

Pat Green - Poetry

Tom: G
Intro: G Em7 G C G Em7 G C

G Em7 G C
Some things I've done make my conscience burn,

My very spine shutter and squirm.

G Em7 G C
I only hope that I've learned from my sins.

G Em7 G
I heard a voice when I was 13,

C
Got baptised and washed up clean.

G Em7 G
But the world has a way, if you know what I mean,

C
Of scuffin' you up again.

D D G
- I can't explain a blessed thing,

C
Not a fallen star or a feathered wing,

D D G C
Or how a man in chains can have the strength to sing.

D D G
(2."I'll Fly Away)

D D G C
Just one thing is clear to me, (3.
like a bird)

C
There's always more than what appears to be

D D G C
And when the light's just right I swear I
see...poetry. -

G Em7 G C

G Em7 G
Well, somebody made everything

C
From my soul inside out to Saturn's rings,
G Em7 G C

How my baby smiles, how Ray Charles sings...

Of course we were created.

G Em7 G G
Clouds make rain, the ocean makes sand,
C

The earth breathes fire, and lava makes land.

G Em7 G
Well, that took a mighty hand

C
And a wild imagination.

- REPEAT CHORUS -

E A D 4x

G Em7 G
Dreams I dreamed came back ten-fold

C
From the friends that I have to the woman I hold.

G Em7 G
I look down on a street of gold,

C
After all the mud along the way.

G Em7 G C
Sometimes a big ol' mystery can lead right in on me.

G Em7 G
Says that I am home and I am free...

C
And I'll take that anyway.

- REPEAT CHORUS -

D D G
Just one thing is clear to me,

C
There's always more than what appears to be

D D G C
And when the light's just right I swear I
see...poetry.

G Em7 G C

Acordes

