



AM

when the tide is low  
walk by the stones

A B C D E F G  
surely have no worms

the breeze  
A B C D E F G  
AM EM BM

Fm

D

C

EM

A

Bm

D

Am 6

Em

Fm

G

Fm

Em

Fm

Fm

Fm

the same

Details of the Waves come in  
By dozens and incessantly  
Rocks they slap age now and then  
even on our tables

Erosion make us always new  
We will take it if we're able.

You will have some answers; you will use your fame  
They will help like dancers; but later seem quite lame.  
Let it be a quite same;     —     "     "     "     "     "

as out in the rush that blows  
Wind known by what's in the way,  
joyful is the hand that sews;

These signs we see;  
Indicating something  
In this unseen agony

