



Amelia

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CGCEGC, 'Joni' Tuning: C75435

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Thanks to Jim Leahy for the initial clue of the tuning for this song. I'm just indicating chord shapes. If you have any corrections or suggestions, email at sem8@cornell.edu

|||||||
000000 = open strum
|||||||

Intro:

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000000 *****5 000000 *****5 ***|**5
||||||| ||||||| ||||||| ||||||| |||*||

|||||||
*****5-slide-7
|||||||

I was driving across the burning desert

 |||||||
 *****7-slide-10
 |||||||
when I spotted six jet planes

 ||||||| ||||||| ||||||| |||||||
 |||*||8 |||*||10 *****7 000000
 ***||| ***||| ||||||| |||||||
leaving six white vapor trails across the bleak terrain

 |||||||
 |||*||3
 ***|||
It was the hexagram of the heavens

 ||||||| |||||||
 |||*||10 |||*||8
 ***||| ***|||
It was the strings of my guitar

||||||| |||||||
*****7 *****5
||||||| |||||||
Amelia,

 ||||||| |||||||
 |**5 **5
 |||*|| |||||||
it was just a false alarm.

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000000 *****5 000000 *****5 ***|**5
||||||| ||||||| ||||||| ||||||| |||*||

The drone of flying engines
is a song so wild and blue
it scrambles time and seasons if it gets thru' to you
Then your life becomes a travelogue
of picture-post-card-charms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm.

People will tell you where they've gone
They'll tell you where to go
but till you get there yourself you never really know
where some have found their paradise
other's just come to harm
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I wish that he was here tonight
It's so hard to obey
His sad request of me to kindly stay away
So this is how I hide the hurt
As the road leads cursed and charmed
I tell Amelia, it was just a false alarm

A ghost of aviation
she was swallowed by the sky
or by the sea, like me she had a dream to fly
Like Icarus ascending
on beautiful foolish arms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

Maybe I've never really loved
I guess that is the truth
I've spent my whole life in clouds at icy altitude
and looking down on everything
I crashed into his arms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I pulled into the Cactus Tree Motel
to shower off the dust
and I slept on the strange pillows of my wanderlust
I dreamed of 747's
over geometric farms
dreams, Amelia, dreams and false alarms.