

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 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 **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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