



|B| |B / / A| |G| |G / / A|

|B| |B / / A| |G D/F#| |E|

You wouldn't ever wanna treat with me  
a belt fasten and a downhill ski  
no-one would touch me with a ten foot pin  
cos there was no telling where I'd been

A multi-national waste of space  
by five o'clock I will be off of my face  
without a single little saving grace  
and yet you call me for the human race

Suddenly the blind man can see  
suddenly the force is with me  
oh Lord, to have, to hold  
like dust to gold

|B| |B / / A| |G| |G / / A|

|B

(B) A G  
We know you're watching over us  
A B  
the job you took for better or worse  
A G  
dying in the scene from the burning cold  
A B  
you turned this desert from dust to gold

|B| |B / / A| |G D/F#| |E|

Suddenly the blind man can see  
suddenly the force is with me  
oh Lord, to have, to hold  
like dust to gold  
with me oh Lord, to have, to hold

like dust to gold  
like dust to gold  
like dust to gold  
like dust to gold  
like dust to gold