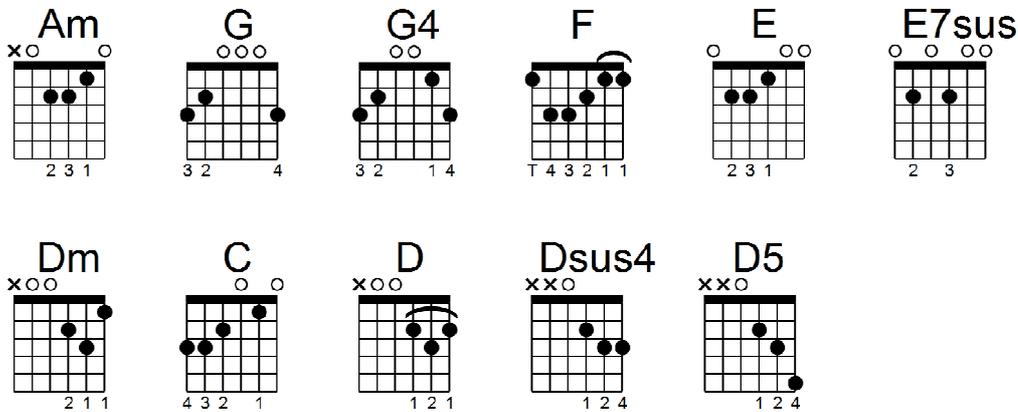


Dig Beneath the Dust

Words and Music by
Nick Haynes



Capo 2 (C > D)

[Am] [C] [G] [D] [Dsus4] [D] [Am] [C] [G] [D] [Dsus4] [D]

Verse 1

[Am] Climbing on a train for a [C] a trip to the seaside
New [G] trunks, no bucket and [D] spade [Dsus4] [D]
[Am] Promised myself to learn to [C] swim this summer
[G] Confidence starting to [D] fade
[F] It's hard to learn to [C] swim, a mouthful of [G] sea, making me [D]
choke
But when you [F] throw away the armbands you feel [C] stronger
Growing [Dm] up with every [E] stroke [E7sus] [E]

Chorus

[F] Dig beneath the [G] dust, beneath the [E] dust, beneath the [F] dust
The [F] past is never [G] dead It's only [E] sleeping
Dig beneath the [F] dust, then [G7] tuck it into [C] bed

Verse 2

[Am] Walking up to Sunninghill on [C] Saturday morning
For [G] library books and lardy [D] cake [Dsus4] [D]
[Am] mother trading green shield stamps for [C] roller skates
I learned the [G] hard way how to [D] brake
[F] You learn to ride a [C] bike by falling [G] off so many [D] times
But it's [F] worth it in the end when you can [C] do it
Without a [Dm] friend holding [E] on [E7sus] [E]

Chorus

[Dm] Every time you wake a [F] memory, it [C] changes [G]
[Dm] Picking over the [F] details [C] rearranges [G] everything
[G4] [G] [G4] [E] [E7sus] [E]

Chorus

Verse 3

[Am] Walking up to school each day, a [C] different adventure
[G] Scuffing my new shoes on the [D] way [Dsus4] [D]
[Am] Creeping past the wolf hound snarling [C] at the gate
They said he [G] only, wanted to [D] play
[F] A rocket to the [C] moon, on the [G] TV, in black and [D] white
[F] I felt they must be [C] cold up there
I watched the [Dm] moon, every [E] night [E7sus] [E]