

Passenger - Caravan

And you ache just to smell her clothes, and her cooking down on the stove.

F

C

You see her face in everyone you pass.

G

C

C

G

F

Cause you search for years but you lose everything you find.

G

There's braille for the deaf and signposts for the blind.

G

C

G

F

There's heaven for the cruel but the devil waits for the kind.

G

C

G

And you walk down to her window.

G

C

G

F

And press your face against the glass.

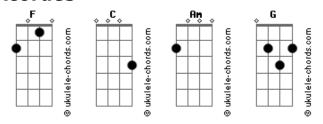
G

Only to find that she is happy in his arms.

'Cause you search for years but you lose everything you find. G $\,$ C $\,$ F $\,$ There's braille for the deaf and signposts for the blind.

There's heaven for the cruel but the devil waits for the kind.

Acordes



Your footprints track you through the grass.