

Purple Mountain

Polka-Jazz
Tempo = 84

Grant Simpson

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7

Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Fm G7

G7 G7 Ab7 G7 Ab7 G7

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7

Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Fm G7

G7 G7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7

Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7

Cm

Purple Mountain

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Purple Mountain

Rising High above the skyline of the City
And together stand the people from the
City that was trampled on and not so long ago
Captured by another race destroying everything
couldn't break the spirit of Nanjing

There's a chairlift

Rising High into the haze of Purple Mountain
And the people ride and stare down on a
City that was trampled on and not so long ago
Captured by another race destroying everything
couldn't break the spirit of Nanjing

There's a forest

And a maze of winding trails up Purple Mountain
And they wind right to the top above the
City that was trampled and not so long ago
Captured watching other men destroying everything
couldn't break the spirit of Nanjing

Purple Mountain

I have many many friends on Purple Mountain
And they drive me round the bend taking pictures
as I try to climb my way up to the top where I
stand with the people of the City

Purple Mountain

I have many many friends on Purple Mountain
I have many many friends on Purple Mountain.