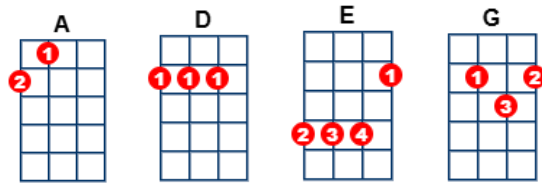


Bright Blue Rose (Key Of A) – Christy Moore/Jimmy McCarthy



[A] I skimmed across black water, [D] without once sub-merging,
[A] Onto the banks of an urban [E] morning,
[A] That hungers the first light [D] much, much more
than the [A] mountains [E] ever [A] do.

And [A] she like the ghost beside me,
[D] goes down with the ease of a dolphin,
[A] And emerges un-[E]learned, un-shamed un-[A]harmed,
For [A] she is the perfect creature, [D] natural in every feature,
And [A] I am the geek with the [E] alchemist [A] stone.

For [D] all of [E] you must dis-[A]cover,
For [D] all who [E] seek to under-[A]stand,
For [D] having [E] left the path of [A] others,
[G] You'll find a [D] very special [E] hand.

And [A] it is a holy thing and [D] it is a precious time,
And [A] it is the only [E] way,
For-[A]get-me-nots among the snow,
It's [D] always been and so it goes,
To [A] ponder his death and his [E] life eternal-[A]ly.

One [A] bright blue rose out-lives all those,
Two [D] thousand years and so it goes,
To [A] ponder his death and his [E] life eternal-[A]ly.