D
The little streams of Duna
G
Running clear

[Outro]

C G D G