

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