SKETCHES

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A           Dm              Em          A
LATE IN THE SUMMER WHEN THE COTTON WOOD DIES
    Dm            Dm        D#9          D#9
THE FIELDS ARE ON FIRE WITH GREEN BOTTLE FLIES
D#9     Dm             Fm           Em         A    A
AND I'M STILL SEEING REFLECTIONS OF ME IN YOUR EYES.
    A#          C          Dm9    Dm9
AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE LAST SUMMER?

        A           Dm            Em        A
NOW THE SEASONS ARE CHANGING FROM SUMMER TO FALL
         Dm             Dm      D#9        D#9 D#9
AND I'VE STILL GOT THAT PICTURE HUNG ON MY WALL
            Dm         Dm         Em         A      A
AND THERE'S SO MUCH FORGOTTEN AND TOO MUCH RECALLED
    A#          C        Dm9   Dm9,  Dm,  A#,  Dm,  A#
AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE AT ALL?

Dm         A#        Dm        A#
STANDING BESIDE YOU, MIDWINTER DAY
Dm             A7      A#M7   A#M7
HEARTS BEATING CLOSE TOGETHER
Dm                A#    Dm
WISHING THAT WE'D FOUND SOME WAY
   A#   Dm          A7      A#M7   A#M7
TO MAKE THAT MOMENT LAST FOREVER

Gm                        A7
STANDING SILENT LAUGHING, BREATHING STEAM
Gm                 A7
GAZING DOWN INTO A FREEZING STREAM
A#M7      A#M7      Am7   Am7
I SAW THE FACE OF A CHILD
A#M7      A#M7      A     A  A  A
I SAW THE FACE OF A CHILD
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