

we can always join the dots

G Cm7 / B7 Em / A7 / Am D7

♩=82 **Tempo Rubato**

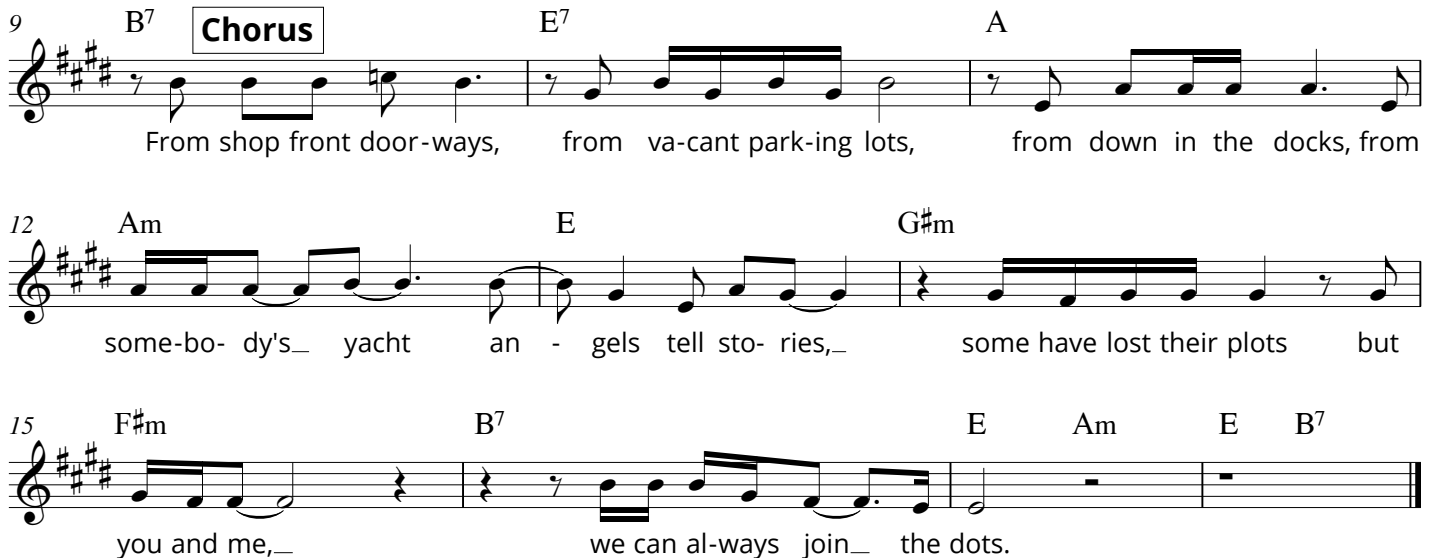
Tom Ling

Verse 1



A blue-sy horn and pi-a-no chords e-scape a night club's swing-ing doors to
tease us__with the ink-ling that we've heard that song so__ ma-ny times be-fore.

Chorus



From shop front door-ways, from va-cant park-ing lots, from down in the docks, from
some-bo- dy's__ yacht an - gels tell sto- ries,__ some have lost their plots but
you and me,__ we can al-ways join__ the dots.

Now somewhere a saxophone is wailing
And the scent of sweet forget-me-nots
Drifts over billboards and posters on railings
Shimmering in darkness like angel's wings

Pipers play in catacombs
Fiddlers blaze in smoky rooms
Every song is like an embrace
We journey with angels through this place

The bands all go home, the music fades away
A pale sun rises on another day
This music leans into eternity
Framed in perfect symmetry