

Mandolin Orange - Echo

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With no bend and sway at all, that ancient dance was lost
Intro: G Em Gbm G D G C
Em Gbm G C D Em
D C D G
                                                                   Em
                                                                         D
                                                                                     C
                                                                                                  D
                                                           And the wind, moved like an echo, with a sigh in every guss
Verso 1:
the wildflowers grow
Such whispers on the breeze, they don't come easy now, over
                                                                     Em
                                                           Well some day i hope to find, that land of funny wine
all this noise
                         G
                               C
Spent my youth among the pines, they used to sing a tune so
                                                           Where the coffee grows on the wide oak trees
fine
                                                                    Am
                                                           And those sugar coated mountaints, in the spring begin
       Em
             D
                           C
                                   D
And the wind, moved like an echo, carrying their voices
                                                           To melt, to sweetest stream
Verso 2:
                                                           Verso 3:
 G
Gbm
                                                           Reached night, the starlight and the sea
I saw it in a dream, monuments of trees, as the air we breath
                                                                          D
                                                                                        Em
                                                           Together form eternity, and the wind moves like an echo D G
As the world drops all, to sleep
turned our lungs to dust
         D
                     G
And the redwood so tall, and all their aw, began to rust
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Acordes

