

Port Of Morrow
The Shins

[Intro]

G A F# G
G A F# Bm
G A F# G
G F#
G A

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

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

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

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

Em B
The cyanide of an almond
G D A
Let him look at your hands, get the angles right
Em G D B

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

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

Em G
Em D B
Em G D B

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

Em G
Em D B
Em G D B