

both the post and the pig you re untying

B

butcher gone for the blade

C#m

someday we may all be happy

A

someday all make a face worth slapping

E

someday we may be shocked to be laughing

B

at the way you behave

E

may your hands be strong and willing

A

may you know when to speak and to listen

E

may you find every friend that you re missing

B

there s no check in the mail

E

may you end up bruised and purple

A

know that peace is the shape of a circle

E

B

round and round you go

E

biting your tail

(synth part: **E A E B E**)

C#m

we re the journey and the wind is whipping

A

short hands on the clock still ticking

E

both the egg and the red fox grinning

B

his belly full for the day

C#m

someday we may all want nothing

A

and all forget that we ll get whats coming

E

someday all say the world was something

B

that we just couldnt change

E

may your tongue be soft and wicked

A

know your part in the calf and the killing

E

see straight through the captain you re kissing

B

helm lose in his hand

E

may your words be well worth stealing

A

put your hand on your heart while singing

E

choirs sick of the song

B

E

but they still gotta stand