

# 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

