

Ryan Cassata - Soda Cans

Misc Unsigned Bands

F

I can see soda cans,

Bb

Clanking off the back of our hippie van,

Dm

Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.

C

F

I can see us sitting there,

Bb

Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,

Dm

Collecting characters as they sway.

C

F

And where are you now,

Bb

When I m dreaming all this out?

Dm

Does distance make the heart grow founder,

C

Or does it make it wanderâ€|Around,

Bb

You can t promise this won t tear me down.

Dm

You can hear me shout it out,

C

Well I hold a heart of

Bb

â€|Doubt,

F

I doubt that loves real anyway,

Bb

Love, Love,

F

Well you can hear me say...

Dm

C

It s tearing me down

Bb

Well hold the ring boy,

C

Love will make you drown.

F, Bb, Dm, C

Oh yeah, oh yeah.

F
I can see children,
Bb
Clinging to our knees cause where the ones they need.
Dm **C**
And grandma and grandpa wouldn't know.

F
I can see them growing up,
Bb
Drinking up and throwing up,
Dm **C**
Becoming wild gypsies like we.

F
And where are you now,
Bb
When I'm dreaming all this out?
Dm
Does distance make the heart grow fonder,
C **F**
Or does it make it wander around,
Bb
You can't promise this won't tear me down.
Dm
You can hear me shout it out,
C
Well I hold a heart of

Bb
Doubt,
F
I doubt that loves real anyway,
Bb
Love, Love,
F
Well you can hear me say...

Dm **C**
It's tearing me down
Bb
Well hold the ring boy,
C **F**
Love will make you drown.

Dm **C**
It's tearing me down
Bb
Well hold the ring boy,
C
Love will make you drown.

F, Bb, Dm, C

Love will make you drown
Love will make you drown

F

Can you tell me if this distance,
Makes loves to hard of a mission?

Bb

Suspicion is brewing,
I m wishing and fishing,

Dm

And thinking of a way, to get me out,

C

Game over angel, well here s a man down.

F

But oh wait, can you tell if these feelings that I feel,

Bb

Are useless or witty, or maybe they are real.

Dm

I can t find a true answer in my head,

C

And I m prancing around at the end!

F

I can see soda cans,

Bb

Clanking off the back of our hippie van,

Dm

Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.

C

F

I can see us sitting there,

Bb

Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,

Dm

Collecting characters as they sway.

C

Dm

C

But It s tearing me down

Bb

Well hold the ring boy,

C

Love will make you

Dm

C

It s tearing me down

Bb

Well hold the ring boy,

C

Love will make you

F

Drown

F, C, Dm, C x2

Oh yeah.

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