

Iron & Wine - Passing Afternoon

Tom: A

(forma dos acordes no tom de G)
Capostrate na 2ª casa

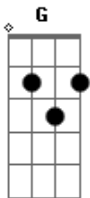
There are times that walk from you like some passing afternoon
 Summer warmed the open window of her honeymoon
 And she chose a yard to burn but the ground remembers her
 Wooden spoons, her children stir her Bougainvillea blooms
 There are things that drift away like our endless, numbered days
 Autumn blew the quilt right off the perfect bed she made
 And she's chosen to believe in the hymns her mother sings
 Sunday pulls its children from their piles of fallen leaves
 There are sailing ships that pass all our bodies in the grass

Springtime calls her children 'till she let's them go at last
 And she's chosen where to be, though she's lost her wedding ring
 Somewhere near her misplaced jar of Bougainvillea seeds
 There are things we can't recall, blind as night that finds us all
 Winter tucks her children in, her fragile china dolls
 But my hands remember hers, rolling 'round the shaded ferns
 Naked arms, her secrets still like songs I'd never learned
 There are names across the sea, only now I do believe
 Sometimes, with the windows closed, she'll sit and think of me
 But she'll mend his tattered clothes and they'll kiss as if they know
 A baby sleeps in all our bones, so scared to be alone...(ooh ..one)

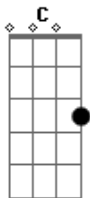
Acordes



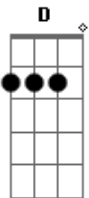
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