

# 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