

**Soda Cans**

**Ryan Cassata**

CAPO ON FRET 5

**A**

I can see soda cans,

**D**

Clanking off the back of our hippie van,

**F#m**

**E**

Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.

**A**

I can see us sitting there,

**D**

Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,

**F#m**

**E**

Collecting characters as they sway.

**A**

And where are you now,

**D**

When I m dreaming all this out?

**F#m**

Does distance make the heart grow founder,

**E**

**A**

Or does it make it wanderâ€|Around,

**D**

You can t promise this won t tear me down.

**F#m**

You can hear me shout it out,

**E**

Well I hold a heart of

**D**

â€|Doubt,

**A**

I doubt that loves real anyway,

**D**

Love, Love,

**A**

Well you can hear me say...

**F#m**

**E**

It s tearing me down

**D**

Well hold the ring boy,

**E**

Love will make you drown.

**A, D, F#m, E**

Oh yeah, oh yeah.

**A**  
I can see children,  
**D**  
Clinging to our knees cause where the ones they need.  
**F#m** **E**  
And grandma and grandpa wouldn't know.

**A**  
I can see them growing up,  
**D**  
Drinking up and throwing up,  
**F#m** **E**  
Becoming wild gypsies like we.

**A**  
And where are you now,  
**D**  
When I'm dreaming all this out?  
**F#m**  
Does distance make the heart grow fonder,  
**E** **A**  
Or does it make it wander around,  
**D**  
You can't promise this won't tear me down.

**F#m**  
You can hear me shout it out,  
**E**  
Well I hold a heart of

**D**  
Doubt,  
**A**  
I doubt that loves real anyway,  
**D**  
Love, Love,  
**A**  
Well you can hear me say...

**F#m** **E**  
It's tearing me down  
**D**  
Well hold the ring boy,  
**E** **A**  
Love will make you drown.

**F#m** **E**  
It's tearing me down  
**D**  
Well hold the ring boy,  
**E**  
Love will make you drown.

**A, D, F#m, E**

Love will make you drown  
Love will make you drown

**A**  
Can you tell me if this distance,  
Makes loves to hard of a mission?  
**D**  
Suspicion is brewing,  
I m wishing and fishing,  
**F#m**  
And thinking of a way, to get me out,  
**E**  
Game over angel, well here s a man down.  
**A**  
But oh wait, can you tell if these feelings that I feel,  
**D**  
Are useless or witty, or maybe they are real.  
**F#m**  
I can t find a true answer in my head,  
**E**  
And I m prancing around at the end!

**A**  
I can see soda cans,  
**D**  
Clanking off the back of our hippie van,  
**F#m** **E**  
Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.  
**A**  
I can see us sitting there,  
**D**  
Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,  
**F#m** **E**  
Collecting characters as they sway.

**F#m** **E**  
But It s tearing me down  
**D**  
Well hold the ring boy,  
**E**  
Love will make you  
**F#m** **E**  
It s tearing me down  
**D**  
Well hold the ring boy,  
**E**  
Love will make you  
**A**  
Drown

A, E, F#m, E x2

Oh yeah.

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