

Fin Song 8

Gregory and the Hawk

G A F#m Bm
Orange river glides through the saddle of the park
G A F#m Bm G A F#m Bm
an icy day in March cuts the clouds they push apart
G F#m Bm A G F#m Bm A G F#m Bm A
I d rather be on fire, rather be on fire, fire
G F#m
Staring straight ahead, meeting the streets
Bm G
Your inky skin and your skinny feet
F#m A G
it s about a sidewalk, about a subway, waking to sunsets
A F#m Bm G
It s been all of my wishes devised a dream and then lived it
A F#m Bm G A
and I remember when I first listened to your records
F#m Bm G
It s clouded, what we know
A F#m
we can only hope
Bm G A F#m Bm ...
And I m losing just about everything

G A F#m Bm
It s been all of my regrets to live a lie and end upset
G A F#m Bm G A
and I remember when peace was a pretty contender
F#m Bm G A F#m
It s clouded what we know
Bm G A F#m
And I m losing everything
Bm G
and I m losing everything
Bm G
and I m losing everything