

Such Great Heights

The Postal Service

F I am thinking it's a sign **C**
 That the freckles in our eyes **Bb**
 Are mirror images
F And when we kiss they're perfectly aligned **C** **F**

F And I have to speculate **C**
 That God Himself did make **Bb**
 Us into corresponding shapes **F**
 Like puzzle pieces from the clay **C** **F**

F And true it may seem like a stretch **C**
 But it's thoughts like this that catch **Bb**
 My troubled head when you're away **F**
 And when I am missing you to death **C** **F**

F And when you are out there on the road **C**
 For several weeks of shows **Bb**
 And when you scan the radio **F**
 I hope this song will guide you home **C** **F**

F They will see us waving from such great heights **C**
 "Come down now" they'll say **Bb** **F** **C**
 But everything looks perfect from far away **F** **C**
 "Come down now" but we'll stay **Bb** **F** **C**

F I tried my best to leave **C**
 This all on your machine **Bb**
 But the persistent beat
F It sounded thin upon the sending **C**

F And that frankly will not fly **C**
 You'll hear the shrillest highs **Bb**
 And lowest lows with the windows down **F**
 And this is guiding you home **C**

F They will see us waving from such great heights **C**
 "Come down now" they'll say **Bb** **F** **C**
 But everything looks perfect from far away **F** **C**
 "Come down now" but we'll stay **Bb** **F** **C**

