

# Waterfall The Stone Roses

[G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \

[G] Chimes sing Sunday [G] morn.

To [G] day's the day she's [G] sworn

To [C] steal what she [G] never could [Am] own

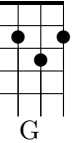
And [C] race from this [G] hole she calls [Am] home <D> <D> <D> [G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \

[G] Now you're at the [G] wheel.

Tell me [G] how, how does it [G] feel

So [C] good to have [G] equa[Am]lised

To [C] lift up the [G] lids of your [Am] eyes <D> <D> <D> [G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \

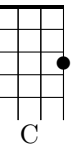


As the [G] miles they disa[G]ppear.

See [G] land begin to [G] clear

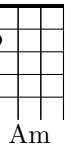
[C] Free from the [G] filth and the [Am] scum.

This A[C]merican [G] satellite's [Am] won <D> <D> <D> [G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \



[C] She'll carry [G] on through it [Am] all. She's a water[G]fall. [G] \ \ \

[C] She'll carry [G] on through it [Am] all. She's a water[G]fall. [G] \ \ \



[G] See the steeple [G] pine.

The [G] hills as old as [G] time.

[C] Soon to be [G] put to the [Am] test

To be [C] whipped by the [G] winds of the [Am] west. <D> <D> <D> [G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \

[G] Stands on shifting [G] sands.

The [G] scales held in her [G] hands.

The [C] wind it just [G] whips her and [Am] wails

And [C] fills up her [G] brigantine [Am] sails. <D> <D> <D> [G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \

[C] She'll carry [G] on through it [Am] all. She's a water[G]fall. [G] \ \ \

[C] She'll carry [G] on through it [Am] all. She's a water[G]fall. [G] \ \ \

[G] \ \ \ | [G] \ \ \ | <G>