

Sweet Home Chrome Rose

Trumpet in B \flat

VOX

$\text{♩} = 80$

2

I'm finding a thing..

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

7

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

11

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

15

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

20 $\text{♩} = 90$ 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

25

by his arm, and there had sprou ted three legs. One for each of the three sides__

28

of a tale. Our dead an ces tors can't see what we're see ing now but cir cum stan ces

32

I live along side a bellowing ocean...

do not fa vor these cru cial be ings. I live a long side a bel low ing o cean.

37

I am saved in the ri ver. All de pen den cies lie in the sweet ly carved land line is the sight of the o cean.

42

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

47

Emaj7 $\text{♩} = 100$ [A solid door that is never shut...]

begin improv based on chords

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

52

trust you. I will ne ver give you the door key. I want it o pen. A thou sand peo ple

56

have been look ing for ward to the time that I give you back your con trol. When this oc curs you may

60

lock up the door when you want to, if that's what you want to do. You can e ven burn down the gate

64

way, if that's what you want to... if that's what you want to do. If that's the wish of na

68

ture, for tune has gi ven you the con trol, if that's what you want. Is that what you want?

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

$\text{♩} = 110$ Am7

72

Is this what you want? I don't have a son to speak for in this case. I'm of fer ing the

78

praise of yel low pies that are so close to ge ther that they touch at the ends. The dark cloak shines

83



like a pe tal from the bul let. A chrome rose that grows out of the ef fer ves cent dreams.

89



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

94

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....

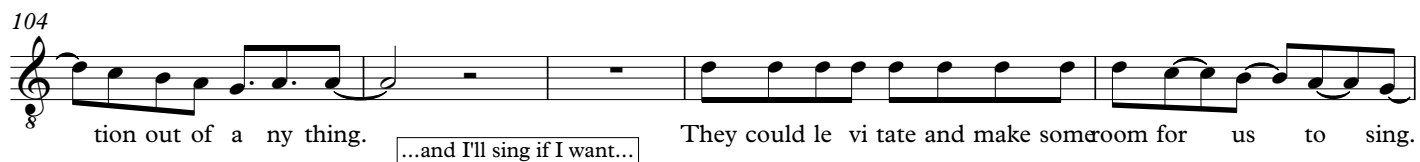
99

$\text{♩} = 120$



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

104



tion out of a ny thing. ...and I'll sing if I want... They could le vi tate and make someroom for us to sing.

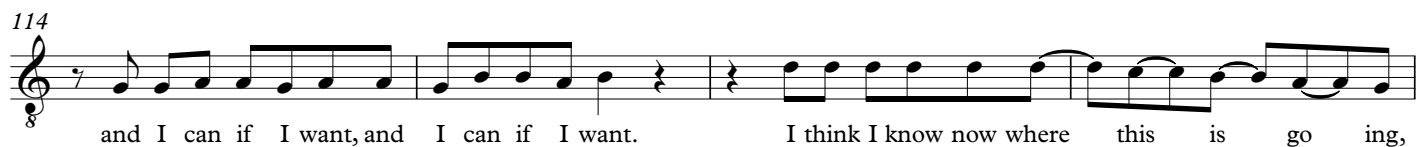
109

Am7(#13)



And I'll 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 V.S.

125 $\text{♩} = 130$ F#m7

gut the glass cup in search of a solid branch of oak. Did I get that right? May be some of your sun
shine will prune and polish the remains. It's the taste, it self, that has given up. An uncommon
ka mi ka ze ma neu ver to sell what's there. Am I getting this right? The guy you put in charge of
the organization has died. The group is lacking the finer touch to graceful

Did I get that right?

Am7

ly disassemble it self. Am I getting this right? Did I get that right?

148 $\text{♩} = 140$

Did I get that right? Did you know I got that right from the source. The source that imitates
the lead we should follow. Come on with us and obey without question. The game is played so well
that even you could not get in the way. No thing stops a headless train. Oh, when you stand
without you may be replaced by The Garden of Eden. The Garden of Eden. e

Once we have it written down we can forget

174 Cmaj7 ♩=150

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

180

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

185

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

191 Ebmaj7 [The Black Garden Blooms in

give you my hat if you wear it out in the rain... ...in the rain. ...in the rain. The Black Gar

197

den Blooms in the air. But a sud den set tle ing of my lo ver's dust cre ates a skein of can

The intuitive carpet bearers trust

205 ♩=160 Fm7

vas. The in tu i tive car pet bear ers trust in the cer tain ty of life

212

as well as death. It's the truth that we have all known.

219 ♩=80 6 You would not believe me Open Repeat

end improv!!!!!!

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