

**The Poet Game**  
**Greg Brown**

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#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#  
#
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From: steidlr@ccmail.orst.edu (Bob Steidl)

The Poet Game - by Greg Brown  
From "The Poet Game"

Played in Open G tuning.

```
[tab]      ( D G D G B D )  
G          0 0 5 4 0 0[/tab]  
Gmaj7     0 0 4 4 0 0  
G6        0 0 2 0 0 0  
G open    0 0 0 0 0 0  
D7        0 2 0 2 1 0  
G         5 5 5 5 5 5  
C         2 2 2 2 2 2
```

Intro:

**G Gmaj7 G6 G open D7 G (2x) G**

Verse:

```
[tab]      G          Gmaj7          G6          G open  
Down by the river junior year walking with my girl, [/tab]
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[tab]D7          G  
and we came upon a place[/tab]
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```
[tab]      G          Gmaj7          G6          G open  
There in the tall grass, where a couple had been making love[/tab]
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[tab]C          D7  
and left the mark of their embrace[/tab]
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[tab]C          Em  
I said to her, "Looks like they had some fun"[/tab]
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[tab]A          D7  
She said to me "Let s do the same"[/tab]
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```
[tab]      G          Gmaj7          G6          G open  
And still I taste her kisses and her freckles in the sun[/tab]
```

[tab]G7

when I play the poet game.[/tab]

To Intro:

A young man in the hill country in the year of 22  
went to see his future bride.  
She lived in a rough old shack that poverty blew through  
She invited him inside.  
She'd been cooking, ashamed and feeling sad,  
she could only offer him bread and her name.  
Grandpa said that was the best gift a fella ever had  
and he taught me the poet game.

I had a friend who drank too much and played too much guitar  
and we sure got along.  
Reel-to-reels rolled across the country near and far  
with letters, poems, and songs  
but these days he won't talk to me and he won't tell me why.  
I miss him every time I say his name.  
I don't know what he's doing or why our friendship died  
while we played the poet game.

The fall rain was pounding down on an old New Hampshire mill  
and the river wild and high.  
I was talking to her while leaves blew down like a sudden chill.  
There was wildness in her eyes.  
We made love like we'd been waiting all our lives for this  
Strangers know no shame.  
But she had to leave at dawn and with a sticky farewell kiss  
left me to play the poet game.

I watched my country turn into a coast-to-coast strip mall  
and I cried out in a song.  
If we could do all that in 30 years, then tell me you all  
Why does good change take so long?  
Why does the color of your skin or who you choose to love  
still lead to such anger and pain?  
And why do I think it's any help for me to still dream  
of playing the poet game?

Sirens wail above the fields, another soul gone down  
another sun about to rise.  
I've lost track of my mistakes,  
like birds they fly around and darken half my skies.  
To all of those I've hurt, I pray you will forgive me.  
I to you will freely do the same.  
So many things I didn't see, with my eyes turned inside,  
playing the poet game.

I walk out at night to take a leak underneath the stars.

