

# memorial beach

Words and Music by  
PÅL WAAKTAAR

Chord progression: Dm, C6, Gm7, Bb, C.

Instrumental parts: Treble and bass staves.

Chord progression: Dm, C6, Gm7.

Lyrics (1.): I pace the length of my un-made room— in times of change.  
(2.3. — see block lyric)

Instrumental parts: Treble and bass staves.

Chord progression: Bb, C, Dm, C6.

Lyrics: My bags are packed, guess I'm leav - ing the room,—

Instrumental parts: Treble and bass staves.

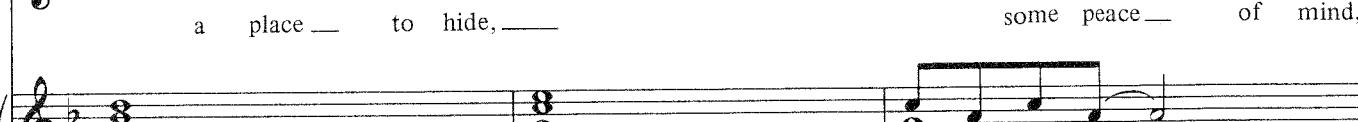
36

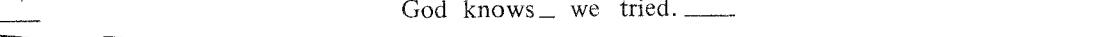
Gm7 B<sub>b</sub> C6 Gm7

in - to the rain. — We nev-er found —

 B<sub>b</sub>  
 C  
 C6

a place — to hide, — some peace — of mind, —



 Gm7       Bb       A7       Dm  
  
 God knows\_ we tried. \_\_\_\_\_  


*To Coda ♦*

A7      Gm7      Dm

1. A      2. A

Dm                    A7                    Gm7                    Dm                    A

In - to the

rain, \_\_\_\_\_ the sum-mer rain..

D.% al Coda

CODA

We never found \_\_ a place \_\_ to hide,\_\_

some peace of mind, — God knows we tried...

A7                    Dm                    A7                    Gm7                    Dm

So we walk down to Me - mo - ri - al Beach. —

A                    Dm                    A                    Gm7

**VERSE 2:**

Toes in the sands of time  
Ooh, nothing better babe.  
Cross the bay I sail away  
We held together.  
We never found a place to hide,  
Some peace of mind,  
God knows we tried.

**VERSE 3:**

So we walk down to Memorial Beach  
Where things began.  
Honey days and nights would I sleep  
Lost in the sand.  
We never found a place to hide,  
Some peace of mind,  
God knows we tried.

# memorial beach

1

I pace the length of my unmade room  
In times of change.  
My bags are packed, guess I'm leaving the room  
Into the rain.  
We never found a place to hide,  
Some peace of mind,  
God knows we tried.

2

Toes in the sands of  
Ooh, nothing better babe.  
Cross the bay I sail away  
We held together.  
We never found a place to hide,  
Some peace of mind,  
God knows we tried.

Middle

Into the rain,  
The summer rain.

3

So we walk down to Memorial Beach  
Where things began.  
Honey days and nights would I sleep  
Lost in the sand.  
We never found a place to hide,  
Some peace of mind,  
God knows we tried.

We never found a place to hide,  
Some peace of mind,  
God knows we tried.

So we walk down to Memorial Beach.