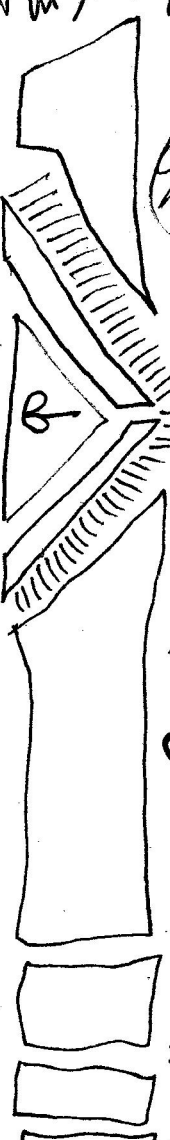


Dm 67 CM7 A7b5 Dm11 G11 CM7 A0
We went down to me Ron get was the Driftwood
Burd Dog by me Ron walked the beach there on
Fm9 Eb9 Dm11 Db 6/9 C9 Fm9 Fm9
lay the corpse of white wet dog

Bb Bm7 Gm7 C7 Am7 Dm7 Bb7
Burd had palm sized sideways sticks to carry We walked by the way

Cm7 F9 Bb11 Gm7 Eb7
Jones + seaweed where used for fuel Dm7 Gm7 Eb7 Fm9 Bb7 Eb7

Eb7 Cm7 F9 F7 Dm7 Eb7 Fm9 Bb7 Eb7
Who a wounded log of storm was salt soaked as we walked on Fishers eyes as white the log for
Fm7 Bb7 Eb7
Ab9 Fm9 Eb7 Gm7
Tud' you'd have (card) (bring) home word



~~Driftwood~~
Dm7 G7 CM7 A7b5 Dm11 G11 CM7 A0

We came back with 5 parts of driftwood
Placed it ~~by~~ by the gate where it'll be the head of
3 food on ~~the~~ road ~~edge~~ talked a while and parted

~~Dm7 G7 CM7 A7b5 Dm11 G11 CM7 A0~~

~~When the sea throws logs like dice a boulder~~

Some ~~are~~ it's there high roller

They are kept and ~~get~~ stolen

When ~~the~~ slipped through oceans fingers high from motion

wings there will thieves sometimes ~~and~~ capture the
we lay back midst years of ~~combing~~ and ~~capture~~ the
these store grey ~~and~~ ~~capture~~ the
comfortably our niches & cared with ~~and~~ ~~capture~~ the