

Coming Around v7 Max Warner 2018- Nov2019

Bm7

Dmaj7

Gmaj

Hanging on to a future, getting caught up in the past, feeling a little bit queezy  
at times it all goes round so fast

I'm heading off for the weekend, try to be up on the downs, remember when we

would come here and just F#m7 G F#m7 G F#m7 G F#m7  
run around,

Navigating round spears of destiny; I'm steaming north out of the River Plate  
into a shimmering sea;

Signalling from the temple, left behind i hear a deafening sound

Tumbling into the lifeboat, shivering, lost voices, singing

all around, are you coming around, you should have come around, but you  
never came round.

Out of the southern shadows, I feel warmth in the pool of your life; the waves  
go by so quickly, still holding on to you so tight;

We'll be washed up one day onto a higher ground, and all your taken  
tomorrows will once more

come around, they'll come around, can't to come around, we'll all be coming  
round.

Forgive me as I'm just drifting in the soul winds as we pass, trying to sleep  
through the sirens, lashed to the mast;

The older I get, the younger your life feels, don't want to forget, but tide and  
time steals

And waters down, waters down.

And it keeps on coming around.....

Hanging on to a future