

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**