F

F Am7 F Am Dm

And if the snow buries my,

A B F

my neighborhood.
F Am7 F

And if my parents are crying
Am Dm

then I'll dig a tunnel
A B F

from my window to yours,

Am Dm A B F

yeah a tunnel from $\ensuremath{\mathsf{my}}$ window to yours.

Am Dm

we let our hair grow long
A B F

and forget all we used to know,
Am Dm

You change all the lead

F Am

sleepin' in my head,

Dm Am

as the day grows dim

Dm C C7

I hear you sing a golden hymn.

Then we tried to name our babies, but we forgot all the names that, the names we used to know.

But sometimes, we remember our bedrooms, and our parent's bedrooms, and the bedrooms of our friends.

Then we think of our parents, well what ever happened to them?!

You change all the lead sleepin' in my head to gold, as the day grows dim,
I hear you sing a golden hymn, the song I've been trying to say.

Purify the colors, purify my mind.

Purify the colors, purify my mind, and spread the ashes of the colors over this heart of mine!