

James Vincent McMorrow - Ghosts

Tom: C

intro: Am

The moon holds the light
 And the moon's this spinning globe
 Shedding light upon the road
 The bird won't fly
 And a bird without its wings is a low and tragic thing

We are ghosts
 We are ghosts amongst these hills
 From the trees of velvet green
 To the ground beneath our feet
 We are ghosts
 We are ghosts amongst these hills
 Pressing out along the shore
 Pressing out along the shore
 Intro: Am

The mountain song
 Matters not the thoughts of thirds
 Matters only to be heard
 And though I'm gone
 I will come again in Spring
 When the harvest can begin

We are ghosts
 We are ghosts amongst these hills
 From the trees of velvet green
 To the ground beneath our feet
 We are ghosts
 We are ghosts amongst these hills
 Pressing out along the shore
 Pressing out along the shore

instrumental: F C G

Acordes

