

**Ryan Cassata - Soda Cans**  
**Misc Unsigned Bands**

**F#**

I can see soda cans,

**B**

Clanking off the back of our hippie van,

**Ebm**

Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.

**F#**

I can see us sitting there,

**B**

Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,

**Ebm**

Collecting characters as they sway.

**C#**

**C#**

**F#**

And where are you now,

**B**

When I m dreaming all this out?

**Ebm**

Does distance make the heart grow founder,

**C#**

Or does it make it wanderâ€|Around,

**B**

You can t promise this won t tear me down.

**Ebm**

You can hear me shout it out,

**C#**

Well I hold a heart of

**F#**

**B**

â€|Doubt,

**F#**

I doubt that loves real anyway,

**B**

Love, Love,

**F#**

Well you can hear me say...

**Ebm**

**C#**

It s tearing me down

**B**

Well hold the ring boy,

**C#**

Love will make you drown.

**F#, B, Ebm, C#**

Oh yeah, oh yeah.

**F#**

I can see children,

**B**

Clinging to our knees cause where the ones they need.

**Ebm**

**C#**

And grandma and grandpa wouldn't know.

**F#**

I can see them growing up,

**B**

Drinking up and throwing up,

**Ebm**

**C#**

Becoming wild gypsies like we.

**F#**

And where are you now,

**B**

When I'm dreaming all this out?

**Ebm**

Does distance make the heart grow fonder,

**C#**

**F#**

Or does it make it wander around,

**B**

You can't promise this won't tear me down.

**Ebm**

You can hear me shout it out,

**C#**

Well I hold a heart of

**B**

doubt,

**F#**

I doubt that loves real anyway,

**B**

Love, Love,

**F#**

Well you can hear me say...

**Ebm**

**C#**

It's tearing me down

**B**

Well hold the ring boy,

**C#**

**F#**

Love will make you drown.

**Ebm**

**C#**

It's tearing me down

**B**

Well hold the ring boy,

**C#**

Love will make you drown.

**F#, B, Ebm, 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?

**B**

Suspicion is brewing,  
I m wishing and fishing,

**Ebm**

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,

**B**

Are useless or witty, or maybe they are real.

**Ebm**

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,

**B**

Clanking off the back of our hippie van,

**Ebm**

**C#**

Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.

**F#**

I can see us sitting there,

**B**

Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,

**Ebm**

**C#**

Collecting characters as they sway.

**Ebm**

**C#**

But It s tearing me down

**B**

Well hold the ring boy,

**C#**

Love will make you

**Ebm**

**C#**

It s tearing me down

**B**

Well hold the ring boy,

**C#**

Love will make you

**F#**

Drown

**F#, C#, Ebm, C# x2**

Oh yeah.

[www.ryancassata.com](http://www.ryancassata.com)