

Fin Song 8

Gregory and the Hawk

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

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