

ROLL-DOWN WINDOWS

C C
I don't take the information highway, these back roads are how I go

F F C
This rain drumming everywhere is my favorite show

C C F
They say you can't go home again, but me I never left

F F G
Home sweet home was never far, it's right here in my chest

F C
Hands I can shake, lips I can kiss

F C
Chances I can take, people I can miss

F C
I just want a life I can understand

G F C
A car with windows I can roll down by hand

C C
I don't check for messages, messages check for me

F F C
Those that come from above, they're the ones I read

C C F
Smokescreens only make me cough, I much prefer this fog

F F G
Wild bunch of low clouds out for a midnight jog

F C
Coins I can jingle, apples I can pick

F C
Pages I can turn, stamps I can lick

F C
I just want my feet beneath me when I stand

G F C
A car with windows I can roll down by hand

G F
Storm passes over, rain getting light

F G
Roll down your window, smell the night

C C
Why would I take your photograph, you're right here for me to see

F F C
Prettier than any picture, ultimate reality

C C F
Let our eyes be cameras, let the road unfold

F F G
When all the searching stops, all you find is gold

F C
Flowers I can smell, kites I can fly

F C
Love letters I can open with a knife

F C
I just want to meet where the sky meets the land

G F C
A car with windows we can roll down by hand