

## Refugees

### Van der Graaf Generator

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
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Band : Van der Graaf Generator  
Album : The Least We Can Do Is Wave To Eachother  
Song : Refugees

This is a real gem! Unfortunately I never found the short chord sequence somewhere in the middle, so you ll have to do without it. There are two basic chord sequences. The second one - I don t think I ve got it right, but it is still worth a try.

C	-	x-3-2-0-1-0-----	
G	-	3-2-0-0-0-3-----	
G7	-	3-2-0-0-0-1-----	
Am	-	x-0-3-3-2-0-----	
F	-	1-3-3-2-1-1-----	
Dm	-	x-x-0-2-3-1 or maybe it is Dm6 - x-5-7-5-6-5-	
E	-	0-3-3-2-0-0-----	

C		G		G7	Am	G	
North was somewhere years ago, and cold:							
F				Dm		G	
ice locked the people s hearts, and made them old.							
C		G		G7	Am	G	
South was birth to pleasant lands, but dry:							
F				Dm		G	
I walked the waters depths and played my mind.							
C		G		G7	Am	G	
East was dawn, coming alive in the golden sun:							
F				Dm		G	
the winds came gently, several heads became one.							
C		G		G7	Am	G	
In the summertime, though August people sneered...							
F				Dm		G	
we were at peace, and we cheered.							

C	
We walked along, sometimes hand in hand,	
Am	
between the thin lines, marking sea and sand;	
C	
smiling very peacefully,	
Am	

we began to notice that we could be free,  
C G F (and some chord swifts I dont know)  
and we moved together  
**F E**  
to the West.

West is where all days will someday end;  
where the colours turn from grey to gold,  
and you can be with the friends.  
And light flakes the golden clouds above:  
West is Mike and Susie,  
West is where I love.

There we shall spend the final days of our lives...  
tell the same old stories: well, at least we tried.  
So into the West, smiles on our faces, we ll go;  
oh! yes, and our apologies to those  
who ll never really know the Way.

We re refugees, walking away from the life that we ve known  
and loved...  
nothing to do nor say, nowhere to stay; now we are alone.  
We re refugees, carrying all we own in brown bags,  
tied up with string...  
nothing to think, it doesn t mean a thing, but we ll be happy  
on our own.

West is Mike and Susie;  
West is Mike and Susie;  
West is where I love,  
West is refugees home.

Have fun!

Peace,  
Ofir  
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