

Mistigris // Brooke Lunderville

I make my home between the ocean and the graveyard E Bm E
And as I fall asleep one ear hears the quiet of the harbour Esus4 E Esus4 E
And one ear hears a silence more profound Esus4 E B

I make my home between the dockyards and the taverns E Bm E
And prostitutes patrol between, and pigeons linger overhead Esus4 E Esus4 E
And heroin and rice roll up on shore Esus4 E B

My home is dressed in sheets of corrugated metal E Bm E
And stucco made of broken glass coats timbers brittle with the years Esus4 E Esus4 E
Of drinking gloom and fog in to their bones Esus4 E B

But when the sun slips through the clouds and makes the gutters shine like diamonds E Am E
Then every rusted chain-link fence encloses pieces of my heart Am E B

And every oil-stained patch of asphalt, every faded blue tarpaulin E Am E
Every rat's nest on the seawall, every traffic cone bleached yellow Am E Am E
Every splintered alley gateway overrun with morning glory Esus4 E Esus4 E
Reminds me why I'll never leave my town E Bm E
Reminds me why I'll never leave my town E Bm E