

How To Grow A Woman From The Ground

Chris Thile

Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em**
I caught a string full of fish down by the damn
Em **Am** **F#m** **B7**
I ll drag them back to the field they should be dead by then
Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em**
Wipe the sweat off my neck and tally ho the plow
G **B7** **C**
I m gonna grow a woman from the ground

Em **Am** **D** **Dm**
The night was a chalkboard with a fingernail moon
Em **Am** **F#m** **B7**
If the fish ain t dead yet they will be pretty soon
Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em**
Kinda like the feeling at an old folks home
G **B7** **C**
Even though you love them you can t wait for them to go

Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em**
I ll call her Angelina she s a teacher I once had
Em **Am** **F#m** **B7**
A halo of honey wrapped around her head
Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em**
And she always used to give me some when I was a kid
G **B7** **C**
I told her that I loved her and then I went and hid

C **G** **C**
I ll take you into town and I ll show you off
C **G** **C**
And there s room on your dress for a corsage
C **G** **C**
And I ll open up every door for you

Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em**
I opened up my almanac and in my head I read
Em **Am** **F#m** **B7**
Cut your wrist on the fins of the fish and drain all you can
Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em** **G** **B7**
So I rolled up my sleeves and then began to draw lines just as deep as the
C
days are long

Em **Am** **D** **Dm** **Em**
I sewed up my wrist and sewed the ground with my blood
Em **Am** **F#m** **B7**
Stained up my clothes pretty good and I turned that dirt to mud

