

The Beginning
The Classic Crime

Capo 1

D **Dsus4**
I left my heart in a plastic box
D
on the bedside table.
Dsus4 **D** **Dsus4**
It will be locked til I get home.
D
I ve grown feeble and tired of the world,
Dsus4
Tired of constantly missing my girl.
D **Dsus4**
And I long to smell the sea
D **Dsus4**
And I long to smell the sea

D **G**
The sea, the sea
The sea, The sea,
The sea, yeah!

D
I miss the Pacific Ocean
and the northwestern air,
G
and to run each of my fingers
through the strands of her hair.
D
I ve been all over this country lately,
G
but I ve been nowhere it seems, nowhere.
A
Well, I ve found the cure
for my landlocked blues.
G
It s coming home to you.
G **D**
It s coming home to you.

G
You, oh
D
You, oh
G
You, oh
D

You, oh!

A

If a simple seed gets just what it needs,

Dsus4

D

then a redwood tree can grow

A

up to a hundred feet for the world to see,

Dsus4

D

and endure the sleet and the snow.

A

But if my whole life was wrapped and priced,

Dsus4

D

I wonder what the tag would show.

A

Cause every time I m close to the holy ghost,

Dsus4

D

I always seem to let her go.

A

G

D

I let her go, I let her go.

I let her go, I let her go.

I let her go, I let her go.

I let her go, I let her go.

Go, go.

A

G

D

I let her go, I let her go.

I let her go, I let her go.

Go, go.

D

Dsus4

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on the bedside table.

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It will be locked til I get home.