

*Bb5 Bb*

*Gm Dm F*  
how lonely I find  
*Bb5 C5 D5 Gm*  
will tend to my mind  
*Dm Bb D*  
along this mossy trail  
*Gm Dm F*  
and how coyly it hides  
*Bb5 C5 D5 Gm*  
the truth about how  
*Dm Bb D*  
it is we can ask how

*A# Cm*  
crowds jump to their deaths  
*D# A# F*  
from the bridges I drive by tonight  
*A# Cm*  
they miss out on it all  
*D#*  
the whole gist that as they fall  
*A#*  
you're not expected to know why  
*F*  
it's such a short time  
*F*  
and there are stanzas never meant to rhyme

*Gm Dm F*  
far better I find  
*Bb5 C5 D5 Gm Dm*  
it is when we try to spend  
*Bb D*  
the ??? ????  
*Gm Dm F*  
with no real rationale  
*Bb5 C5 D5 Gm Dm*  
we step out of bounds and think  
*Bb D*  
and escape the lies

*A#*  
and we've marched,  
*Cm D#*  
so long but we've much farther  
*A# F*  
than we've gone to go  
*A# Cm*  
and we'll make a new ship  
*D#*  
cristen it for the trip  
*A# F*

with a toddler at the helm this time  
*F*  
and there are things we never will define

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