

Deep Water
The Middle East

Intro:

| **Cmaj7** | **G** | **D** | **D** | x 4

Verse:

| **Em** | **G** | **Cmaj7** | **G** | }
| **Em** | **G** | **Cmaj7** | **D** | } x 2

Chorus:

| **D** |

| **G** | **G** | **C** | **G** |

| **Em** | **G** | **Cmaj7** | **D** |

| **Em** | **G** | **Cmaj7** | **G** |

| **Em** | **G** | **D** | **D** |

Green-eyed looker, it always pains me to see
Hollowed out picture of skin and bone
The strangest stranger that I ever did meet
Oh and I guess I ain't that old

She came on strong with her own confidence
Made you sweat in your cotton, though it'll breathe (?)
The cruelest behaviour ain't born or mined (?)
Feel her shell should just go and down the wine (?)

It's deep water, driving rain
And all I can remember is a cold
Another burned out lover who was begging to leave
She said "why wouldn't you tie your soul to me?"

Took all I had in my waiting cell (?)
And a little of what I just don't know
But I got my thinking up to where I fell
And I let the memories of my lovers die

It's a bitter taste and a, a blinding light
Time fade burns, most would know
Took the hand of the, the woman I love
Now I am sure I'm gonna make her my own

It's the deep water, the driving rain
I'm making a shelter of my own

When Jesus comes heâ€™s gonna eat with me
And heâ€™s gonna find our children old

Got a road all laid out and trenched
And mined enough for a walking pace (?)
It seems so different from where Iâ€™ve come
Oh Lord Iâ€™d love to see that, that place again

With its deep water, mountain range
Full of those hard living kind
Petrol stations and a copper mine
The kind of place I think I could die