# Given To Fly

**Pearl Jam**

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G
He could have tuned in, tuned in, but he tuned out
                            D
a bad time, nothing could save him
alone in a corridor, waiting, locked out
                                                    D
he got up out of there, ran for hundreds of miles
he made it to the ocean had a smoke in a tree
                                                 D
the wind rose up, set him down on his knee
a wave came crashing like a fist to the jaw,
                                                   D
delivered him wings, "hey look at me now..."
G
arms wide open with the sea as his floor
             D
oh, oh, oh...

C
He's
pauza   G
flying, whole!
high! wide! oh...

He floated back down cause he wanted to share
his key to the locks on the chains he saw everywhere
but first he was stripped, and then he was stabbed
by faceless men, well fuckers...he still stands
and he still gives his love, he just gives it away;
the love he recieves is the love that is saved
and sometimes is seen a strange spot in the sky
a human being that was given to fly...
flying! whole...
high! flying! whole...
he's flying! woah...
high... woah... oh...
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