

White prints

Capo 3rd

Am G F C

Am F Em E
Dodging old craters of world war bombs, we limp past the wildlife and kids playing songs

C Dm G F C
Corn-fed hogs and owls in cages stare longingly into the forest

Am G Em Am D
The white shapes on the horizon could either be buildings or clouds

G Am D Dsus
We'll find out, we'll break down, we'll come 'round

Dm C
So don't live every day like it could be your last

C G
Live every day like it will

G D F-Am C-G Dm
And leave prints to cast, as you run

F C
Down the hill

Am G F C

Am F Em E
We pick up the pace with the dogs on our heels, the tree trunks are riddled with fragments of steel

C Dm G F C
We skip over trenches from decades ago and we rest at the edge of the forest

Am G Em Am D
The path turns to road and the road turns to suburbs, the city's asleep

G Am D Dsus
A door creaks, a child weeps behind the concrete

Dm C
So follow in footsteps of those gone before

C G
Unless they weren't going your way

G D F Am C G Dm
And on broken, half-hidden footprints of plaster

F C
You'll meet yourself halfway

Am G F C

Am F Em E
Above us hang bridges and muted, old chimes, that stir in the breeze and invite us to climb

C Dm G F C
The dogs fall asleep as they pass the last trees, in our last ever glance at the forest

Am G Em Am D
The bridges collapse when we actually climb. They're not meant to be touched

G Am D Dsus
The door shuts, spilling flakes of rust

Dm C
So pick up the pieces and feed them to the flames

C G
With the tiles and the boards and the nails

G D F Am C G Dm
And as fumes of change and destruction rise

F C
Don't forget to inhale

Am G F G C