

High  
New Model Army

From the 2007 album "High"

(Am C)x8

Verse 1:

G Em  
Down beneath the swoosh of the turbines,  
F Em  
The long grass it blows in ripples,  
G Em  
There's a beautiful spiral of roads,  
F  
That lead the lost up here.  
G Em  
I was watching the birds taking off,  
F Em  
To swoop down over the city,  
G Em  
They find and take just what they need,  
F  
And turn, turn, turn.

Chorus:

Am C  
The movers move, the shakers shake,  
Am C  
The winners write their history,  
Am C  
But from high on the high hills  
Am C  
It all looks like nothing.  
Am C  
The movers move, the shakers shake,  
Am C  
The winners write their history,  
Am C  
But from high on the high hills  
Am C  
It all looks like nothing.

Verse 2:

G Em  
That afternoon on the hustler gate,  
F Em  
With all the TVs flickering,  
G Em  
While behind the sky was moving,

**F**

Liquid crimson gold.

**G** **Em**

Brothers, sisters, pay no heed

**F** **Em**

To the unfaithful messengers,

**G** **Em**

For theirs is a prison world,

**F**

Of lies, lies, lies.

Chorus

Bridge:

**D**

The keening wind,

**F**

It blows though me, it blows through me.

**D**

My time it must,

**F**

Be almost done, be almost done.

(**Am C**)x4

Outro:

**Am** **C**

All these things you fear so much

**Am** **C**

Depend on angles of vision.

**Am** **C**

Down in the maze of walls,

**Am** **C**

You can't see what's coming,

**Am** **C**

But from high on the high hills

**Am** **C**

It all looks like nothing,

**Am** **C**

From high on the high hills

**Am** **C**

(**Am C**)x4 **D5 E5 C5 D5** (**Am C**)x4 **D5 E5 C5 D5 Am**

It all looks like nothing, nothing.