

Am F Am F

I have loved you - it's not over <sup>CH7</sup> <sup>EH</sup>  
 My perception of this love is like nothing we were told  
 I have known you more than ever <sup>Bm7</sup>  
 and this knowing has been something  
 I can't stop as it unfolds <sup>EH</sup>  
 Times it's lovely it is true <sup>Am</sup> <sup>B7</sup>  
 But there's nothing to pursue <sup>G7</sup> <sup>F9</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>E11</sup>  
 just look at it - what is there to behold <sup>CH7</sup> <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>Em7</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>F9</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>E11</sup>

I have met you by the shipwrecks  
 to retrospect you had your sides and tidepools where I'd go  
 I had breakfast with the ocean  
 and ignored it behind the paper  
 I took a walk down to your shore  
 whose vastness without end  
 The Ocean there and dim

Look at you - what is there to approach  
 Can't survey the boundaries, stipulate the surroundings <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G6</sup> <sup>F7</sup> <sup>Am7</sup> <sup>G6</sup>  
 kept our date on Monday, tumbling in the foundry <sup>Gm7</sup> <sup>Bb6</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>Gm7</sup> <sup>Bm7</sup> <sup>E11</sup>  
 Can't convey the squandering, festivals of quandering  
 Spilling out to Somedays, if you can find us flourndering  
 We have gathered, will continue  
 We will pulse and ~~scatter~~ cluster scatter  
 Search for substance around and round  
 We will surface - be called lovers  
 In that form's last recognition feel an agony profound  
 There's no solace for the heart but to take its fallen part  
 Look at us - before we can't be found.