

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 strummina.

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 G Bb D A cold and wet November dawn Bb And there are no barking sparrows Just emptiness to dwell upon. I fell into a winter slide Bb And ended up the kind of kid who goes down chutes too narrow Just sneaking out my measly pies.

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

Some brand new gory art from way on high I sink and then I swim all night.

I watch the ice melt on the glass While the eloquent young pilgrims pass And leave behind their trail Imploring us all not to fail. Of course I was raised to gather courage from those Lofty tales so tried and true, but D A If you're able I'd suggest it 'cause this Modern thought can get the best of you. This rather simple epitaph can save your hide, your falling Fate isn't what we're up against; there's no design, no flaws 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

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

Acordes

















