

## A Light On A Hill

Margot & the Nuclear So and So's

Margot And The Nuclear So And So s - A Light On A Hill

**Am**                    **C**  
That s no way to live  
                 **F**                    **C**                    **G**  
all tangled up like balls of string.  
**Am**                    **C**  
And we woke at dawn  
                 **F**                                    **C**                    **G**  
and watched the sun glide over the hill.

**Am C F C G**

**Am**                    **C**  
I just said the first  
                 **F**                                    **C**                    **G**  
three words that popped into my head.  
**Am**                    **C**                                    **F**                                    **C**                                    **G**  
Let me off the bus; I m tired and sore and should probably change clothes.

**F**                                    **Am**  
And the circuits are blown,  
                 **F**  
my woman is cold,  
                 **C**                                    **G**  
our children are stoned and worthless.  
**F**                                    **Am**                                    **F**                                    **C**                                    **G**  
(**Am**)  
All waiting for you to tell them the truth. The truth is a line, that you ll  
never use.

**Am C F C G**

**Am**                    **C**  
And her dignity  
**F**                                    **C**                                    **G**  
shown so bright like a light on a hill.  
**Am**                    **C**  
And she burned for me,  
                 **F**                                    **C**                                    **G**  
and no other man came near the flame.  
**Am**                    **C**                                    **F**                                    **C**                                    **G**  
And back country songs the deafening twang of the rich-white-kid blues  
**Am**                    **C**  
You can own the stage,  
                 **F**                                    **C**                                    **G**  
but the lights and glares will not make you real.

**F**                      **Am**                      **F**  
She whispers to me, I was meant to be free.

**C**                      **G**  
This life that we ve built is deadly.

**F**                      **Am**                      **F**  
She crawls from my bed, puts a comb cross her head,

**C**                      **G**                      (**Am**)  
She crawls to the train and drives herself home

**Am C F C G**

=w= Beautiful song, enjoy.