

Dec 77 When we're finally home

<sup>F#m</sup> When we're finally home <sup>Bm F#7</sup>  
 and the deep insistence slates a bit <sup>Bb7 A9</sup>  
<sup>F#m</sup> a slight bend and a bow <sup>Bm F#7</sup>  
 of the young free of rigors in our midst. <sup>Bb9 D9</sup>  
<sup>G#m</sup> Waking us a rising and <sup>E7</sup>  
 of most understated peace <sup>F#m</sup>  
 and coming from this branch <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A9</sup>  
 We hold ourselves and breathe <sup>Bb9</sup>  
 in the warm and trembling sorrow <sup>Bm7</sup>  
 of the thoroughly deceased, <sup>Bb9 D+E C+D D+E</sup>

Dec. 77 If Death Were Sunshine

<sup>F#m</sup> If death were sunshine - who would stay alive <sup>G</sup>  
 there would be such a temptation to die <sup>A9</sup>  
 If life were a dungeon - In sure we'd all escape  
 surely we plot it out together some way  
 If this were a night bag - we'd learn to feel  
 Oh how quiet in carefully we would move

1st Verse