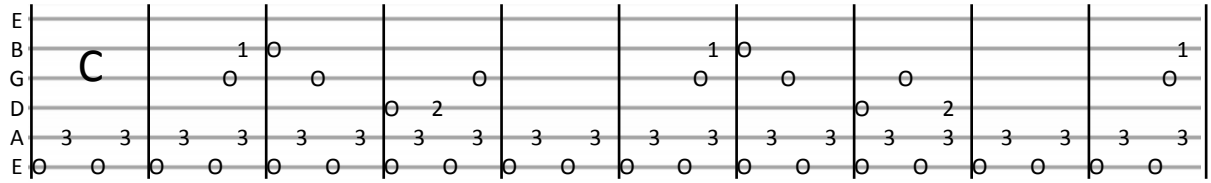
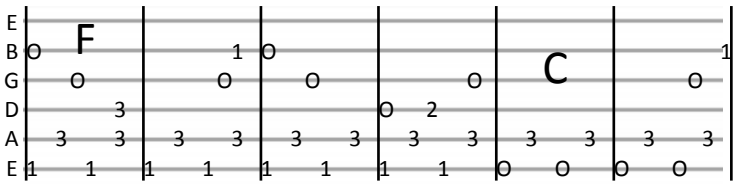
Scott Cook – Pass it Along

Capot 0-4, fingerpick.

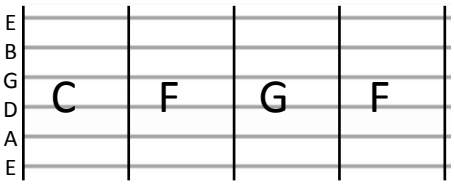
Intro A



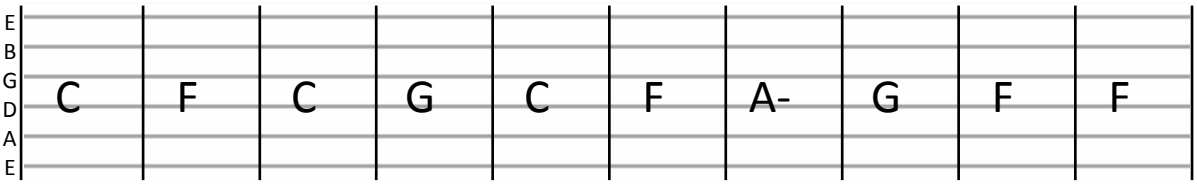
Intro B



Verse (16/8)



Chorus



This guitar came from a timber, from the body of a tree
Through the workshop of a luthier, now it's on loan to me
And it's good company after dinner, and it fits my hands just fine
But some day another singer with a pair of hands like mine
Will coax out songs much prettier still hiding in its strings
And sing stronger, braver words than I could ever sing
And folks are gonna love it, of this I'm almost sure
So I'll take good care of it, cause I'm borrowing it from her

Pass it along, pass it along
May it land in careful hands when we're gone
You carry it for a moment, but time won't loan it to you for long
You don't own it, pass it along

This here is my country, sometimes it's hard to recognize it
But I count myself lucky, to have been born inside it
And I'm grateful for the rights others struggled hard to win
And you can be sure I'm gonna fight when they try to take 'em back again
Oh, and everywhere are teachers, though some fell along the way
The words they said still reach us, just like you're teaching me here today
And you may not speak it loud, but it's clear in what you do
And I hope to make you proud, because I borrowed it from you

Seems these days we're in a hurry, to grab up all that's left to use
Putting patents on discovery, making seeds that don't reproduce
If our vision is so narrow, seeing only bought and sold
We'll end up like the pharaohs, buried with their gold
We've all pushed this thing along, we've all been guided by our fear
But the river sings a song we've gotta be quieter to hear
It's in every child's face, new and hopeful as a stem
Best be gentle with this place, cause we're borrowing it from them