

Wastwater

A F#m

Here at dusk on the shores of Wastwater

D Dm

Where a westerly sunset, dances in the valley,

A F#m

Carved by ice rivers, now faded from memory.

D A E

A shimmering mirror, that lies at the foot of the scree.

CHORUS

C#m B

So ride that scree

A B

Let the mountains hold our souls, you'll see

A B C#m

That time will bring its wind to you and me.

A F#m

Grey rock tumbles down to the shores of Wastwater

D Dm

Where the light summer moon reflects its own imagery

A F#m

There at the lake head, great peaks in shadow,

D A E

Bathe their toes in the water, giants with feet made of scree.

CHORUS