

Port Of Morrow
The Shins

[Intro]

F G E F
F G E Am
F G E F
F E
F G

Dm A
Through the rain and all the clatter
F C G
Under the Fremont bridge I saw a pigeon fly
Dm F C A
Fly in fear from the raptor come to take its life

Dm A
And as it closed in for the capture
F C G
I funnelled the fear through my ancient eyes
Dm F
To see in flight, what I know are
C A
The bitter mechanics of life

F G E F
Under my hat it reads the lines are all imagined
F G E Am
A fact of life I know to hide from my little girls
F G E F
I know my place amongst the bugs and all the animals
F E
And it s from these ordinary people
F G
You are longing to be free

Dm A
My hotel and on the TV
F C G
A preacher on the stage like a buzzard cries
Dm F C A
Our a warning of phony sorrow. He s trying to get a rise.

Dm A
The cyanide of an almond
F C G
Let him look at your hands, get the angles right
Dm F C A

Ace of spades, Port of Morrow, life is death is life.

F **G** **E** **F**
I saw a photograph; Cologne in 27
F **G** **E** **Am**
And then a postcard after the bombs in 45
F **G** **E** **F**
Must have been a world of evil clowns that let it happen
F **E**
But now I recognise, dear listeners,
 F **G**
That you were there and so was I

Dm F
Dm C A
Dm F C A

F **G** **E** **F**
Under my hat I know the lines are all imagined
F **G** **E** **Am**
A fact of life I must impress on my little girls
F **G** **E** **F**
I know my place amongst the creatures in the pageant
F **E**
And there are flowers in the garbage
 F **G**
And a skull under your curls

Dm F
Dm C A
Dm F C A