

Lucas Mayer - Black Sand

tom:

A
Hands on the wheel
My old lady would say
Of course they are
Of course they are not on you
Mountains form a wall
Along the way
The moss covers the fields
Where once lava drained away

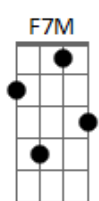
D Gb
And from where I stand
B E
Black is the color of the sand
D B
And that's where your footprints
E A
Where stamped yesterday
(A Gb)

A
Eyes of the road
Gb
My old lady would say
A
Of course they are
Of course they are not on you
A Gb
Waterfalls look like bridges and their veils
E
A lighthouse and some spouses

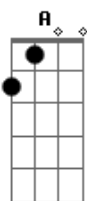
Welcome home those who sailed away
D Gb
And from where I stand
B E
Black is the color of the sand

D B
And that's where your footprints
E A
Where stamped yesterday
A
Hands on the wheel
Gb
My old lady would say
A
Of course they are
Gb
Of course they are not on you
D Gb
And from where I stand
B E
Black is the color of the sand
D B
And that's where your footprints
E A
Where stamped yesterday
D B
And that's where your footprints
E A
Where stamped yesterday
D Gb
And from where I stand
B E
Black is the color of the sand
D B
And that's where your footprints
E A
Where stamped yesterday
D B
And that's where your footprints
E A
Where stamped yesterday

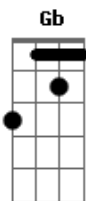
Acordes



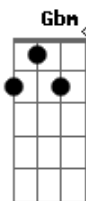
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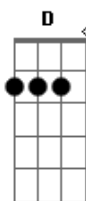
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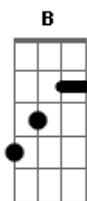
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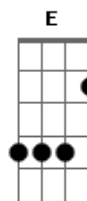
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