**Soda Cans**
**Ryan Cassata**

CAPO ON FRET 5

**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.

**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 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,
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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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