

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