

through

Bm E

A

back from the war early Christmas morning not even a ghost could keep him
sober for you

A E

every broken bone and every blue black eye in the stories of ass beatings

Bm E Dadd9 E

that you returned you told me about how more than half were deserved oh no

A E

something sank into that bleeding skull a certain kind of wisdom

Bm E Dadd9 E

and a humble soul it keeps me searching no matter how many miles left until

D E A

we get back home you've been quite a traveling companion I hate to see you go

Finish off with this...

A - Bm - E - A

A - Bm - E - Dadd9 - E - D - E - A