

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 C
These paper thin walls, your cardboard box realities

Acordes

