

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