In My Tree

( **F** 

Αm

**Bb C** ) (4x)

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Pearl Jam
                 Αm
                      Bb C
                                F
                                                          Am
                                                               Bb
M: Up here in my tree, yeah - Newspapers matter not to me, yeah
                                C F
                       Am
                                                                           Bb
   C
No more crowbars to my head, yeah - I m trading stories with the leaves instead,
                Am
                        Bb
                               C
                                   F
                                                         Am
                                                                 Bb
                                                                      C
Wave to all my friends, yeah -
                                   They don t seem to notice me, no
                                Am
                                     Вb
                                          C
                                               F
                                                                          Αm
Bb
All their eyes trained on the street, yo, oh - Sidewalk cigarettes and scenes,
(tem-pted)
                                       G#
G#
                                 F
                                                               Вb
                      Вb
R : Up here so high I start to shake - Up here so high the sky I scrape
G#
                          Bb
                               F
                                                             G#
                                                                              Bb
F
I m so high I hold just one breath here within my chest - Just like innocence
          C#
                   C
                           Eb
                                    C
                                            C#
                                                               Eb
C: (Eddie s down in his home) - (Oh, the blue sky it s his home)
                                    C
                   C
                          Eb
                                            C#
 (Eddie s blue sky home) - (Oh, the blue sky it s his home)
               Am
                    Вb
                         C F
                                                Am
                                                      Bb
M: I remember when, yeah - I swore I knew everything, oh yeah
                         Am
                              \mathbf{B}\mathbf{b}
                                   C F
                                                                     Вb
                                                                             C
Let s say knowledge is a tree, yeah - It s growing up just like me, yeah
                                F
G#
                    Bb
                                       G#
R: I m so light the wind he shakes - I m so high the sky I scrape
G#
                          Bb
                                                                G#
                                F
Bb
     F
I m so light I hold just one breath and go back to my nest - Sleep with
innocence
                                   F
                                          G#
                      Вb
                                                                 Bb
Up here so high the boughs they break - Up here so high the sky I scrape
                              Вb
Had my eyes peeled both wide open, and I got a glimpse
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Of my innocence... got back my inner sense..., Baby got it, still got it