

Missoula

E EM7
The town was painted silver by the dust of afternoon
E7 A
Shoppers on the sidewalks clutched their bags and headed home
Am. E. C#m
Somewhere in the distance summer baseball would soon end
F#m B7sus B7
The local Yellow jackets held the game at 4 to 10
E A
And I watched her walk away after smiling so politely
F# B7sus B7
After giving me the chance to ask her if she'd go my way

(Chorus)

E AM7
We fight with smiling demons and forget we're right or wrong
F#m B7sus B7
We listen to the sages and ignore that ancient song
AM7 E
In the middle of the darkness nightingales refuse to sing
F#m B7sus. B7
And the sinking moon it wears a silver ring

(Bridge)

You don't need a reason to sing this song
C#m7 B7
-Will end up in the dust after I've gone
-Though if I'm not too far I'll sing along :||
-Chance a mockingbird might sing along

As I walked up old Higgins upon that ancient stone
I heard the rolling waters from the Clark Fork seek their home
Trees of green before me and the swallows arching round
Soft along the old canal their wings a whispering sound
Into an apartment and the chance to write it down
How I'd become the jester once again

(Chorus)

EEM7E7AAm EC#mF#mB7susB7

The day dissolved in darkness to a sky of midnight blue
Somewhere far off church bells chased the pigeons as they flew
The universe was waiting for one more season to begin
And planets changed their places once again
The river held its patterns over rocks and swirling sand
Finding sanctuary from the land

E AM7
We choose our complications from our fragile coats of arms
F#m7 B7sus. B7
To where it is we've come from and to keep ourselves from harm
AM7. E
Yet it's only in the moment when our swords unsheathe their steel
F#7. B7sus B7
That our fights become a memory and the shadows become real