

Beautiful Morning

Phil Mills

Capo 2

Intro: G G D Em C D G D7

G D Em

Used to be that dark and storm-y nights gave birth to e - vil;
Once with-in the moon-less depths of gloom - y pre - dawn ho - urs,

C D G D7 G

Mid - night was the raid - ers cer - tain choice. Foul things from the
Thun - der shook the bare trees on the hill. Rain and fog and

D Em

north would come with blood - y sun of win - ter;
bark - ing dogs pre - - dict - ed death and ter - ror, But

C Em G Am

Vil - lains spoke in whis - pers or a husk - y, sneer - ing voice.
lit - tle hap - pened: grand - pa coughed and grand - ma caught a chill.

G D

Then Bad guys nev - er shaved nor cut their hair, ex - cept with
day - light, sweet and love - ly, brought the first of four large
Some - thing in my soul as - so - ci - ates the dark with

Em C D G D7

dull knives; Ghosts rode on the sea wind's ic - y blow.
dra - gons Hun - gry for a taste of vir - gin flesh.
dan - ger, Makes me dread the twi - light of each day.

G D

All that chnged as our world gained ad - vanced so - phis - ti -
 Strong and brave, we fought to save the young ones of our
 Wish I knew what med - dling fool in - - vert - ed all our

Em C Em G

ca - tion 'Til now the pen - du - lum has swung as far as it will
 vil - lage. We lost just three to mon - sters, but a plague took all the
 o - mens, I'd send him a cute kit - ten on a gor - geous sum - mer

Am C D G Em

go. Spring-time, flow - ers, white puffs in a blue sky, There's
 rest. Spring-time, flow - ers, white puffs in a blue sky, There's
 day. Spring-time, flow - ers, white puffs in a blue sky, There's

Am Em D

al - ways bril - liant sun - shine just be - fore the wolves at - tack.
 al - ways bril - liant sun - shine just be - fore the mol - ten lead.
 al - ways bril - liant sun - shine just be - fore a pain - ful death.

C D G Em

When I wake to chirp - ing birds, it makes me want to cry, It's a
 When I wake to chirp - ing birds, it makes me want to cry, It's a
 When I wake to chirp - ing birds, it makes me want to cry, It's a

G Am Gsus G Gsus G

beau - ti - ful morn - ing, guess I won't be com - ing back.
 beau - ti - ful morn - ing, won't be long be - fore I'm dead..
 beau - ti - ful morn - ing as I sav - or my last breath.

History:
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