

Sharp Edges

Phil Mills

Capo 3

Intro: Am7 G Dm7 G

Am7 G7 G

Turn from the road-way and look to the sky-line;
Rag-ged old tents tease the wind as they flut-ter,
With-in that build-ing are sev-en-teen mir-rors,

C Am7 Dm7 G Am7

Stuck fast in time, there's a wheel in the air. Rain-worn and
Emp-tied of pri-zes, of fraud, and of theft. For-tunes and
Shat-tered to frag-ments like spear-heads of glass; Five more are

G7 G C

brown is the wood and the met-al; Yel-lows and
fail-ures are caught in the can-vas; All of the
blind-ed with tarn-ish from ag-es, Locked from the

Dm7 G Am7 G Am7

reds have all fled from the fair. Weeds sprout in
skill and the chan-ces have left. Walk to the
light, they re-cy-cle their past. One by the

G7 G C

cracks on a wide stretch of pave-ment; Twist-ed and
last row of sheds with their shut-ters Where the fa-
win-dow cat-ches the sun-set, Lights up the

Am7 Dm7 G Am7

gan - gling, they reach for the sun. Gray boats lay
 cade breaks a - way from the walls. Climb sag - ging
 room with a bright warn - ing flare. Deep in its

G7 G 1 Dm7

beached where the Tun - nel of Love ends, Close by the hous - es of
 stairs to a half - o - pen door - way,
 heart is a world un - re - flect - ed.

G 2 Dm7 G C

fun. Hunt - ing the hushed voice that calls. I hear the

F C

laugh - ter of yes - ter - day's child - ren. I feel the press of

G C F

yes - ter - day's crowd. I taste the sweet - ness of yes - ter - day's

Am Dm F

can - dy, See bro - ken toys yes - ter - day played with... On - ly sharp

G C G 3 Dm Em Am

ed - ges left now. Some - thing still lives in - side there.

History:

February, 2011