

These United States - Old John Chapman Takes A Good Long Walk
Misc Unsigned Bands

The Unstoppable Johnny Appleseed's Last Immaculate Confession

As (A)far as stories go, mine is the (Em)best one that I (D)know,
Though it's the (F#m)only one I really know " so, well, (E)you know
And yet as (D)time goes on and on, slips left or (F#m)right side up or down
I fear I (E)feel even my own ink quickly (D)draining
Out with it (E)then! Before my pen is sucked in (D)old age white and thin
I scrawl for (F#m)sins and salva(E)tions, reflections (D)fading
And though it's (E)so hard to detail it is quite (D)simple to sum it:
(Bm)I went to bed brass and I (D)woke up a trumpet.

[hold, still] And I'm playing (A)God now, tumbling dice
I'm thinking (D)once, not (A)twice
I'm thinking (D)big, not (A)nice, nece(E)ssarily.
I've got a (D)plan, but it's my (A)own.
I'm sick of (D)death and flesh and (A)bone.
I'm thinking (D)all you people, (A)all of you, are just (E)scaring me.
So here I (D)go, I boot the (F#m)road,
I smash the (D)gravel under (F#m)toe
I turn the (D)moon around and (F#m)show the sun a (E)thing or two
I'm dodging (D)God, I'm made to (E)move,
A hungry (D)hound dog's twitching (A)tooth,
I'm rear(D)ranging battle (A)maps they drew at (E)Waterloo!
I am no (D)Father's fool
Claim (E)no vessel nor tool
At best mu(D)tiny's crew
Itself a (E)jab at Zeus
What was I (F#m)telling you?...
What was I (D)telling you?...
What was I (E)telling you?...

[instrumental on E drone?]

"Ah, yes! So (A)waking as a yawp, my bonnet (Em)bee'd, shook soda
(D)popped,
blinking a(F#m)round about the kingdom in whose (E)reign I'd been dropped off
I coughed and (D)sputtered to a start, turned twice the (F#m)crank nailed to my
heart
I felt I (E)feared birds' dream of clouds go sickly (D)bleeding
Shakedustoff, (E)wings! These prisoners' rings, encrusted (D)diamond death of
(E)things
Fly, sing, pro(F#m)mote notes towards the (E)throats of landlords
(D)deedingCause:
As its (E)whipping accomplicewind stretchedgrowing (D)skin strengthened and
stiffened,
I saw the (Bm)sun is not chicken, it's in(D)different

so Iâ€™m pitting (A)God against these eyesâ€
Iâ€™m thinking (D)heavenâ€™s not so (A)high
And mighty, (D)thinking flight, not (A)fight, but are you (E)feeling me?
All these de(D)sires fester un(A)told.
mad masterâ€™s (D)piece weâ€™d pluck to (A)mold
Iâ€™m thinking (D)this is me, and (A)that is me, but what is (E)really me?
So sound the (D)bells, and fig the (F#m)trees,
My breath is (D)bigger than the (F#m)breeze
I wrap the (D)wind into a (F#m)seed and sow it (E)deep in, too
Iâ€™m mocking (D)God a mimic(**E**)king,
I care no (D)more for her or (A)him
Tecumseh, (D)time to wind that (A)train back to Tip(E)pecanoe!
Head beaten (D)red and blue
Come killing (E)two by two
They put the (D)fear in you
Thereâ€™s nothing (E)left to prove
They tried to (F#m)take our birth
If lost, re(E)turn to earth.
If lost, re(D)turn to earth.
If lost, re(A, let ring)turn-tâ€™thee-earth.

[instrumental fade out on A riff?]