

Seattle

The Classic Crime

Seattle

by the Classic Crime

Capo on 4

(or 5 if playing in half step down, which most of these guys songs are)

Verse:

C

My real last thing

G

D

My life is dull

C

And dried up like the sound

G

D

A voice makes when the heart grows cold

And its going that way

I think i ll move out of state

Somewhere far from Seattle city lights

They burn my eyes

California sounds nice but California s a lie

C(picked)

Maybe I m out of luck or maybe I m just blind

G(picked)

Dsus D

Oh, this time

C

G

Rain on my hopes

Dsus

Rain on my soul

Dm

C

Rain on everything that i know

G

It feels so ludicrous

Dsus

The pursuit of this dream

D

C

We thought we d be there long ago

G **Dsus** **D** D(picked down)

Second verse Same

Choruses are the same

C(x5) **G(x5)** **Dsus(x5)** **D(x5)**
And we are all looking for the same thing. the same thing
C(x5) **G(x5)** **Dsus(x5)** **D(x5)**
Seattle is calling me back home, back home

C **G**
Rain on my hopes
 Dsus
Rain on my soul
 D **C(x5)**
Rain on everything that I know
 G(x5)
It feels so ludicrous
 Dsus
The pursuit of this dream
 D
We thought we d be there long ago

Back to normal chorus

Rain on my hopes
Rain on my soul
Rain on everything that i know
It feels so ludicrous
The pursuit of this dream
We thought we d be there long ago

C **G** **Dsus**
Whoa, whoa
 D
Whoa, whoa