

12/7/8

Soon We'll Be Dead

^{Am} ^{Dur}
 Soon we'll be dead ~~and~~ ^{well} be burned in our threads
 and the ground where we bled will wash clean ^{Am} E
 It's hard to conceive but the same fate will be
 for the sky and the sea ^{Am} F 69 E
 and the forces we think have no end ^{Dur}

^{Am} ^{Dur}
 There's birds on the beach - a both came to each
 they're pecking ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 decrease to small friends ^E
^{Am} they fly off in a group in the ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 Oh they ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 will be scooped ^E
 Nests ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 what is fading and thin ^{Am} F 69 E

^{Am} ^{Dur}
 I put this to our slave - he's out digging his grave
 He said did you have paved a fair thought ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 But you'll ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 or you'll shake with the walls that you take ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 then plunging his spade in the ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 what is it kind ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 you have taught ^{Am} ^{Dur}
 I watched close for a hint or a nod. ^{Am} ^{Dur}

Vertical text on the left margin, partially obscured.

When I look back on my life I see me weeping for our days