

Drink the Fire

p. 1 of 2
[Blues in F]

Chorus F⁷
Hang me a beer in the window and pour me a candle that
F⁷ F⁶ F
Won't be burning low.
F⁷
I drink the fire of an anger that has broken every angle that
F⁷ F⁶ F
The Lord wants me to go.
B_b⁶ B_b B_b⁶ B_b
I've travelled south in the summer heat, north against the winter wind,
F⁹ F
West when the gold was gone.
C_m
Hang me a beer in the window and pour me a candle that
A_b F
Won't be burning low.

Verse 1 F F⁹
They tell me, Don't you bother goin' down
B_b⁶ B_b
To do the job your father did.
F⁹
That job of hauling wood and driving nails.
B_b⁶ B_b
Has been given to a brown-skinned kid.
F⁹
I'm fine with sharing in the wealth we've had.
B_b⁶ B_b
With men that came to work all day.
C_m
But don't come sneaking in at my back door,
A_b F
Expecting me to give the house away.

[Repeat Chorus]

Verse 2

F F⁹
 They say the Kiowa's an angry people
 B_b⁶ B_b
 That makes me one-sixteenth angry, too.
 F⁹
 Don't talk to me about paying for your slavery,
 B_b⁶ B_b
 Free range and buffalo would be my due.
 F⁹
 And every mother's son has got a story
 B_b⁶ B_b
 'Bout their father's father's father's trail.
 Cm
 Some people came and made this land a paradise
 A_b F
 But gettin' here they drove through hell.

[Repeat Chorus]

Verse 3

F F⁹
 Yeah, I was raised a Southern-culture racist,
 B_b⁶ B_b
 That was just what I was born into.
 F⁹
 You think we're blinded, hiding in a hole,
 B_b⁶ B_b
 Never questioning our fathers' rules.
 F⁹
 But if you think that Doctor King and all the others
 B_b⁶ B_b
 Never made a change in me,
 Cm
 You just keep pushing your agenda,
 A_b F
 Until you'll see how far the tide will swing.

[Repeat Chorus]