

BUSHWHACKER

C Bushwhacker whacks through thickets
F Through prickles that end up in his brain
C Whacks through poison ivy sap
G And squirrel shit coming down like rain

C Bushwhacker whacks through a mason jar
F A tire and a rusted chair
C Whacks through a nest of hornets
G And people too much for him to bear

F Bushwhacker whacks with the knife edge of his hand
C His great granddaddy laid claim to this [G] land

C Bushwhacker whacks through blizzards
F Through floods and fires and fog
C Whacks through time that blew right by
G A wife, two kids, a dog

C Bushwhacker whacks through night sweats
F Through dreams of trees that walk
C Whacks through the air to wake himself up
G Through the echo of a squawk

F Bushwhacker whacks through the school where he dropped out
C Didn't like the bathrooms, that's all it was [G] about

C Bushwhacker whacks through voices
F Through words he'll never comprehend
C Whacks through news and politics
G All the lies that never end

C Bushwhacker whacks through a lens cap
F What the hell would anyone want a picture of?
C Better if they kept the cap on
G Darkness would be interesting enough

F Bushwhacker whacks through a rope he never used
C A life he keeps on living trying to keep himself [G] amused [C F C G F]

C Bushwhacker's path is upward
F To a God he never could explain
C Up there overseeing these unseen woods
G Twenty-seven acres of pain

F A shingle
F A letter from the county
F A pendant with the saint worn [C] down