

Fin Song 8

Gregory and the Hawk

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

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