

Peter Hammill - Red Shift

Tom: G

Em

Em

Red

Shift.

Em

from me.

Fm

Red

D Shift,

from

 Em

me.

all moving

it's moving

G

and in the brunt of implosion, all yesterday's golden now reddened suns

Once all the stars in the sky were bright, now they're and hope is a word with no space for blame in. red and fading

F

Red Shift, displaced now in time and relativity,

Red Shift, all moving away from we.

Em
 and all the colours we wore, the shades that we bore
have moved

away

awav

(Improvisation)

Em Gbm G

Em
And the gold turns to red with no So here I am, though I might well be with time for changes?

me,

Is it sham? Does the world have a mean - ing?

The more that we know, the grea ter con fus ion grows:stars are like a-

toms and $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left$

its all been a dream
...etc.

Time locked in negative matter

all theories shatter beneath the weight

 $\ensuremath{\mathsf{Happy}}$ is the man who believes that the world

is a dream and all reason, fate

And time moves on with no time

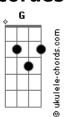
the eye moves on with no $\ensuremath{\mathsf{rhyme}}$

and I'm a song in the depth of the galaxies $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left($

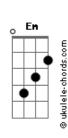
Red Shift is taking away my sanit

Red Shift, all moving away from $\ensuremath{\mathsf{w}}$

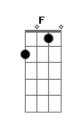
Acordes



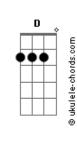
pervades all the older ones



Once, constellations were holy, now darkness



ukulele-chords.com



Am

