

The Song of Gollum

Glindar

D C C5 D



The bleak dry-y lands that squeeze our hands they hurt our fe - et the mass-ive

C C5 D D C



stones look like old thrones they're no nice seat in - vi - si-ble like death rea-

D C



lly noisy is my breath ne-ver dri - nking e-ver ru - nning dressed in le-aves ne-ver cry - ing

D C D C



rests on_ bare field thinks a shi-eld is a mir - ror clasps_ a wil - low in a blast of air

D C D C



challenge it don't dare what a ni - ce feeling we on - ly stray to catch a prey

D



can it be hea ling

But brooks and streams
Are fresh and cleans:
So good for feet!
They are no deceit.