Feel So Near

Dougie MacLean III-33

Originally in open C tuning

C G C G
You'll find me sitting at this table with my friend Finn and my friend John
Am Am7 F C G
My friend Murdaney tells us stories of things long gone, long gone
C G C G
And we may take a glass together, the whiskey makes it all so clear
Am Am7 F C G
It fires our dulled imaginations, and I feel so near, so near

C F
Chorus: I feel so near to the howling of the winds
C F
I feel so near to the crashing of the waves
C Am Am7
I feel so near to the flowers in the fields
C F C F
Feel so near

The old man looks out to the islands, he says this place is endless thin
There's no real distance here to mention, we might all fall in, all fall in
No distance to the spirits of the living, no distance to the spirits of the dead
And as he turned his eyes were shining, and he proudly said, proudly said

Chorus

So we build our tower constructions, there to mark our place in time
We justify our great destructions as on we climb, on we climb
Now the journey doesn't seem to matter, the destination's faded out
And gathering out along the headland I hear the children shout,
children shout

Chorus