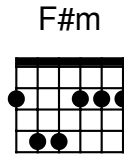
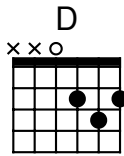
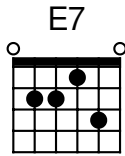
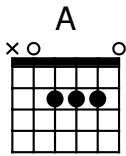


# The Ways of Man

Gordon Bok



Instrumental Intro:

The [A] ways of man are [E7] passing [A] strange

Verse 1:

The [A] ways of man are [E7] passing [A] strange  
He [D] buys his [E7] freedom and he counts his [F#m] change  
Then he [D] lets the wind his [A] days ar [F#m] range  
And he [A] calls the tide his [D] master

Chorus 1:

[A] Oh the days, [E7] oh the [A] days  
[D] Oh the [E7] fine long summer [F#m] days  
The fish come [D] rolling in the [F#m] bays  
And he [A] swore he'd never [D] leave me

Verse 2:

But the [A] days grow short and the [E7] year gets [A] old  
And the [D] fish won't [E7] stay where the water's [F#m] cold  
And [D] if they're going to [A] fill the [F#m] hold  
They've got to [A] go offshore to [D] find them

Chorus 1:

[A] Oh the days, [E7] oh the [A] days  
[D] Oh the [E7] fine long summer [F#m] days  
The fish come [D] rolling in the [F#m] bays  
And he [A] swore he'd never [D] leave me

Verse 3:

So they [A] go outside on the [E7] raving [A] deep  
And they [D] pray the Lord their [A] soul to [F#m] keep  
But the [D] waves will roll them [A] all to [F#m] sleep

And the [A] tide will be their [D] keeper

Chorus 2:

[A] Oh the tide, [E7] oh the [A] tide

[D] Oh you [E7] dark and you bitter [F#m] tide

If I can't [D] have him by my [F#m] side

I [A] guess I have to [D] leave him

Instrumental Verse:

The [A] ways of man are [E7] passing [A] strange

He [D] buys his [E7] freedom and he counts his [F#m] change

Then he [D] lets the wind his [A] days ar [F#m] range

And he [A] calls the tide his [D] master

Chorus 3:

[A] Oh the tide, [E7] oh the [A] tide

[D] Oh you [E7] dark and you bitter [F#m] tide

If I can't [D] have him by my [F#m] side

The [A] water's welcome [D] to him

Verse 4:

Oh [A] Lord I know that the [E7] day will [A] come

When [D] one less [E7] boat comes slogging [F#m] home

I [D] don't mind knowing that he'll [A] be the [F#m] one

But I [A] can't spend my whole life [D] waiting

Verse 5:

I [A] gave you one, I [E7] gave you [A] two

The [D] best that [E7] poor old boat could [F#m] do

You'd [D] have it all be [A] fore you're [F#m] through

Well I've [A] got no more to [D] give you

Repeat Verse 1:

The [A] ways of man are [E7] passing [A] strange

He [D] buys his [E7] freedom and he counts his [F#m] change

Then he [D] lets the wind his [A] days ar [F#m] range

And he [A] calls the tide his [D] master [D] [A]