

High

New Model Army

(Am C) x8

G Em
Down beneath the swoosh of the turbines,
F Em
The long grass it blows in ripples,
G Em
There's a beautiful spiral of roads,
F
That lead the lost up here.
G Em
I was watching the birds taking off,
F Em
To swoop down over the city,
G Em
They find and take just what they need,
F
And turn, turn, turn.

Am C
The movers move, the shakers shake,
Am C
The winners write their history,
Am C
But from high on the high hills
Am C
It all looks like nothing.
Am C
The movers move, the shakers shake,
Am C
The winners write their history,
Am C
But from high on the high hills
Am C
It all looks like nothing.

G Em
That afternoon on the hustler gate,
F Em
With all the TVs flickering,
G Em
While behind the sky was moving,
F
Liquid crimson gold.
G Em
Brothers, sisters, pay no heed
F Em
To the unfaithful messengers,
G Em
For theirs is a prison world,
F
Of lies, lies, lies.

D
The keening wind,
F
It blows through me, it blows through me.

D
My time it must,
F
Be almost done, be almost done.

(Am C)x4

Am C
All these things you fear so much
Am C
Depend on angles of vision.
Am C
Down in the maze of walls,
Am C
You can't see what's coming,
Am C
But from high on the high hills
Am C
It all looks like nothing,
Am C
From high on the high hills
Am C (Am C)x4 D5 E5 C5 D5 (Am C)x4 D5 E5 C5 D5 Am
It all looks like nothing, nothing