

Small Mountain
Midlake

(Am Bm Em)(x8)

Am Bm Em
The rise and the fall upon small mountain
Am Bm Em
Was fair not for all in need
Am Bm Em
And I with my life have gone
Am Bm Em
Away from this land of gold

(Am Bm)

Em C
Formed from the seed
Bm Em
Aligned for all that fortune brings
C Bm
And all that certain men lay
Am Em
Upon it when anger is seen

C Bm
And it reigns like the others
Am Em
Giving what all it can
C Bm
While the days count for nothing
Am Em
Nothing that one understands

C D Em
Upon that road I had struggled to find
C D Em
A way of life that was common for all
C D Em
And all that runs on the mountain was mine
C D Em
A way of life that will surely be gone

(Am Bm Em)(x3)

(Am Bm)

Em C
Poor lands will grow
Bm Em
Among the weeds among the roads

C **Bm**
And all are anxious for song and dance
Am **Em**
That will sometimes get old

C **Bm**
And it reigns like the others
Am **Em**
Giving what all it can

C **Bm**
While the days count for nothing
Am **Em**
Nothing that one understands

C **D** **Em**
Upon that road I had struggled to find

C **D** **Em**
A way of life that was common for all

C **D** **Em**
And all that runs on the mountain was mine

C **D** **Em**
A way of life that will surely be gone