

Hands in Pockets

A D
We have libraries in our minds
E d F#m
Wandering the stacks browsing memories
D E
Books and photos once thought important
C#m F#m
Things we thought forgot but not

D E d
There's a problem all too common
F#m b D
They leave without a volume
Bm A
It's hard to read a book
E F#m
with your hands in your pockets
Bm A E F#m (*for no words*)

Is there no value in a light blue sky
No need to wonder what means a crow's cry
The difference in the wind through bamboo
Or That big leaf maple behind you

It's hard to hear the world
when your ears are filled with sockets
Hard to read a book with your
Hands in your pockets

Some minds are closed withholding
Books that never leave dust collects
Read by few as though special
But they're open to all

Hands in Pockets

D

We listen as they leave

E d

Buy their book try to read

F#m b D

It's nigh impossible you see

Bm A

Turning pages just can't happen

E F#m

If your hands in the pockets of your jeans.