

G D C Am G G
 If my words did glow with the gold of sun-shine and my tunes were
 hand if your cup be emp-ty, if your cup is
 G C
 played on the harp un-strung, Would you hear my voice come through the mu-sic?
 full, may it be a-gain. Let it be known there is a four-tain
 G D C C
 Would you hold it near, as it were your own? It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are bro-ken;
 that was not made by the hands of men. There is a road, no sim-ple high-way
 G C
 per-haps they're bet-ter left un-sung. I don't know, don't real-ly care.
 be-tween the dawn and the dark of night. And if you go, no one may fol-low,
 G D C G F# G7 Am D7 G
 Let there be songs to fill the air. Rip-ple in still wa-ter; when there is no peb-ble
 That path is for your steps a-lone.
 C A |¹ D |² D G C
 tossed, nor wind to blow. Reach out your blow. You who choose to lead must fol-low, but if you
 G C G D
 fall, you fall a-lone. If you should stand, then who's to guide you? If I knew the way
 C G C C
 I would take you home. La dee da da da, la da da da da, da da da da, da da, da da da da da,
 C D C G
 La da da da, la da da da da, La da da da, la da da da da.

Basic version; play with fluid rhythm and lots of anticipation.

Just hang on and follow Dale