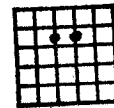
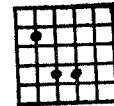


Land of the Living

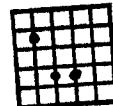
E G
 fell out of a slumber
 D A E
 i had seen the dust of my days
 G
 and of those meetings (C B G)
 D C
 i could easily number



A₂

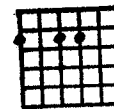


B

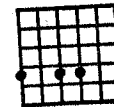


C#m

← FRET 2



F#m



G#m

the quiet times are noisy
 ranked, cold and unwilling
 the dove is holding his branch
 and the water, the water is falling
 Am7 A7 A7sus
 and it's true that you

E A₂ B A
 you're teaching me new ways of learning
 C#m A₂ B A
 and you're reaching me through a bridge that i was burning (A B D G)E

walked out in anger
 left you standing by a long cold fire
 sometimes friends will betray you
 but you stayed and you waited

wandered off for hours
 even days as i best remember them
 i crossed my directions
 some matches, the cold, and this coward

F#m G#m A₂ B F#m
 i've never moved a mountain or quenched a thirsty sea
 G#m A₂ B
 but i have tried crossing rivers under bridges built for me

E A₂ B A
 you're teaching me new ways of learning
 C#m A₂ B A C#m B A G D E
 and you're reaching me through a bridge that i was burning in the land of the living

(chorus repeats except for last line)

A C#m B A B C#m B A G D E
 through a bridge that i was burning, i was burning in the land of the living
 E A B A C#m A B A
 you're teaching me (teaching me.....), you're reaching me (reaching me.....)
 C#m B A G D E G D A E7
 oh, in the land of the living