

The Rock Of My Soul
Rodney Crowell

A
The rock of my soul went to church on sunday,
F#m
The rock of my soul went to work on monday,
A
Clean across the levees by the railroad tracks,
F#m
The other side of houston in a two room shack.
D
Sweeping out confetti from a third grade classroom,
F#m
The rock of my soul pushed a dust mop broom.
A
The rock of my soul didn t have much luck,
F#m
He came to town grinnin on a flat bed truck.
A
The rock of my soul didn t have much charm,
F#m
With the lack of educaion on a red dirt farm.
D
He was fond of disapearing on an eight day drunk,
F#m
Coming Home smelling like a low down skunk.

and he said.... (Start Strum)

G **F#m** **D** **A**
Do like I say, not like I do and you might make me proud.
G **F#m** **D** **A**
Another Houston kid on a downhill skid for crying out loud.

(Back to Pickin)

A
I m a first hand witness to an age old crime,
F#m
A man who hits a woman isn t worth a dime.
A
5, 6, 7, 8, 9 years old,
F#m
Thats what I remember about the rock of my soul.
D
I told him I would kill him if he did not stop it,
F#m
But the rock of my soul just would not drop it.

G

I learned to lie like dirt,

F#m **D** **A**
I could steal your shirt and , talk with a gun.

G **F#m** **D** **A**
Another Houston kid on a downhill skid like father like son.

A
Now I got out of prison bout a year ago,

F#m
Seven long years really went by slow.

D
I didn t kill my daddy but my momma tried,

F#m
She shot him with a pistol and he like to a died.

D
I m on probation living straight and true,

F#m
and there s every indication that the past is through.

D **A**
That s all I know, bout the rock of my soul.