**The Wood Song**

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . |

The thin horizon of a plan is almost clear

My friends and I have had a tough time

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . |

We're bruising our brains, hard up against change

All the old dogs and the magician

Now I see we're in the boat in two by two's

Only the heart that we have for a tool we could use

And the very close quarters are hard to get used to

Love weighs the hull down with its weight

But the wood is tired, and the wood is old

And we'll make it fine, if the weather holds

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |

But if the weather holds, we'll have missed the point

That's where I need to go

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . | C9 . D . |

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . |

No way construction of this tricky plan

Was built by other than a greater hand

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . |

With a love that passes all our understanding

Watching closely over the journey

Yeah, but what it takes to cross the great divide

Seems all the courage I can muster up inside

But we get to have some answers when we reach the other side

The prize is always worth the rocky ride

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . |

But the wood is tired, and the wood is old

And we'll make it fine, if the weather holds

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |Em . B7 . | E . . . |

But if the weather holds then we'll have missed the point

That's where I need to go

|A . . . | Bm . . . | E . . . |A . . . |

Sometimes I ask to sneak a closer look

Skip to the final chapter of the book

|A . . . | Bm . . . | E . . . |G . . . | A7sus4 . . . |

And then maybe steer us clear from some of the pain it took

To get us where we are this far, this far

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . |

But the question drowns in its futility

And even I have got to laugh at me

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . |

Because no one gets to miss the storm of what will be

Just holding on for the ride

|G . . . | Am . . . | Cm . D . |G . . . |

And the wood is tired, and the wood is old

And we'll make it fine if the weather holds

|G . . . | A7sus4 . . . | C9 . D . |G . . . | A7sus4 . . . |G

But if the weather holds then we'll have missed the point, That's where I need to go