

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

