Postcards from Italy - Beirut

(Riff for 1st half song)

The times we had

wind would blow with rain and snow, were not all bad

we put our feet just where they had, had to
go.

Never to go

The shattered soul.

Following

close but nearly twice as slow. In my good times

there were always golden rocks to throw
late. Those were our times

Those were our times

Those were our times

those who admit defeat too

at those who

NB: Go to four bars after * many times to finish