

Felt

Words and Music: R Edgar ©1996

C Gm7 Bb Bbmaj7 E7
There isn't any color in Syr-----a-----cuse
Am Dm Dbm9 A7
The houses are as gray as the clouds from Lake Erie
F E7 Am Bm C Am E7
So I hitchhike down for a week----end in So ho
G A7 D7 Ebdim
For the price of tolls get the blazing Appalachians
Dm E Dm E
Then stumble on piles of felt die-cut shards
Dm Dbm9 C E
Connecting the streets and the gallery walls
F E Dbm9 E7
and the silence from the steel drum bowery fires
F#m7 Ab7 C#m
on the ground on the ground on the ground

C Gm7 Bb Bbmaj7 E7
Far down below the foam is lace filigree
Am Dm Dbm9 A7
the eight-foot waves boil but we're too high to hear them
F E7 Am Bm C Am E7
the cliffs of Big Sur are tall gates of hea----ven
G A7 Dm Ebdim
the smell of wild anise and mint in our lungs
Dm E Dm E
as from the horizon slides a white felt cloud sheet
Dm Dbm9 C E
connecting the ocean and the gallery walls
F E Dbm9 E7
and Merrilee's hair tumbles like waterfalls
F#m7 Ab7 C#m
to the sea to the sea to the sea

C Gm7 Bb Bbmaj7 E7
Peach-colored gleams under sodi----um lights
Am Dm Dbm9 A7
the streets of downtown Atlanta are frozen
Dm E F A7
as we turn out the lights of our four-person business
F E7 Am Bm C Am E7
making software to sell the whole state of Geor--gia
G A7 D7 Ebdim
Well, deals among friends aren't always heartfelt
Dm E Dm E
smiles and glad-handing, liquor and boasting
Dm Dbmin9 C E

landing in the rusty Philadelphia streets
F E Dbm9 E7
 sleet like a wet smoker's hack trails the car
F#m7 Ab7 C#m
 blown awry blown awry blown awry

G Gm7 Dbm9 Bm
 Hold me now as if we're wrenched by a river
B7 E Am7 E7 [ret...]
 Kiss me like we're sharing one taste of oxygen
C#m Bm Abm9 Abdim
 Close your eyes, imagine we'll never touch ground
Am[A] Am[G] Am[E]
 falling falling falling...
 ||: **Am[A] Am[G] Am[E]** :||

C Gm7 Bb Bbmaj7 E7
 The cars are parked the length of El Camino
Am Dm Dbm9 A7
 Meredith's fused to the phone and her friends
Dm E7 F A7
 Robin is sketching another cartoon book
F E7 Am Bm C E7
 And Merrilee notices change in the air.
G A7 D7 Dbdim
 Pour us another blood red zinfandel
Dm E Dm E
 Just one more hour and I'll darken this monitor
Dm E Dm E
 Weaving montages of pictures and sounds
Dm Dbm9 C E
 I know when I see and I feel when I hear
F E Dbm9 E7
 Throwing I Ching diaries, gestures to oblivion
F#m7 Ab7 C#m
 toss away toss away toss away.
 ||: **F#m7 Ab7 C#m** :||