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| Solsbury Hill, performed by Peter Gabriel | A E/A A |
| | He was something to observe |
| Capo 2nd fret. | F#m E/F# F#m |
| | Came in close; I heard a voice |
| 7/4 time | F#m E/F# F#m |
| | Standing, stretching every nerve |
| Guitar motif: | Dmaj7 E/D Dmaj7 |
| | I had to listen; had no choice |
| Beats 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + | |
| ----- | Dmaj7 |
| ---3---5---2---3---2---0---0--- | I did not believe the information |
| *---2---2---2---1---1---2---* | E/D Dmaj7 F#m |
| *---4---2---4---2---* | Just had to trust imagination |
| ---0---0---0---0---0---0---0--- | E Dmaj7 |
| ----- | My heart going boom boom boom |
| | Dmaj7 E/D Dmaj7 D E Dmaj7 Esus4 |
| In addition there is a simple melodic figure played at the start of each bar throughout the verses over top of the chords: | Son, he said, grab your things I've come to take you home |
| | Guitar motif x2 |
| Beats 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + | |
| ----- | Verse 2: |
| ---2---0--- | |
| *-----2---2-----* | To keep in silence I resigned |
| *-----* | My friends would think I was a nut |
| ----- | Turning water into wine |
| ----- | Open doors would soon be shut |
| | So I went from day to day |
| Intro: | Though my life was in a rut |
| | Till I thought of what I'd say |
| Guitar motif x6 | And which connection I should cut |
| | I was feeling part of the scenery |
| Verse 1: | I walked right out of the machinery |
| | My heart going boom boom boom |
| A E/A A | Son, he said, grab your things I've come to take you home |
| | |
| A E/A A | Guitar motif x4 |
| Climbing up on Solsbury Hill | |
| F#m E/F# F#m | Verse 3: |
| I could see the city lights | |
| F#m E/F# F#m | When illusion spin her net |
| Wind was blowing, time stood still | I'm never where I want to be |
| A E/A A | And liberty she pirouette |
| Eagle flew out of the night | When I think that I am free |
| | Watched by empty silhouettes |
| | Who close their eyes but still can see |
| | No one taught them etiquette |
| | So I will show another me |
| | Today I don't need a replacement |
| | I'll tell them what the smile on my face meant |
| | My heart going boom boom boom |
| | Hey, I said, you can keep my things they've come to take me home |
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| | Guitar motif to fade (x12) |