

Joanna Newsom - Sadie

Tom: B

(com acordes na forma de Capostrate 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.
 (So dig up your bone,
 exhume your pinecone, my sadie)

D2/4

Acordes

