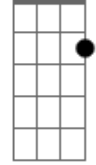


Paul Simon - Wartime Prayers

<p>Tom: D</p> <p>Bm</p> <p>C sus2 Db \emptyset</p> <p>C add9 Bm7 Prayers offered.. A7 sus4 A</p> <p>are silent Appeals for love</p> <p>C Em D</p> <p>Or loves.. in private invocations</p> <p>Bm C</p> <p>But all that is changed now a memory from</p> <p>Db \emptyset Bm</p> <p>the day.. People hungry for the voice of God</p> <p>C Bm7 A7 sus4 A</p> <p>Hear lunatics.. Wartime prayers C Em D</p> <p>Wartime.. In every language spoken, C Em D Bb dim</p> <p>For every family scattered and broken.</p> <p>B A E</p> <p>B A</p> <p>Because you...</p> <p>Db \emptyset B A E Dbm C7M</p> <p>strum strum 3x strum strum</p> <p>cannot.. halfway.. rid my.. cleanse.. feel.. pretend.. genius.. tap.. little..</p> <p>Em Bm C add9</p> <p>Times are hard.. but.. all about hard times</p> <p>Db \emptyset Bm</p> <p>The thing is, what.. ..you cry? and try to</p> <p>C7M Bm7 A7 sus4</p> <p>muscle through? And try to.. but when the</p> <p>A</p> <p>wounds are.. and it's all that we can bear, C Em D Bb dim B</p> <p>We.. selves.. pray -aay -ers. B strum A E</p> <p>B A E Dbm C7M</p> <p>Db \emptyset</p>	<p>strum strum 3x strum strum</p> <p>cannot.. halfway.. rid my.. cleanse.. feel.. pretend.. genius.. tap.. little..</p> <p>Em Bm</p> <p>A mother.. twilight sleep C add9 Bm7 A7 sus4</p> <p>And.. closer</p> <p>A C</p> <p>With.. for.. and kisses</p> <p>Em D C</p> <p>on her shoulders to drive</p> <p>Em D C Em D</p> <p>away despair she.. wartime prayer</p> <p>Lyrics:</p> <p>Prayers offered in times of peace are silent conversations, Appeals for love or loves release, in private invocations.</p> <p>But all that is changed now, Gone like a memory from the day before the fires. People hungry for the voice of God Hear lunatics and liars</p> <p>Wartime prayers, wartime prayers In every language spoken, For every family scattered and broken.</p> <p>E Because you cannot walk with the holy, If you're just a halfway decent man. But I don't pretend that I'm a mastermind With a genius marketing plan.</p> <p>I'm trying to tap into some wisdom, Even a little drop would do. I want to rid my heart of envy And cleanse my soul of rage Before I feel.</p> <p>Times are hard, hard times, But everybody knows all about hard times. The thing is, what are you gonna do? Will you cry? And try to muscle through? And try to rearrange your stuff? But when the wounds are deep enough, And it's all that we can bear, We wrap ourselves in prayer.</p> <p>Because you cannot walk with the holy, If you're just a halfway decent man. But I don't pretend that I'm a mastermind With a genius marketing plan.</p> <p>I'm trying to tap into some wisdom, Even a little drop would do. I want to rid my heart of envy And cleanse my soul of rage Before I'm through. A mother murmurs in twilight sleep And draws her babies closer. With hush-a-bies for sleepy eyes, And kisses on the shoulder. To drive away despair She sends a wartime prayer.</p>
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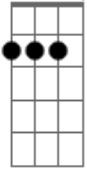
Acordes

C7M



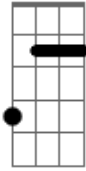
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D



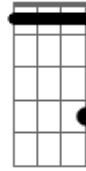
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Bm



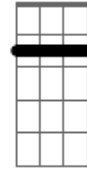
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Db



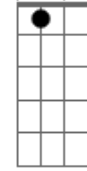
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Bm7



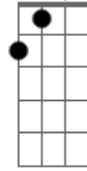
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A7



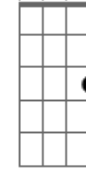
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A



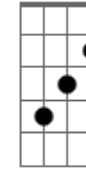
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C



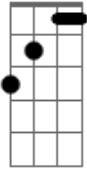
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Em



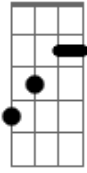
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Bb



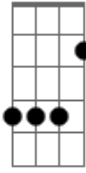
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B



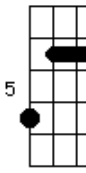
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E



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Dbm



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