



Stripping cane no tongue can tell, the silent ring of this empty bell

**G**

**E7**

**Am**

Won t you tell me fare thee well,     fare thee well tonight

Verse 3: [use verse 1 chords]

I ve got nowhere to go now, I m like a bird in an eclipse

And the grammar of our bodies, breathing poems to our lips

Breathing verses out of rhyme, won t you help me killing time

Won t you help me killing time tonight

Verse 4: [use verse 1 chords]

There s no more room for angels to dance or even stand

Upon this pin entangled, bleeding sugar from our hands

Bleeding ashes from our feet, won t you help me count my sheep

Won t you help me count my sheep tonight

Won t you help me count my sheep tonight

Won t you help me