

Suitcase Full Of Sparks
Gregory Alan Isakov

Artist: Gregory Alan Isakov
Song: Suitcase Full Of Sparks
Album: The Weatherman
Tabbed By: Jo Lefebure

Tuning: Standard

Chords:

	C	G	Am	F	E	G7
e	---	x---	x---	x---	x---	1---
b	---	1---	x---	1---	1---	x---
g	---	0---	0---	2---	2---	1---
d	---	2---	x---	2---	3---	2---
a	---	3---	2---	0---	3---	2---
e	---	x---	3---	x---	1---	0---

Tip: for the first part of the verse, leave the index finger of your left hand where it is and just change the C shape to a G shape by moving your middle and ring fingers one string down.

Tip 2: For the F-chord, use your left thumb to play the bass note for an easier transgression.

[Intro]

C G Am G (x4)

[Verses]

C								G
Travelling through the graveyard								
		Am						G
With a suitcase full of sparks								
		F				G		C G
Honey, I m still trying to find my way to you								

C								G
Lit up every campfire								
		Am						G
I Found out in the dark								
		F				G		C
Oh, I cut down all the cottonwoods								

C G Am G (x2)

C **G**
Picked up all the arrow heads
Am **G**
Off buffalo trails of the Indians
F **G** **C** **G**
The Oklahoma sky was cutting through

C **G**
Along the tracks with the runaway
Am **G**
He just talks and talks and talks
F **G** **C**
Honey, I m just trying to find my way to you

C **E** **Am** **F**
And I quit counting stars that night
C **F** **E**
In the cold, by the satellite field
Am **G** **C** **F**
And I quit panning gold, digging holes
C **G** **C**
Yeah, I m just trying to find my way to you

C **G** **Am** **G** (x4)

C **G**
Swam across The Poncha
Am **G**
Took a train to Cataloo
C **G**
I opened up my guitar case
Am **G**
And all the songs were blue

C **G**
I haunted all the alleys
Am **G**
Lord I drifted down the valleys
F **G** **C**
Honey, I m just trying to find my way to you

C **E** **Am**
And I quit casting hooks
F **C** **F** **E**
Off the California coast we held so dear
Am **G** **C** **F**
And I quit flashing smiles, and running wild
C **G** **C**

Yeah, I m just trying to find my way to you

C G Am G (x4)

C G
Threw my bottle to the ocean

Am G
She never wrote me back

F G C G
All the countless days across the sea of blue

C G
Learned the language of the mocking bird

Am G
She took and twisted all my words

F G C
Honey, I m just trying to find my way to you

E F
And I ll meet you in the graveyard

F G G7
With the winter trees and stars

F G C
Oh, we could open up that suitcase full of sparks

C G Am G (x4)