## The Natural E

```
Litmus A Freeman / Cliff Coates
                                        ] x 2 (With Riff)
[E
        /
                F#m(open)
                                /
\mathbf{E}
                                        F#m(o)
        And so they
                                the
                                        world is
                        say,
                                                        round
        I wouldn't
                        care
                                if
                                                was
                                                        square
C#m7
                                        G#m7
                        Nature's there for me and not a memory in my head
        As long as
F#m7
                                        В
head
        The Magic
                        of the Natural E.... is
G#m7
                                        B/////
                        A
all I'll need when
                        I am dead
\mathbf{E}
                                        F#m(o)
        And so they
                                the
                                                is
                                                        green
                        say,
                                        sea
        They couldn't
                                the
                        say
                                                is
                                                        clean
                                        sea
C#m7
                                        G#m7
           As long as
                        waste is out of reach,
                                               and there is
                                                                life along the
F#m7
shore
       They sit there
                        laughing on the beach...
                                                                                         and
G#m7
                                        B/////
Neptune's dying
                        cries ignore
CHORUS:
                                                                                \mathbf{B}/
\mathbf{E}
                        E/Eb
                                        C#m7
        We've go to
                                                                for today
                        get away from,
                                                living
\mathbf{E}
                        E/Eb
                                        C#m7
        and start
                        thinking about to- mmorow
\mathbf{E}
                                                                                 \mathbf{B} /
                        E/Eb
                                        C#m7
        What I'm
                                                        all the worlds on loan
                        trying to say is,
\mathbf{E}
                                        C#m7(9)
                        E/Eb
        We've got to
                        give back what we borrowed
       [ E
                                                ] x 2
Solo:
                /
                        F#m(open)
                                        /
C#m7
                                        G#m7
        As long as
                        Nature's there for me
                                                and not some
                                                                memory in my
F#m7
head
        The magic
                        of the Natural
                                       E.
                                                                                        Is
                                        B/////
G#m7
all I'll need when
                        I am dead
Repeat Chorus
\mathbf{E}
                                        F#m(o)
        And so I
                        ask,
                                what
                                        have
                                                you
                                                        done
        To keep the
                        world here
                                        for
                                                your
                                                        son?
C#m7
                                        G#m7
        As long as
                        he can climb a
                                       tree,
                                                and not some memory in your head
F#m7
                                        В
head
        The Magic of
                        the Natural
                                        E.....
                                                                                         is
G#m7
                                        B/////
all he'll need when
                        you are dead
Repeat Chorus twice
```