

Soda Cans

Ryan Cassata

CAPO ON FRET 5

G#

I can see soda cans,

C#

Clanking off the back of our hippie van,

Fm

Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.

G#

I can see us sitting there,

C#

Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,

Fm

Eb

Collecting characters as they sway.

G#

And where are you now,

C#

When I m dreaming all this out?

Fm

Does distance make the heart grow founder,

Eb

G#

Or does it make it wanderâ€|Around,

C#

You can t promise this won t tear me down.

Fm

You can hear me shout it out,

Eb

Well I hold a heart of

C#

â€|Doubt,

G#

I doubt that loves real anyway,

C#

Love, Love,

G#

Well you can hear me say...

Fm

Eb

It s tearing me down

C#

Well hold the ring boy,

Eb

Love will make you drown.

G#, C#, Fm, Eb

Oh yeah, oh yeah.

G#

I can see children,

C#

Clinging to our knees cause where the ones they need.

Fm

Eb

And grandma and grandpa wouldn't know.

G#

I can see them growing up,

C#

Drinking up and throwing up,

Fm

Eb

Becoming wild gypsies like we.

G#

And where are you now,

C#

When I'm dreaming all this out?

Fm

Does distance make the heart grow fonder,

Eb

G#

Or does it make it wander around,

C#

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

Fm

You can hear me shout it out,

Eb

Well I hold a heart of

C#

â€|Doubt,

G#

I doubt that loves real anyway,

C#

Love, Love,

G#

Well you can hear me say...

Fm

Eb

It's tearing me down

C#

Well hold the ring boy,

Eb

G#

Love will make you drown.

Fm

Eb

It's tearing me down

C#

Well hold the ring boy,

Eb

Love will make you drown.

G#, C#, Fm, Eb

Love will make you drown
Love will make you drown

G#

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

C#

Suspicion is brewing,
I m wishing and fishing,

Fm

And thinking of a way, to get me out,

Eb

Game over angel, well here s a man down.

G#

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

C#

Are useless or witty, or maybe they are real.

Fm

I can t find a true answer in my head,

Eb

And I m prancing around at the end!

G#

I can see soda cans,

C#

Clanking off the back of our hippie van,

Fm

Eb

Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.

G#

I can see us sitting there,

C#

Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,

Fm

Eb

Collecting characters as they sway.

Fm

Eb

But It s tearing me down

C#

Well hold the ring boy,

Eb

Love will make you

Fm

Eb

It s tearing me down

C#

Well hold the ring boy,

Eb

Love will make you

G#

Drown

G#, Eb, Fm, Eb x2

Oh yeah.

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