

"Meantime"

Christene Jackman ©&(p) 1.26.2025, BMI# 071344327

Guitar: Capo 1st Fret

D **A**
Last night I was ridin' a nightmare / In the dark of a moon gone blind
D **G** **A** **D**
Now I'm thumbnin' a ride to my armchair / Hopin' the sleep train's on time

A **G** **D**
Oh, the **Meantime** is a cruel grind / When the living gets lean
A **G** **D**
Chasin' the Dream 'cos my heart won't let go
Fmaj7 **A**
It's a hard row to hoe / In the **Meantime**

D **A**
Yesterday I was smokin' a pipedream / Floatin' rings in a sky gone grey
D **G** **A** **D**
Now I'm searching the clouds for a sunbeam / To shine a particular way

A **G** **D**
Oh, the Meantime is a cruel grind / When the living gets lean
A **G** **D**
Chasin' the Dream 'cos my heart won't let go
Fmaj7 **A**
It's a sad tale of woe / In the Meantime

D **A**
This morning, I woke up in dreamland / With a sail full of wind and sea
D **G** **A** **D**
Now I'm turning my back on the headstones / Of the wishes that once used to be

Bm **Gm**
Though I've hounded hope down / to dead dog-tired
Fmaj7 **E7sus** **E** **E7sus** **E** **Gm** **D**
Something within / still thinks I can win

A **G** **D**
Oh, the Meantime is a cruel grind / When the living gets lean
A **G** **D**
Chasin' the Dream 'cos my heart won't let go
Fmaj7 **A** **D** **Gm** **D**
It's a fine line, you know / In the Meantime. In the Meantime.

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Last night I was ridin' a nightmare
In the dark of a moon gone blind
Now I'm thumbnin' a ride to my armchair
Hopin' the sleep train's on time

CHORUS

Oh, the **Meantime** is a cruel grind
When the living gets lean
Chasin' the Dream 'cos my heart won't let go
It's a hard row to hoe / In the **Meantime**

Yesterday I was smokin' a pipedream
Floatin' rings in a sky gone grey
Now I'm searching the clouds for a sunbeam
To shine a particular way

CHORUS

Oh, the Meantime is a cruel grind
When the living gets lean
Chasin' the Dream 'cos my heart won't let go
It's a sad tale of woe / In the Meantime

This morning, I woke up in dreamland
With a sail full of wind and sea
Now I'm turning my back on the headstones
Of the wishes that once used to be

BRIDGE

Though I've hounded hope down / to dead dog-tired
Something within / still thinks I can win

CHORUS

Oh, the Meantime is a cruel grind
When the living gets lean
Chasin' the Dream 'cos my heart won't let go
It's a fine line, you know / In the Meantime. In the Meantime.