

The White Buffalo - Sycamore

tom:

G

I don't see nothing wrong being a drea-mer F C
I've been floating for so long from the shore F C G
The sea, it has its song, that it's sin-ging F C G
It's a sad and lonely tune in the blue F C G
And it calls to drift and sails like me and you F C G
But I cannot understand, why I'm longing for the land F C G

I miss the sound of the breeze F C
Through the leaves of the sycamore F C
Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore F C
The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor F C
Well, I miss you more F C
Well, I miss you more F C

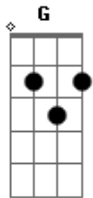
The sea calls to me again, like it's screa-ming F C
Your home is the water, in the stars F C

In the chasm of the deep, well they're fee-ding F C G
On the changing it can cavern of my heart F C G
And though it's her that is tearing us apart F C G
I begin to understand, oh I'm longing for the land F C G

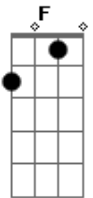
I miss the sound of the breeze F C
Through the leaves of the sycamore F C
Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore F C
The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor F C
Well, I miss you more F C

Whoa, I miss the sound of the breeze through the leaves of the sycamore F C
Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore F C
The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor F C
Well, I miss you more F C
Well, I miss you more F C
I miss you more F C
I miss you more F C

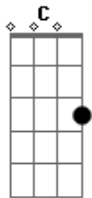
Acordes



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