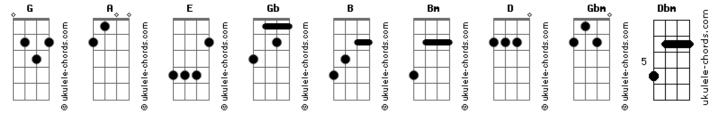
The Steeldrivers - Sticks That Made Thunder

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Tom: G
                                                             For the ones that will never return
Intro: A E Gb
       B A E
       Bm A E D
       Bm A E
                                                                   Gbm
Bm
                                                              Α
My roots are deeper than the bones the others
Gbm
My colors they change with the sun
                                                              Gbm
Bm
My branches we?re higher than anything on the hillside
Gbm
On the day that I watched them all come
                                                             (Bm A E)
(Bm A E D)
(Bm A E)
                                                               Bm
Bm
Some wear the color of the sky in the winter
Gbm
Some we?re as blue as the night
                                                                 Bm
     Bm
They came like a storm with the light of the morning
                                                                   Gbm
         Gbm
                                    Gbm
And they fell thru the whole day and night
                          F
Colors flew high and they danced in the sky
                                                                   Gbm
     Gbm
                               D
As I watched them come over the hill
                                                              Α
                   F
 Α
Then to my wonder sticks that made thunder
                                                              Gbm
                    D
Gbm
Such a great number lay still
(Bm A E D)
(Bm A E)
                                                                   Gbm
(Bm A E D)
(Bm A E)
                                                              Α
         Rm
When the light came again there was death on the wind
                                                              Gbm
       Gbm
                    Dbm
                               Gbm
As the buzzards made way for the worms
                                                             (Bm A E D)
(Bm A E)
        Bm
And the little white trees that don?t bend in the breeze
                      Е
                            Gbm
       Gbm
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Acordes



F. Colors flew high and they danced in the sky As I watched them come over the hill Е Then to my wonder sticks that made thunder D Such a great number lay still (Bm A E D) (Bm A E) (Bm A E D) Those that have fallen they come when I call them And answer the best that they can But all they can see is what they used to be And that?s all that they understand The colors flew high and they danced in the sky D As I watched them come over the hill F Then to my wonder sticks that made thunder D Such a great number lay still Colors flew high and they danced in the sky D As I watched them come over the hill E Then to my wonder sticks that made thunder D Such a great number lay still