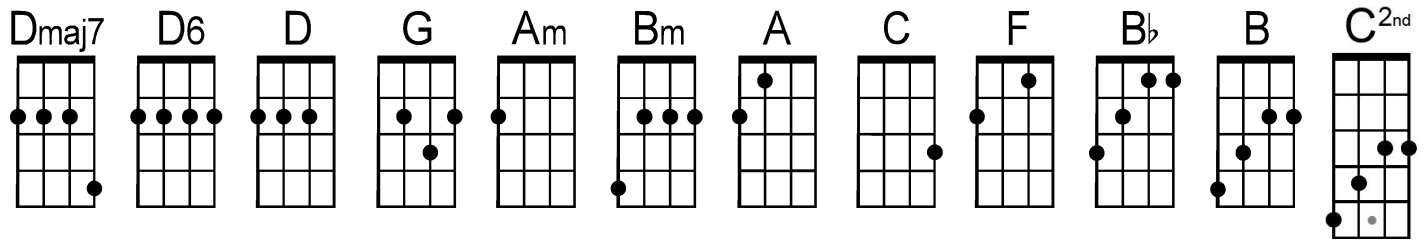


Eyes of the World

by Jerry Garcia & Robert Hunter



Intro: 1 2 3 & a 4 &
 DMaj7 \ \ D6\ D\ D6\ DMaj7 \ \ D6\ D\ D6\ DMaj7 \ \ D6\ D\ D6\ DMaj7 \ \ D6\ D\ D6\

DMaj7 . . . | G . . . | D . . . | Am\ \ \ G\ \ \ |
 Right out-side this lazy summer home—
 DMaj7 . . . | G . . . | D . . . | Am\ \ \ G\ \ \ |
 You ain't got time to call your soul a critic, no—
 G . . . | Bm . . . | A . . . | G . . . |
 Right out-side— the lazy— gate— of winter's summer home—
 Bm . . . | A . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
 Wonderin' where— the nut-hatch win-ters—, wings a mile long—
 | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G\ \ \ Bb\ \ \ |
 Just carried— the bird— a-way—

Chorus: F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . .
 Wake up to find out that you are the eyes— of the world—
 | F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb\ \ \ B\ \ \ |
 The heart has its bea-ches, its home-land and thoughts— of its own—
 C2nd . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . .
 Wake now dis-co— ver that you are the song— that the mor-ning brings—
 | F . . . | Bb . . . | C . . . | Am\ \ \ G\ \ \ |
 The heart has its sea-sons, its eve-nings and songs— of its own—

Instrumental: DMaj7\ \ \ D6\ D\ DMaj7\ \ \ D6\ D\ | A . . . | G . . . |
 DMaj7\ \ \ D6\ D\ DMaj7\ \ \ D6\ D\ | A . . . | G . . .

| DMaj7 . . . | G . . . | D . . . | Am\ \ \ G\ \ \ |
 There comes a re-dee-mer and he slowly too— fades a-way—
 | DMaj7 . . . | G . . . | D . . . | Am\ \ \ G\ \ \ |
 There fol— lows his wa— gon be-hind him that's loa— ded with clay—
 | G . . . | Bm . . . | A . . . | G . . .
 The seeds that were si— lent all burst into bloom and de-ca— ay— ay—
 | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G\ \ \ Bb\ \ \ |
 And night comes so qui— et, it's close on the heels— of the day—

Chorus: F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . .
 Wake up to find out that you are the eyes— of the world—
 | F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb\ \ \ B\ \ \ |
 The heart has its bea-ches, its home-land and thoughts— of its own—
 C2nd . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . .
 Wake now dis-co— ver that you are the song— that the mor-ning brings—
 | F . . . | Bb . . . | C . . . | Am\ \ \ G\ \ \ |
 The heart has its sea-sons, its eve-nings and songs— of its own—

Instrumental: DMaj7\ \ \ D6\ D\ | DMaj7\ \ \ \ D6\ D\ | A . . . | G . . . |
 DMaj7\ \ \ \ D6\ D\ | DMaj7\ \ \ \ D6\ D\ | A . . . | G . . . |

DMaj7 . . . | G . . . | D . . . | Am\ \ \ \ G\ \ \ \ |
 Some-times we live no par-tic—ular way— but our own—

DMaj7 . . . | G . . . | D . . . | Am\ \ \ \ G\ \ \ \ |
 Some-times we vis— it your coun-try and live— in your home—

G . . . | Bm . . . | A . . . | G . . . |
 Some-times we ride— on your hors—es— some-times— we walk a-lone—

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G\ \ \ \ Bb\ \ \ \ |
 Some-times the songs that we hear are just songs— of our own—

Chorus: F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . . |
 Wake up to find out that you are the eyes— of the world—

| F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb\ \ \ \ B\ \ \ \ |
 The heart has its bea-ches, its home-land and thoughts— of its own—

C^{2nd} . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | Bb . . . |
 Wake now dis-co— ver that you are the song— that the mor-ning brings—

| F . . . | Bb . . . | C . . . | Am\ \ \ \ G\ \ \ \ |
 The heart has its sea-sons, its eve-nings and songs— of its own—

Outro: DMaj7\ \ \ \ D6\ D\ D6\ | DMaj7\ \ \ \ D6\ D\ D6\ |

DMaj7\ \ \ \ D6\ D\ D6\ | DMaj7\ \ \ \ D6\ D\ D6\ | **DMaj7**