

Dry

William Elliott Whitmore

intro: **F**

F.....C.....Bb.....F

Well the song of the blackbird is mighty clear

F.....C.....Bb

On a mornin'™ such as this

F.....C.....Bb.....F

And all those useless pains & fears

F.....C.....Bb

Those things that i won'™t miss

And the Morning Glories and Queen Anne'™s lace

Baptized by the wind

These inspirations are my saving grace

In these times we'™re living in

Dm..C..F....

Dm..C..F....

Make a hard man humble

Make a proud woman hide

Her eyes from the light of day

When all the crops have withered and died

And the soil has blown away

Dm.....C.....F

The ground is so dry

Dm.....C.....F

The river'™s on its hands and knees

Dm.....C.....F.....C

And i hear that tune in the breeze

The crow is callin'™ and i hear him well

Up in the red bud tree

Any the stories that you'™ve lived to tell

Pass 'em down to me

Whisper the truth

Into your childrens ears

Let them know

Let them understand

Let them hear

The song of the blackbird is mighty loud
Through the evening mist
The moon is up and it looks so proud
Lookin'™ down on a night, on a night like this