

# Joanna Newsom - Sadie

Tom: B

(com acordes na forma de Capotraste na 4ª casa  
 Tabbed by: Hackenbush  
 Email:

Tuning: EADGBE, Capoead at the 4th fret. The rhythm's not as complicated as it looks in places.

G Bm7 C Bm7  
 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2  
 & 3 & 4 &

G Em D C  
 carry me home

G Bm7 C Bm7  
 Bury this bone

G Em D C  
 take this pinecone

Bm D Am C  
 Bury this bone

G G7M Em  
 to gnaw on it later; gnaw on the telephone.

Bm D Am C  
 'Till then, we pray & suspend

G G7M Em  
 the notion that these lives do never end.

G  
 And all day long we talk about mercy:  
 G C D G  
 lead me to water lord, I sure am thirsty.

G  
 Down in the ditch where I nearly served you,  
 G C D G  
 up in the clouds where he almost heard you

C  
 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2  
 & 3 & 4 &

And all that we built, and all that we breathed,

Em  
 and all that we spilt, or pulled up like weeds

G C  
 is piled up in back; it burns irrevocably.

G

G  
 1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4 . & . 1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4 .  
 . & .

Em C D2/4  
 (we spoke up in turns, 'till the silence crept over me)

G G  
 1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4 . & . 1 . & . 2 . & . 3 . & . 4 .  
 . & .

Bless you  
 and I deeply do  
 no longer resolute  
 and I call to you

But the water go so cold,  
 and you do lose  
 what you don't hold.

This is an old song,  
 these are old blues.  
 This is not my tune,  
 but it's mine to use.  
 And the seabirds  
 where the fear once grew  
 will flock with a fury,  
 and they will bury what'd come for you

Down where I darn with the milk-eyed mender  
 you and I, and a love so tender,  
 is stretched-on the hoop where I stitch-this adage:  
 "Bless this house and its heart so savage."

And all that I want, and all that I need  
 and all that I've got is scattered like seed.  
 And all that I knew is moving away from me.  
 (and all that I know is blowing  
 like tumbleweed)

And the mealy worms  
 in the brine will burn  
 in a salty pyre,  
 among the fauns and ferns.

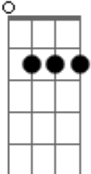
And the love we hold,  
 and the love we spurn,  
 will never grow cold  
 only taciturn.

And I'll tell you tomorrow.  
 Bless those who've sickened below;  
 bless us who've chosen so.

And all that I've got  
 and all that I need  
 I tie in a knot  
 that I lay at your feet.  
 I have not forgot,  
 but a silence crept over me.  
 D2/4 (So dig up your bone,  
 exhume your pinecone, my sadie)

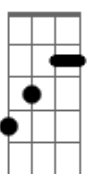
## Acordes

G7M



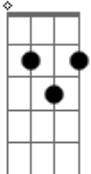
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B



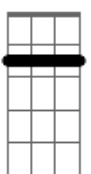
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G



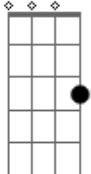
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Bm7



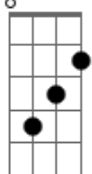
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C



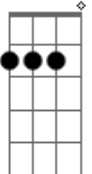
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Em



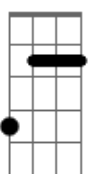
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D



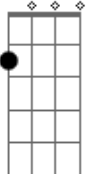
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Bm



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Am



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