

THE SKY GROUNDWARDS

Am Am+G Fmaj7
All the ghosts in this vessel
C
Frightened of dying
Am Am+G Fmaj7 C
All the words on the tips of their thumbs
Am Am+G Fmaj7 C
Abbreving in Latin and mechanical pidgin
Am Am+G F C
To conserve all desire in their lungs

Chorus

A Amaj7
If I turn the sky groundwards
A7 D
From the sea they'll rise,
Dm
All those hapless navigators
A Amaj7
Reaching for the stars
A7 D
As they fall around our feet
Dm
And underneath our cars

All the stone in this bread cannot be turned
Despite the gnashing of my teeth in my sleep
But men do prefer the whole room to be burned
Than to just treat the floor to a sweep

{*Chorus*}

All the ghosts in their windows,
Tapping and etching
Out the living into bottle-necked enfolds
Every hothouse has a memory of the
Bees that don't get through
But none of how all the flowers grew

{*Chorus*}