

## Blackwards

capo 3rd

C F Am G (x2)

C F Am G C  
Letting the horses out, soaking the hay with gin

C F Am G C  
Letting the fires out, feeling their warmth on the skin

C F Am G C  
Standing in soaking clothes, letting them dry in the wind

C F Am G C  
Standing – just standing – feeling old things die and new things begin

C Em Am  
Plants'll sprout here afterwards

C Fmaj7 Cmaj7  
In a heavy silence after words

F C G,

Am F C G

C F Am G C  
Fighting for breath as new, fresh winds rush into my lungs

C F Am G C  
Fighting – just fighting – turning new, fresh ideas into songs

C F Am G C  
Standing in knee-high water, trickling like whispering tongues

C F Am G Am  
Standing – just standing – growing blind as the shadows grow long

F C G, Am F C G

Am G C F  
Trying to picture what it feels like as the scaffolding climbs higher

Am F G C  
There's no room to draw, no room to write, nothing but fire

Dm F G

Drying me

Dm F G ... C

Holding me

F C G

C F Am G

C F Am G C  
Driving – just driving – along roads that are paved with old bricks

C F Am G C  
Others continue as I stop, feeling happy and sick

C F Am G C  
Smiling – just smiling – as the roads end in a fissure of stars

C F Am G C  
Standing – just standing – looking down at a waterfall of cars

C Em Am  
Looking blindly for new scars

C Fmaj7 Cmaj7  
Blackwards through prisonless bars

C Em Am  
Looking blindly for new scars

Am G C  
Blackwards through prisonless bars

Am G C  
Blackwards through prisonless bars

Am G C  
Blackwards through prisonless bars

Am G C