

John Mark McMillan - Between The Cracks

Tom: G

G
 Hope grows between cracks in the asphalt
 Em
 In the downtown ghetto streets that contour
 D G
 The government housing intentions of my heart
 No one notices the daisies don't care
 Em
 About gang related violence
 D
 As long as they get enough air and water and sun
 C
 They're all just fine
 Em G
 Who would've thought it but life is finding a way
 D
 Through this wasteland of cynics, concrete, and pain
 Em
 There's a man down here somewhere between
 G
 The Saturday cartoons and the dirty magazines
 D
 He's raising the dead in the graveyards
 C
 Where we've laid down our dreams
 G
 His name is Hope
 G
 Hope stands high on the 15th floor
 Em
 On a Christmas tree perched about the ledge of a fortress
 D G
 of steel that's trying to hard to be somebody's home
 Em
 As it sees my attention from I-85 though the throws of the day
 Were still writhing inside
 D
 I lifted my head as I drove home that night and knew
 C
 Everything was gonna be fine
 Em G

Who would've thought it but life is finding a way
 D
 Through this wasteland of cynics, concrete, and pain
 Em
 There's a man down here not worried or afraid
 G
 That some politician forgot all the promises he made
 D
 And he's raising the dead in the graveyards
 C
 Where we've laid down our dreams
 G
 His name is Hope
 C
 His name is Hope
 D
 Everybody needs a little x2
 C
 His name is Hope
 D
 Everybody wants a little x2
 C
 His name is Hope
 D
 Everybody needs a little
 (Em G D C)
 Em
 There's a man down here not worried or afraid
 G
 That some politician forgot all the promises he made
 D
 And he's raising the dead in the graveyards
 C
 Where we've laid down our dreams
 G
 His name is Hope
 G
 Can you hear him outside he's been singing all night
 Em
 He's saying when you gonna come out from behind
 D
 These paper thin walls, your cardboard box realities C

Acordes

