



Dm C Gm Am [x2]

## VERSE 2

Dm                    C                                    Gm    Am  
We sailed from sense, brought all our young.  
Dm                    C                                    Gm                    Am  
We sailed from where we once begun (While we wait, while we wait)  
                  Dm                                    C  
A hall of records, or numbers, or spaces still undone.  
Gm                                    Am  
Ruins, or relics, disciples and the young.  
                  Dm                                    C  
A hall of records, or numbers, or spaces still undone.  
Gm                                    Am  
Ruins, or relics, disciples and the young.

## CHORUS

Dm                                    C  
Light touch my hand, in a dream of Golden Skans,  
                  Gm                                    Am  
From now on you can forget our future plans.  
Dm                                    C  
Night touch my hand with the turning Golden Skans,  
                  Gm                                    Am  
From the night and the light, all plans are golden in your hand.

Rpt to end