

A Silent Army In The Trees
Matthew Good

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Vancouver 2009
Acoustic

Tuning D#G#C#F#A#C# -half step down high e dropped an extra full step

F#/A 200220
A 002220
Bm 224432

Very simple song, listen to Matt play to figure out the timing for the added bass notes.
Its all hammering on the 2nd fret low E string (or D# if you decide to tune your guitar down which is not necessary) during both A chords.

Intro/filler: **F#/A A** (listen to get # of reps)

Verse:

F#/A

What will you find, where will you be
when you gotta trade for company

A

Those plastic guns and infantry
for a silent army in the trees?

F#/A

Well this ain t the woods behind the house
there ain t nobody screaming out

A

for you to come inside and eat
You re just holding your friends and watching them bleed

F#/A

Wore camouflage on Halloween,
a plastic bag, an M-16

A

Door to door and house to house
but ain t nobody handing it out

F#/A

Yeah nothing s ever what it seems
when you re kicking in teeth and wishing it dreams

A

Just plastic guns and infantry
for a silent army in the trees

Verse 2: **F#/A A**

Now baby don t you let me down
a world away and still somehow
Can t shake the feeling that you re out
With another man s arms wrapped tight around you
At night it s cold, we sit and freeze
running red lights in our Humvees
Never thought I d live to see the day I d be
afraid of little kids playing in the streets
Well this ain t the woods behind the house
There ain t nobody screaming out
for you to come inside and eat
You re just holding your friends and watching them bleed

Chorus:

Bm A F#/A

I m on fire

Bm A F#/A

But all ice on the outside

Bm A F#/A

That old man in the sky

Bm A F#/A

Well he s all ice on the outside

Rhythm Solo: **A F#/A**

Verse 3: **F#/A A**

A muted whale out in the streets

You watch the stage but burn the seats

Two metal legs to get along

You ain t got much without one to stand on

Sometimes at night I hear it roll

A hundred cars long pulling out slow

Like the engineers inside my head

Cold and dark like your side of the bed

Yeah nothing s ever what it seems

And even if it is ends justify means

With plastic guns and infantry for a silent army in the trees

Chorus: **Bm A F#/A**

I m on fire

But all ice on the outside

That old man in the sky

Well he s all ice on the outside