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Watching	The	Wayfarers
Swingin	Utters	

Intro: Fm

Fm Eb C#

We saw gold when there was only dust

Eb C# Gm Fm

in the worst we saw in us what no one else could

Fm Eb C#

we traveled far and tramped the dirt down deep

Eb C# Gm Fm

to where our souls could keep the time and never rest.

Eb C# Fm

Mind the road flares watch the steep stairs pace yourself

Eb C# Fm

harbor your fate temptation, hate, destiny sells.

Fm Eb C#

I ve asked all the bitter, hapless, and broken down

Eb C# Gm Fm

they just return my frowns and tell me to forget

Fm Eb C#

simplicity is not what i was hoping for

Eb C# Gm Fm

i thought it d be much more than what i d always dreamt.

Eb C# Fm

Read the roadmaps thumb through atlases and charts

Eb C# Fm

try to lose yourself in powder, booze and bars.

Fm Eb C#

I ll return to all my favorite hunts

Eb C# Gm Fm

frequent familiar spots i never really left

Fm Eb C#
distance myself from scattered, lofty thoughts

 $\ensuremath{\mbox{Eb}}$ $\ensuremath{\mbox{C\#}}$ C# $\ensuremath{\mbox{Gm}}$ $\ensuremath{\mbox{Gm}}$ them resolute, destitute, vague and deaf.

Outro: Fm

- DomNorth