

**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