COLD **M**ISSOURI **W**ATERS (**J**AMES **K**EELAGHAN, 2013) *   (2P)

Intro: Bm

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            D                      Bm
My          name is Dodge but then you  know that
August      Forty-Nine,                  North   Montana,
Gauged the fire              I'd seen bigger
Sky had     turned  red,  smoke  was    boiling
Then when  I     rose    like    the    phoenix
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         G                              D             A
   It's  written  on  the  chart  there  at  the  foot end of the of the bed
   the  hottest  day  on  record  and  the  forest    tinder     dry
   So I ordered them  to  side  hill  we'd  fight  it  from    be-low
   Two hundred yards to safety; death was fifty     yards    be-hind
 In that world reduced  to ashes, there were none  but   two  sur-vived
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         D                      Bm
   They  think I'm  blind  that  I can't read it
Lightning strikes        in        the       mountains
  We'd    have   our   backs   to   the  river
  I don't know      why,     I    just     thought it
      I stayed that night and one day after
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         G                              D             A
But I've read   it   every  word  and  every   word it says is death
 I was  crew  chief  at  the  jump  base I pre-pared the boys to fly.
  We'd have   it  licked  by  morning  even  if  we   took  it  slow
     I struck a match to waist high  grass  running  out  of time
Carried bodies  to    the    river   wondering   how  I  stayed a-live
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         Bm                      G             D
So con-fession,   is  that the  reason  that  you  came?
Pick the drop   zone;   C  forty  seven   comes  in  low
But  the  fire crowned, jumped the valley    just    a-head
Tried to tell    them    step    in-to  this  fire  I've  set
Thirteen stations    of      the      cross to mark their fall
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*The song tells the story of the Mann Gulch Fire in 1949, North Montana from the point of view of "Dodge", the foreman – who is dying of Hodgkin's disease in a hospital bed about 5 years after the fire. He was blamed for the deaths of his men. Recorded by "Cry Cry Cry", as well as the author James Keelaghan.

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           Bm                     G                   A
Get    it    off my chest  before I check  out  of  the  game
Feel   the   tap    upon     your    leg that  tells you  go
There was no way down headed for  the   ridge   in-stead
We  can't   make  it  this   is  the  only chance you'll get
I've        had   my  say, I'll con-fess  to   nothing  more


           Bm                       G                 D
Since you mention  it,  well   there's  thirteen things I'll name
See   the  circle      of       the     fire    down    be-low
Too big to fight  it,  we'd   have   to  fight that slope in-stead
 But  they  cursed   me, ran  for  the  rocks   above    in-stead
       I'll  join them now, those they left   me  long  be-fore


Em        Em/F#    G                  A            Bm
Thirteen    crosses   high      above the cold Missouri waters
Fifteen      of  us      dropped  above  the cold Missouri waters
Flames     one step behind    above the cold Missouri waters
I  lay face  down and prayed    above the cold Missouri waters = = =>
Thirteen    crosses   high       above the cold Missouri waters - - - ->


Em       Em/F#   G                A            Bm        D
Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri shore
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