## I Will Remain

## Matthew and the Atlas

Oooh Ooooh, I twisted round,

Capo 8 Further from my widowed home take the road that sets it to the sun, Waiting for my skin and bone to return and see what I ve become, Summer has not yet been here though my days are long, Take me back to when the night was young and another song was sung. What of all those pretty tales the ones that took me to this door, Is it comfort in the salvers way is it comfort upon this wooden floor, Tell you is it a failure to forget the ones that self it, And I tried to remember but my mind is no longer clean. Em AmOooh Ooooh, You recognise me, Oooh Ooooh, I follow from, far from the trees, C Am Oooh Ooooh, The woods came out, on to my knees, C Am Oooh Ooooh Oooh, I twisted round, I made no sound... No sound. I ll wonder till my brittle bones has come and pulled me to the stone, Further from the towns you ve known I will remain from where I have begun, Summer before I start I was kicking home stones as a child, In the meadow when the storm came through and I followed straight back to you. Em Am Oooh Ooooh, You recognise me, Oooh Ooooh, I follow from, far from the trees, Oooh Ooooh, The woods came out, on to my knees, Em Am

G

Would you ever doubt my love when my day is done,
G
C
G
I ll lay down my body within this earth I ve won,
Em
C
G
Would you try to follow the roads I had to walk,
Em
C
There s a whisper in the willow for they all hear me talk.

С

I made no sound... No sound.