Tenor Saxophone
vox

Sweet Home Chrome Rose

♩=80

2

I'm finding a thing..

I'm fin ding a thing. That's what I'm do ing now

you'll see. You are a wai ter or a wai tress. I'm not pay ing for this meal. I can try one of ev ery thing

No tip ei ther! I want to see your de di ca___ tions to this place. I want to hold

the hand of your em plo yer. A boss with hands that were co vered in cha pels. Cha pels

♩=90 *....that were blowing in the wind*

that were blow ing in the wind. Each tem ple had a lou der call than the next. All the sto ries col lec ted

by his arm, and there had sprou ted three legs. One for each of the three sides of a tale. Our dead an ces tors

can't see what we're see ing now but cir cum stan ces do not fa vor these cru cial be ings. I

I live along side a bellowing ocean...

live a long side a bel low ing o cean. I am saved in the ri ver. All de pen den cies lie in the sweet ly

V.S.

40

carved land line is the sight of the o cean. I am saved in the ri ver. A

44

ges ture of pre sen ting the gift of food at the foot. I am saved in the ri ver.

48 Emaj7 ♩=100 | A solid door that is never shut... |

begin improv based on chords

A so lid door that is ne ver shut, it will let you passthrough. I can not trust you. I will ne ver

53

give you the door key. I want it o pen. A thou sand peo ple have been look ing for ward to the

57

time that I give you back your con trol. When this oc curs you may lock up the door when you

61

want to, if that's what you want to do. You can e ven burn down the gate way, if that's what you want

65

to.... if that's what you want to do. If that's the wish of na ture, for tune has gi ven

69

you the con trol, if that's what you want. Is that what you want? Is this what you want?

I don't have a son to speak...

♩=110 Am7

I don't have a son to speak for in this case. I'm of fer ing the praise of yel low pies

that are so close to ge ther that they touch at the ends. The dark cloak shines like a pe tal from

the bul let. A chrome rose that grows out of the ef fer ves cent dreams.

They are silk, they are sly, they will give you a taste of the breath of life.

Cmaj7(#11)

They are shrill, they are tall, they will make a con fir ma tion out of your wa king soul.

They could make a levitation....

♩=120

They could make a le vi ta tion out of the hard packed silt. They could make a le vi ta

tion out of a ny thing.

They could le vi tate and make some room for us to sing. And I'll

Tenor Saxophone, vox

...and I'll sing if I want...

Am7(#13)

110

sing if I want, and I'll sing if I want. I wish I could go back to the first part of this thing,

114

and I can if I want, and I can if I want. I think I know now where this is go ing,

118

and I'll go if I want and I'll go if I want. The con tract cuts like a

121

bil li on phone calls. You can raise a line, but it ne ver ha shes right.

Now Gut the glass cup in search...

♩=130 F#m7

124

Now gut the glass cup in search of a so lid branch of oak. Did I get that right?

129

May be some of your sun shine will prune and po lish the re mains. It's the taste, it self, that has gi ven up.

134

An un com mon ka mi ka ze ma neu ver to sell what's there. Am I get ting this right? The

139

guy you put in charge of the or ga ni za tion has died. The group is lack ing the fi ner

143

touch to grace ful ly dis as sem ble it self. Am I get ting this right? Did I

Did I get that right?

Am7 ♩=140

get that right? Did I get that right? Did you know I got that right from the source.

The source that i mi tates the lead we should fol low. Come on with us and o bey with out ques tion.

The game is played so well that e ven you could not get in the way. No thing stops a head less train.

Oh, when you stand with out you may be re placed by The

Gar den of E den. The Gar den of E den. e

Once we have it written down we can forget

Cmaj7 ♩=150

yeah e yeah e yeah. Once we have it writ ten down we can for get it a gain and a gain.

The pen we used ex tends out from it self like eyes in the rain that see through the cold est head ache.

I side of the stone is a py ra mid made of moss that col lects up the rain and grows like a hy dro gen

bomb. I will give you my hat if you wear it out in the rain... ...in the rain. ...in the

195

Ebmaj7   The Black Garden Blooms in the air

rain.   The   Black Gar den Blooms   in the   air.   But   a   sud den   set tle ing

201

of   my lo ver's dust   cre   ates   a skein   of   can   vas.   The   in   tu i tive car   pet

208

Fm7
♩=160   The intuitive carpet bearers trust

bear ers trust   in   the   cer tain ty   of   life   as   well   as death.

214

It's   the   truth   that   we   have   all   known.   3/4

219

♩=80

3/4   **6**

end improv!!!!!!!

3/4   **6**

225

You would not believe me   **Open Repeat**

You   would   not   be   lieve   me   e   ven   if   I   told   you.