

The Shins - Young Pilgrim

Tom: D

Note:

The little riff played over the D chords in the verse is normally played by a separate guitar from the one that's strumming.

What I do when playing this alone is:

Then on to the Bb and so on.

(Three muted strums)

D Bb G D Bb C D F A

D Bb G D
A cold and wet November dawn
Bb C D
And there are no barking sparrows
F A D
Just emptiness to dwell upon.

Bb G D
I fell into a winter slide
Bb C D
And ended up the kind of kid who goes down chutes too narrow
F A
Just sneaking out my measly pies.

G D A D
But I learned fast how to keep my head up 'cause I
G D F A
Know there is this side of me that
G D A D
Wants to grab the yoke from the pilot and just
G D F A
Fly the whole mess into the sea.

D Bb G D
Another slow train to the coast
Bb C D
Some brand new gory art from way on high
F A
I sink and then I swim all night.

Bb G D
I watch the ice melt on the glass
Bb C D
While the eloquent young pilgrims pass
F
And leave behind their trail
C A
Imploring us all not to fail.

G D A D
Of course I was raised to gather courage from those
G D F A
Lofty tales so tried and true, but
G D A D
If you're able I'd suggest it 'cause this
G D F A
Modern thought can get the best of you.

Bm D G A G A
This rather simple epitaph can save your hide, your falling
mind
Bm D G A G
Fate isn't what we're up against; there's no design, no flaws
to find
G A G A
There's no design, no flaws to find.

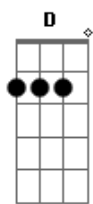
Note:

True picking for the G A G A part:

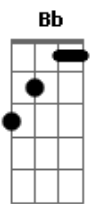
The following solo (Played over verse progression ending in F C A):

G D A D
But I learned fast how to keep my head up 'cause I
G D F A
Know I got this side of me that
G D A D
Wants to grab the yoke from the pilot and just
G D F A D
Fly the whole mess into the sea.

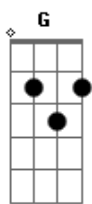
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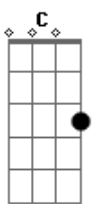
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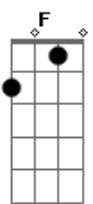
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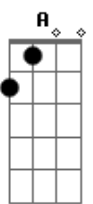
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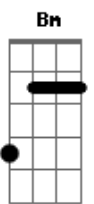
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