



Amelia

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CGCEGC, 'Joni' Tuning: C75435

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Intro:

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|||||||  |||||||  |||||||  | |  | |  ||  | |  | |  ||
222100  444300  555555  5 7p5 5 6p5 55  5 7p5 5 6p5 55
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|||||||  |||||||
555555  000000
|||||||  |||||||

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222100  444300  555555  575655
|||||||  |||||||  |||||||  |||||||

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1st verse:

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777777  797877  777777
|||||||  |||||||  |||||||
I was driving across the burning desert when I

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10 10 10 10 10 10  10 12 10 11 10 10  10 10 10 10 10 10
| | | | | |  | | | | | |  | | | | | |
spotted          six jet          planes leaving

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999800  11 11 11 10 00
|||||||  | | | | | |
six white vapor trails across the

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777777  797877  12 12 12 12 00
|||||||  |||||||  | | | | | |
bleak ter-   rain   It was the hexagram of the

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| | | | ||
11 11 11 10 00
| | | | ||
heavens it was the

|||||| |
777700 999800
|||||| |
strings of my gui- tar

|||||| | |
777700 555555 575655
|||||| | |
Oh A- melia It was just a false a-

|||||| | | | | | | | |
555555 5 7p5 5 6p5 55 555555 000000
|||||| | | | | | | | |
larm

|||||| | | | | | | | |
222100 444300 555555 575655
|||||| | | | | | | | |

Additional verses:

The drone of flying engines
Is a song so wild and blue
It scrambles time and seasons if it gets through 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.

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