

The Grave
Don McLean

A beautiful song by Don McLean. Chords by Marvin2Shoes

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[spoken]

The grave that they dug him had flowers
Gathered from the hillsides in bright summer colours
And the brown earth bleached white at the edge of his gravestone
He s gone

When the [Am] wars of our nation did [C] beckon
A [Dm] man barely twenty did answer the [E7] call
[Am] Proud of the trust that he [E7] placed in our nation. He is [Am] gone.
But [F] eternity knows him and it [Dm] knows what we ve [E7] done.

And the [Am] rain fell like pearls on the [Dm] leaves of the [E7] flowers
Leaving [Am] brown muddy clay where the [Dm] earth had been [E7] dry
And [Am] deep in the trench he waited for [E7] hours
As he [F] held to his rifle and [Dm] prayed not to [E7] die

But the [Dm] silence of night was [Am] shattered by fire
As [Dm] guns and grenades blasted [Am] sharp through the air
[Dm] One after another his [Am] comrades were slaughtered
In a [C] morgue of marines, [Dm] alone standing [E7] there

He [F] crouched ever lower, ever [Dm] lower in [Am] fear
They [F] can t let me die, they can t [Dm] let me die [Am] here
I ll [F] cover myself with the [Am] mud and the earth
I ll [F] cover myself, I know I m not [E7] brave!
The [Am] earth, the [Dm] earth, the [E7] earth is my grave

[Solo]

[spoken]

The [Am] grave that they dug him had [C] flowers
Gathered from the hillsides in [Dm] bright summer [E7] colours
And the [Am] brown earth bleached [Dm] white at the [E7] edge of his gravestone
He is gone
[Am]