

Dolerite Skies

James Fagan

A⁶ D/A

Verses

8 E A D C#m Bm E A

1. On the is - land, on a dust fall day, this town is crowned in red.
2. On the is - land, you'll climb a tall tree, be - fore you reach the leaves.
3. On the is - land, you'll walk a - way east un - til you see the green.

16 E A D C#m Bm E A

Dol - er-ite tires, of ly - ing a - ground, and clings to the wind in - stead.
In the or - chard, me ol - ive and vine no bles - sed rain re - lease.
In the gaol yard, you'll weep cold tears un - til they wash them clean. --> Chorus 3

Chorus 1&2

24 F#m E D A F#m E D

Dust in my eyes, cry - ing, grit on my skin. The feel - ing of flames too close to the
Dust in my bones, blow - ing, brit - tle and grey. His - tor - y just a few breaks in the

32 Bm A/C# E A A(sus4) 1. A 2. A

wind. And dol - er - ite skies o - ver dry hills, Blow - ing me home. Is
clay. And dol - er - ite skies o - ver dry hills, Blow - ing me home.

Bridge

41 D E A D E F#m

this how the end of our world will be? Dig - ging the dust of our land to sea.

49 D E F#m G#m F#m

Pray - ing for rain to wash a - way foot - prints and mem - or - ies of

55 D A E A A(sus4) A

dol - er - ite skies o - ver dry hills. Blow - ing me home. [--> V3 --> Chorus 3]

Chorus 3

62

F#m E D A F#m E D

Come well come swal - low, fol - low me o - ver deep wa - ters. His - tor - y ___ bonds like the white ___ shells of

swal - low, fol - low me o - ver deep wa - ters. His - tor - y ___ bonds like the white ___ shells of

70

Bm A/C# E F#m

oys - ters, _ And dol - er - ite ___ skies o - ver dry hills, Blow - ing ___ me ___ home.

oys - ters, _ And dol - er - ite ___ skies o - ver dry hills, Blow - ing ___ me ___ home.

77

Bm C#m E A D/A ^{rit.} E/A D/A A

dol - er - ite ___ skies o - ver dry hills, Blow - ing me ___ home.

dol - er - ite ___ skies o - ver dry hills, Blow - ing me ___ home.