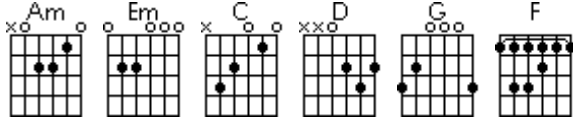


Round and Round

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Fingerpick Open **Spoken word and accompaniment: in red**



Am Em Am Em

Am Em C D
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Am Em C D
Life's but a walking shadow.

Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round

Am G F Em
Sunrise after sunrise, you know where you've been?
Am G F Em
Wait for tomorrow, and do it again
Am G F Em
As we ride the charger, meant to slow down
Am G F Em
With banners of crimson, fading to brown

Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round

Am G F Em
A generation, comes and goes
Am G F Em
When will ours end? No one knows
Am G F Em
And all think we, have the cure
Am G F Em
But how to use it? No one's sure

Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round

One step forward, one step behind
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
One step forward, one step behind

Am G F Em
Sunrise after sunrise, you know where you've been?
Am G F Em
Wait for tomorrow, and do it again
Am G F Em
As we ride the charger, meant to slow down
Am G F Em
With banners of crimson, fading to brown

Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
One step forward, one step behind
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
One step forward, one step behind

Am G F Em
Ever rising, and standing tall
Am G F Em
Scale the mountain, before the fall
Am G F Em
And we surge onward, to touch the sky
Am G F Em
But who'll remember, when we die?

Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
One step forward, one step behind
Am Em C D
And this world goes 'round and 'round
One step forward, one step behind

Am G F Em
Sunrise after sunrise, you know where you've been?

Am G F Em
 Wait for tomorrow, and do it again
 Am G F Em
 As we ride the charger, meant to slow down
 Am G F Em
 With banners of crimson, fading to brown

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace, from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death
Out, out, brief candle
Like's but a walking shadow
A poor player, who struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more
It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing

Am Em C D
 And this world goes `round and `round
 Am Em C D
 And this world goes `round and `round
 Am Em C D
 And this world goes `round and `round
One step forward, one step behind
 Am Em C D
 And this world goes `round and `round
One step forward, one step behind

Am Em C D
 One step forward, one step behind
One step forward, one step behind
 Am Em C D
 One step forward, one step behind
One step forward, one step behind
 Am Em C D
 One step forward, one step behind
One step forward, one step behind
 Am Em C D
 One step forward, one step behind
One step forward, one step behind