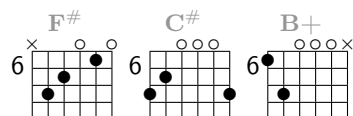

Iron and Wine - *Such Great Heights*

The Postal Service



F# C#
I'm thinking it's a sign

that the freckles in our eyes are mirror images and
F# C#
when we kiss they're perfectly aligned

And I have to speculate
that god himself did B+ make us into corresponding shapes
F# C#
like puzzle pieces from the clay

F# C#
And true, it may seem like a stretch,
but it's thoughts like this that B+ catch my troubled head
when you're away
F# C#
when I am missing you to death

F# C#
When you're there on the road
for several weeks of shows and when you scan the radio
F# C#
I hope this song will guide you home

F# C#
They will see us waving from such great heights,
B+ F# C#
come down now, they'll say
F# C#
but everything looks perfect from far away,
B+ F# C#
come down now, but we'll stay

F# C#
I try my best to leave
B+
this all on your machine but the persistent beat it
F# C#
sounded thin upon listening

F# C#
And that frankly will not fly,
B+
you will hear the shrillest highs and lowest lows with the
windows down
F# C#
when this is guiding you home

F# C#
They will see us waving from such great heights,
B+ F# C#
come down now, they'll say
F# C#
but everything looks perfect from far away,
B+ F# C#
come down now, but we'll stay
