

And scribe for them their stories; we scribe for them their stories

Cm7

Bb7

Ab

Bb9

While they wax and wax of their lives in the country

[Chorus]

Eb **Ab** **Fm** **Eb** **Ab**
Down by the bur oak tree, I had lost your locket in the loam
Eb **Ab** **Fm** **Eb** **Ab**
And there fell to my knees, neath the coil and the brush of the fern