

Arc Of Space

Bruce Dickinson

Am

G Dsus2 Am

G Dsus2 Am

Dsus2 Am Dsus2 Am

G

Am G Dsus2 Am

1. There, on a lonely desert hilltop

G Dsus2 Am

The pilgrims huddle closer

Dsus2 Am Dsus2 Am

Waiting for a sign, the coming silver shrine

G

The arc of space and time

2. Truth, oh, the truth is never clear

Perhaps again next year

The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun

One day you'll come

F G Am Am

F G Am Am

F G Am

R: In my heart I reach you

F G Am

In my heart I reach out to you

F E Am G F

In my heart I touch the face of God

E

In my dreams somehow...

Am

G Dsus2 Am

G Dsus2 Am

Dsus2 Am Dsus2 Am

G

R: In my heart I reach you

In my heart I reach out to you

In my heart I touch the face of God

It's all a dream...

In my heart I reach you

In my heart I reach out to you

In my heart I touch the face of God

It's all a dream, somehow...

3. Truth, oh, the truth is never clear

Perhaps again next year

The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun

Am

One day you'll come