

# The Shins - Port Of Morrow

Tom: C  
Intro: F G E F  
F G E Am  
F G E F  
F E  
F G

Dm A  
Through the rain and all the clatter  
F C G  
Under the Fremont bridge I saw a pigeon fly  
Dm F C A  
Fly in fear from the raptor come to take its life

Dm A  
And as it closed in for the capture  
F C G  
I funnelled the fear through my ancient eyes  
Dm F  
To see in flight, what I know are  
C A  
The bitter mechanics of life

F G E F  
Under my hat it reads "the lines are all imagined"  
F G E Am  
A fact of life I know to hide from my little girls  
F G E F  
I know my place amongst the bugs and all the animals  
F E  
And it's from these ordinary people  
F G  
You are longing to be free

Dm A  
My hotel and on the TV  
F C G  
A preacher on the stage like a buzzard cries  
Dm F C A

Our a warning of phony sorrow. He's trying to get a rise.

Dm A  
The cyanide of an almond  
F C G  
Let him look at your hands, get the angles right  
Dm F C A  
Ace of spades, Port of Morrow, life is death is life.

F G E F  
I saw a photograph; Cologne in '27  
F G E Am  
And then a postcard after the bombs in '45  
F G E F  
Must have been a world of evil clowns that let it happen  
F E  
But now I recognise, dear listeners,  
F G  
That you were there and so was I

Dm F  
Dm C A  
Dm F C A

F G E F  
Under my hat I know the lines are all imagined  
F G E Am  
A fact of life I must impress on my little girls  
F G E F  
I know my place amongst the creatures in the pageant  
F E  
And there are flowers in the garbage  
F G  
And a skull under your curls

Dm F  
Dm C A  
Dm F C A

## Acordes

