

Peter Hammill - Traintime

Tom: G

C#sus4

Dbm C#sus4 Along the track the wires are humming C#sus4 Dbm In bursts of code like far-off drums D C#sus4 D C#sus4 Fathering a message Further up the line D C#sus4 Someone's shouting down the passage of time

Dbm

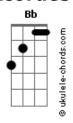
The corridor restrains the window C#sus4 Db No view without the eye (I?) within C#sus4 D C#sus4 Bold upon the threshold But holding on the line C#sus4 Shouting down the passage of time

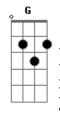
В A Db Relatives speak on the phone on the train Ab B Bb Talking before they have thought to explain Bb A Dbm Voices pitched wildly on tracks in the night Ab B Bb Can't pick the pace up, oh let there be light Ab Gb E How light becomes the soul

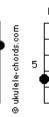
C#sus4 Dbm You know yourself the centre of attention C#sus4 Dbm

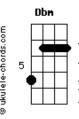
You know yourself the locus of event D C#sus4 D C#sus4 Sorry if it's painful Quarrying the lime, stage centre C#sus4 D Shouting down the passage of time C#sus4 Db The corridor retains its shadows its secrets compartmentalised damping down on ambience damp the teeth and grind shouting down the passage of time! Dbm What's there to see or make clear Ab B Bb Ab What's there to know when the voice is right here A Dbm B Bb What's there to promise or $\ensuremath{\mathsf{vow}}$ Ab Ab B Bb What's to believe when the time is right now A Dbm Relatives speak on the phone on the train Ab Ab B Bb Talking before they have thought to refrain

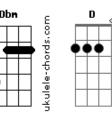
Acordes

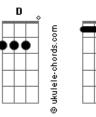


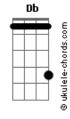


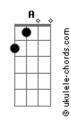






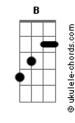






Bb A Db B

Ab Ab B



Voices projecting, spears in mid-flight

Frozen forever, oh let there be light!!

Bh

