Man of the Hour

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

| Am . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | G . . . |

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

tidal waves don't beg forgiveness, crash, then on their way

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

father, he enjoyed collisions, others walked away

| Am . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

the snowflake falls in may

| Dm . . . | . . . . | Am . . . | . . . . |

and the doors are open now as the bells are ringing out

| F . . . | . . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

cuz the man of the hour has taken his final bow

goodbye for now

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

| Am . . . | G . . . |

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

nature has its own religion gospel from the land

| C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | G . . . |

father ruled by long division

young men, they pretend

| Am . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

old men comprehend

| Dm . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | C . . . |

and the sky breaks at dawn shedding light upon this town

| D . . . | . . . . |

we all come 'round

| F . . . | G . . . | F . . . | G . . . |

cuz the man of the hour has taken his final bow

goodbye for now

*[xxx]*

| C . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |

| E . . . | . . . . | F . . . | . . . . |

and the road, the old man paved

| C . . . | . . . . | D . . . | . . . . |

the broken seams along the way

| F . . . | . . . . | E . . . | . . . . |

the rusted signs, they're just for me

| Am . . . | C . . . | D . . . | . . . . |

he was guiding me, love, his own way

| F . . . | . . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

now the man of the hour has taken his final bow

| F . . . | . . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

as the curtain comes down i feel that this is just

goodbye for now

repeat all from *[xxx]*

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

| C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

| Am . . . | G . . . |