

Fin Song 8

Gregory and the Hawk

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

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