

The Window

By TISH HINOJOSA

Moderately slow, in 2 (♩=♩³)



mp



From where I sit, I hear the mid - night train;

(See additional lyrics)



it makes me tired but sets my mind to dream.



My life's been a long and rock - y trail;

B⁷ F C

trace my steps from this old win - dow

F C/E

1. 2.

sill. Took to

Dm7 F C/E

Ooh, ooh.

Dm7 F C/E

Ooh, ooh.

Dm7 Bb

Ooh, ooh.

Dm

C

To Coda

last time rit.

F

D.S. $\text{\textcircled{S}}$ (with repeat)
al Coda

Coda

Dm

Ten years

Additional Lyrics

2. Took to rambling back in '29,
Jumped a Mo-Pac car one still hot night.
Left a sweetheart, guess she cried;
Oh, the west wind felt so free that night.
3. Ten years on that freedom took a run
From the fool who's finger cocked the gun.
Boy to man to god to fugitive;
What a precious thing that freedom is!
4. Just an old man waiting here to die;
From this window barred in dreams I ride
Back again to where I lost my way.
Too late now to say I should've stayed.