

Waves Of Grain  
Two Gallants

**C** **G** **Am**  
Pray betray the deceased,  
**E** **F**  
such an infamous freedom, such a militant peace  
**C** **G** **C**  
How dare they distrust, do they know who we are  
**G** **Am**  
And Your progeny s brave,  
**E** **F**  
their tract houses waiting, pre-plucked and pre-paved  
**C** **G**  
To the ends of the Earth, wife, kids and a car

**Am** **G**  
But oh no, no, I see them falling  
**F** **C** **F** **C**  
Let s all pray for rain, Let s all pray for rain  
**G** **F**  
And all your children are reared by panic and fear  
**Am** **G**  
But what when all your fields are rotten,  
**F** **C** **F** **C**  
your waves of grain, amber waves of grain  
**G** **F** **C**  
And your word is yet done: Inbreed us till we re all the same

**C** **G** **Am**  
And Your collection of tongues,  
**E** **F**  
you keep framed in your parlour, with your bibles and guns,  
**C** **G** **C**  
the fetus of Christ with a fistful of scars.  
**G** **Am**  
And your vision is clear,  
**E** **F**  
while you blind your own kind in a curtain of fear,  
**C** **G**  
your words twisted skywards distracted by stars.

**Am** **G**  
But oh, no, no, the sky is falling.  
**F** **C** **F** **C**  
Let s all pray for rain, Let s all pray for rain.

**G** **F**  
And you pour out your prayers and weep cause you care.

**Am** **G**  
But what when all your fields are rotten,  
**F** **C** **F** **C**  
your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?

**G** **F** **C**  
And you hide the dead while my friends head to die in your name.

**C** **G** **Am**  
And This playground is yours  
**E** **F**  
spoke God when you met, behind closed doors.  
**C** **G** **C**  
Gesture your hand and the pawns shall subside  
**G** **Am**  
And though you play alone,  
**E** **F**  
you never get lonely, you never get bored.  
**C** **G**  
Who needs a friend when God s on your side?

**Am** **G**  
But oh, no, no, I see them falling.  
**F** **C** **F** **C**  
Let s all pray for rain, Let s all pray for rain.  
**G** **F**  
And even I can t pretend we re not near the end.

**Am** **G**  
But what when all your fields are rotten,  
**F** **C** **F** **C**  
your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?  
**G** **F** **C**  
When your days are done, I hope you ve had fun with your game.

**C** **G** **Am**  
And you accepted as fact:  
**E** **F**  
Behold a white horse, with you on it s back,  
**C** **G** **C**  
a bow in your hand, a crown through your hair.  
**G** **Am**  
And the oceans shall rise  
**E** **F**  
and slap on the shores of mountainsides.  
**C** **G**  
Great waves of progress shall wet the air.

**Am** **G**

