

Em D A x4

Em D A Em D A

I was just bony hands as cold as a winter pole

Em D A Em D A

you held a warm stone out new flowing blood to hold

Em D A Em D A

oh what a contrast you were to the brutes in the halls

Em D A Em D A

my timid young fingers held a decent animal

G D

Over the ramparts you tossed

G D

the scent of your skin and some foreign flowers

G D F

tied to a brick sweet as a song

C D

the years have been short but the days were long

Em D A Em D A

Cool of a temperate breeze from dark skies to wet grass

Em D A Em D A

we fell in a field it seems now a thousand summers passed

Em D A Em D A

when our kite lines first crossed we tied them into knots

Em D A Em D A

and to finally fly apart we had to cut them off

G D

Since then it's been a book

G

you read in reverse

D

so you understand less as the pages turn

G D F

or a movie so crass and awkwardly cast

C D

that even I could be the star

C D F G

I don't look back much as a rule

C D F G

and all this way before murder is cool

C D G C

but your memory is here and i'd like you to stay

D

a warm light on a winter's day

Em D A x6

G D

Over the ramparts you tossed

G D

the scent of your skin and some foreign flowers

*G D F*

tied to brick sweet as a song

*C F*

the years have been short but the days go slowly by

*C*

to loose kites falling from the sky

*F C D*

drawn to the ground and an end to flight