

Choir Of Cicadas
Poets of the Fall

[Verse 1]

 C F G
It s the season of dust trailing old pick up trucks
 Em Am Dm G
Seashells washed ashore down by the docks
 C F G
So baby pull on your blue jeans turn the radio loud
 Am F G C F C
Don` t wait for the hour to give birth to doubt

[Verse 2]

 C F G
In the peak harvest of snakebites and wasted hindsight
 Em Am Dm G
When trivial truths sit next to the taillights
 C F G
When fenders of chrome they rattle and hum
 Am F G C F C
All carved in the shape of freedom

[Verse 3]

 C F G
Those flea market stalls in the bone dry noon
 Em Am Dm G
Despite pretty signs, look cursed and marooned
 C F G
And trumpet notes wailing from the candy store
 Am F G C F C
Like a work of art of uneasy rapport

[Verse 4]

 C F G
The wreckage, the blunder, the tarot read
 Em Am Dm G
In the heat blurry air we re down in the field
 C F G
Where to the choir of cicadas jubilee
 Am F G C F C
Among the clouds we once fell asleep

[Verse 5]

 C F G
The sirens of the shipyard by those derelict whales
 Em Am Dm G
Old mothers singing rusty old tales
 C F G
Like revving engines keening sky high

Am F G C F C
Yet theirs is never a war cry

[Verse 6]

C F G
So I ll be your lover now, brazen and bright
Em Am Dm G
Like the flare of a match you struck in the night
C F G
Though what does a stray know about holy and true
Am F G C Csus4 C
But I ll always come to your rescue

[Coda]

Bb/D C F
Oh Lord won t you hear your children cry
Bb F Bb F
Singing their praise and their hallelujahs
Bb/D C F
I have no more words to describe
Bb F C F
An empty sky of hollow blue, yeah
Bb/D C F
So where is my lover, my firelight
Bb F Bb F
The line on the edge of truth and rumour
Bb/D C F
We took our vows in the heart of the night
C F C Bb Bbadd9 Bb F
We were brazen and bright, when we were brazen and bright