

**The Wood Song**  
**Indigo Girls**

THE WOOD SONG (Emily Saliers)

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[Thanks to Chris Knestrick (gt9066b@acme.gatech.edu) for the start.]

[The D5-G-C-D5 part is probably totally wrong; forgive me.]

**G G A7sus4 Asus4 C(9) D D5 - G C - D5 D5 - G C - D5**  
[guitar intro]

**G G A7sus4 A7sus4**  
The thin horizon of a plan is almost clear  
**C(9) D G**  
My friends and I have had a tough time  
**G G A7sus4 A7sus4**  
We re losing our brains, hard up against change  
**C(9) D G G**  
All the old dogs and the magician

Now I see we re in the boat in two by two s  
Only the heart we have for a tool we can use  
And the very close quarters are hard to get used to  
Love weighs the hull down with it s weight

**G G A7sus4 A7sus4**  
But the wood is tired, and the wood is old  
**C(9) D G G**  
And we ll make it fine, if the weather holds  
**G G A7sus4 A7sus4**  
But if the weather holds, we ll have missed the point  
**C(9) D G(9) - G C - D5 D5 - G C - D5**  
That s where I need to go

No way construction of this tricky plan  
Was built by other than a greater hand  
With a love that passes all our understading  
Watching closely over the journey

Yeah, but what it takes to croos 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

But the wood is tired, and the wood is old  
And we ll make it fine, if the weather holds  
But if the weather holds then we ll have missed the point  
**C(9) D Em B7 E E**  
That s where I need to go

**A**                    **A**                    **Bm7(4)**      **Bm7(4)**

Sometimes I ask to sneak a closer look

**E**                    **Esus4**                    **A**                    **A**

Skip to the final chapter of the book

**A**                    **A**                    **Bm7(4)**                    **Bm7(4)**  
And then maybe steer us clear from some of the pain that it took

**E**                    **Esus4**                    **C**      **C**      **D**      **D**

To get us where we are this far,      this far

(G)

But the question drowns in its futility

And even I have got to laugh at me

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

Just holding on for the ride

And the wood is tired, and the wood is old

And we'll make it fine if the weather holds

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

That's where I need to go