

Foot of the Mountain

Words & Music by Paul Weller

Moderately slow

Am7 D7 D7sus4 Am7

1.3. Like a dream on the ocean,

al-ways drift-ing a-way, — and I — can't — catch —

To Coda

— up, she just skips a-way — on the tide.







Some - times a great no - tion —






can lead you a - way. — So weak to de - vo -







- tion, so strong to de - sire. —




Ba - by ba - by ba - by won't you let me — ride. —





Take me off — on your sail - boat ride. — Come on now an - gels — are







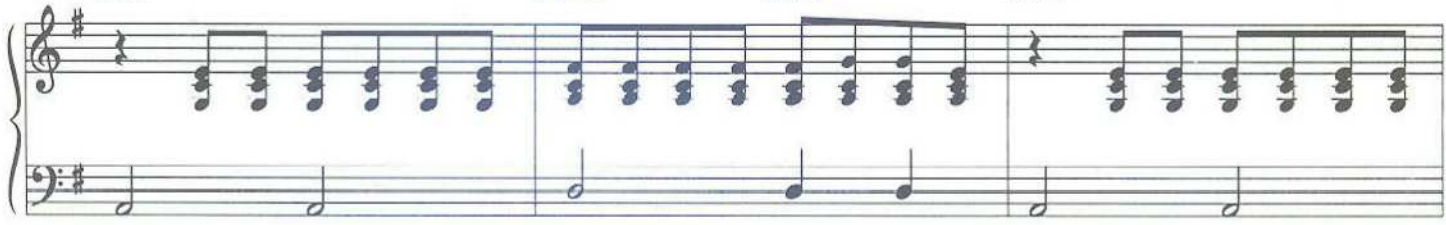
on your side, — but she slips — a - way — oh and nev - er stays.







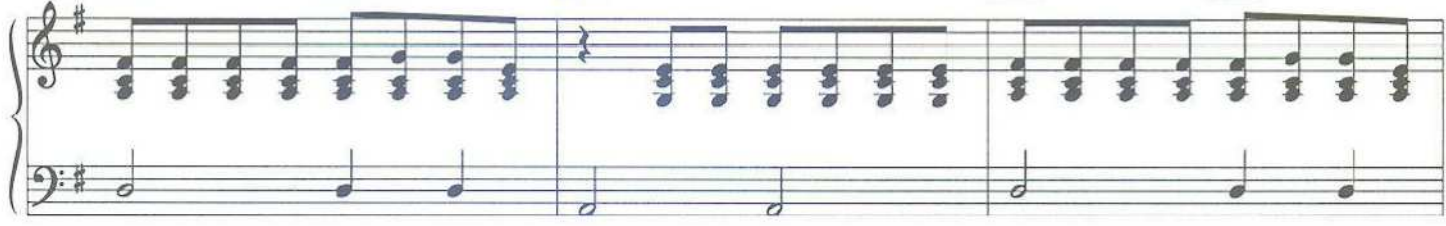

1.











Am7
x o o o

2. D7
x x o

D7sus4
x x o

D. al Coda

⊕ Coda

Am7
x o o o

D7
x x o

skips a - way _____ on the tide. _____ Oh _____
 slips a - way _____ on the tide. _____

Am7
x o o o

D7
x x o

Em
o o o

Am7
x o o o

skips a - way _____ as she glides. _____

Verse 2:

Like mercury gliding,
 A silver teardrop that falls.
 And I will never hold her,
 Through my fingers she's gone.
 As the foot of the mountain,
 Such a long way to climb.
 How will I ever get up there,
 Though I know I must try.