

Ghosts

James Vincent McMorrow

intro: **Am**

Am **Am**
The moon holds the light
Am
And the moon s this spinning globe
Am
Shedding light upon the road
Am **Am**
The bird won t fly
Am **Am**
And a bird without its wings is a low and tragic thing

F
We are ghosts
C
We are ghosts amongst these hills
G
From the trees of velvet green
D
To the ground beneath our feet
F
We are ghosts
C
We are ghosts amongst these hills
G
Pressing out along the shore
D
Pressing out along the shore

intro: **Am**

Am **Am**
The mountain song
Am **Am**
Matters not the thoughts of thirds
Am **Am**
Matters only to be heard
Am **Am**
And though I m gone
Am
I will come again in Spring
Am
When the harvest can begin

F

We are ghosts

C

We are ghosts amongst these hills

G

From the trees of velvet green

D

To the ground beneath our feet

F

We are ghosts

C

We are ghosts amongst these hills

G

Pressing out along the shore

D

Pressing out along the shore

instrumental:**F C G**