

Wooden Boat

Take That

C

A little boy and me when fishing in a wooden boat
Sitting there for hours in the cold
Patience is a virtue till we die
Then a ripple in the water caught my eye

F G

Some times we don't know what were waiting for

C F

and thats the time to be the first one on the dance floor

F G

we go from green to blue to gold to black

F C

Breathe deep who knows how long this will last