



# Tunnel Vision

Music and lyrics by  
Doug Brook

F  C 

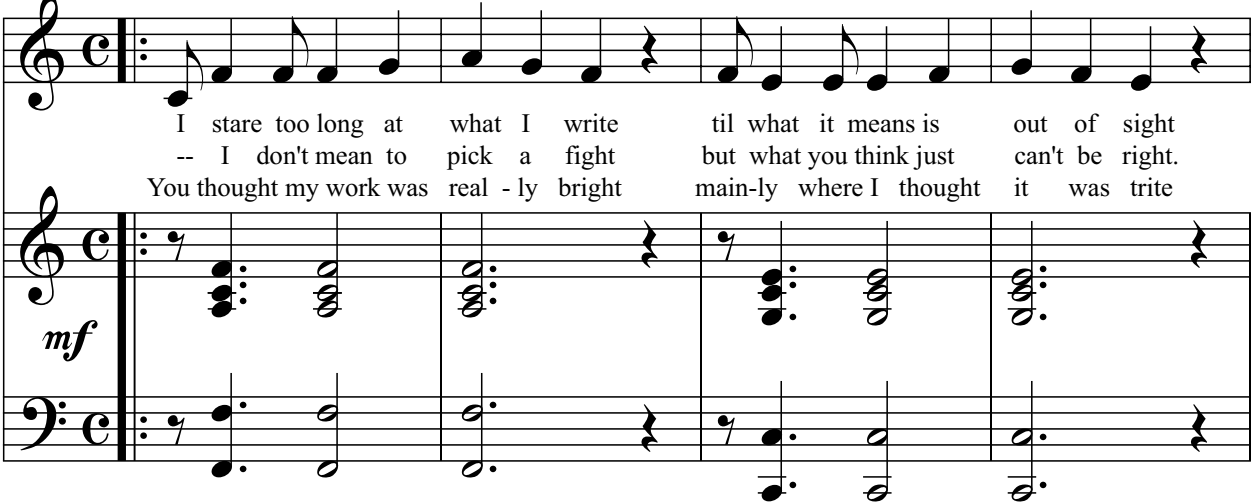
Steady rock beat



Voice

I stare too long at what I write til what it means is out of sight  
-- I don't mean to pick a fight but what you think just can't be right.  
You thought my work was real - ly bright main-ly where I thought it was trite

Piano

*mf*



G  Am 

5

Where I meant day --, you see night, I've grown too close to see my light.  
Your eyes and ears must be shut tight, to what I wrote with all my might  
5 The parts that I thought had real bite you said could just go fly a kite.

