

Port Of Morrow  
The Shins

[Intro]

Eb F D Eb  
Eb F D Gm  
Eb F D Eb  
Eb D  
Eb F

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

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

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

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

Cm G  
The cyanide of an almond  
Eb Bb F  
Let him look at your hands, get the angles right  
Cm Eb Bb G

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

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

**Cm Eb**  
**Cm Bb G**  
**Cm Eb Bb G**

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

**Cm Eb**  
**Cm Bb G**  
**Cm Eb Bb G**