

misc (v 1)

1	Many Rivers to Cross	G
2	Hippie History Lesson (Back in 79)	PJ G
3	Burn It	E

Many Rivers to Cross

Jimmy Cliff

- V1** **Many rivers to cross
But I can't seem to find my way over
Wandering I am lost
As I travel along the white cliffs of Dover**
- V2** **Many rivers to cross
And it's only my will that keeps me alive
I've been licked, washed up for years
And I merely survived because of my pride.**
- Chorus** **And this loneliness won't leave me alone
It's such a drag to be on your own
My woman left me and she didn't say why
So I guess I have to try**
- (Repeat V1, V2, and Chorus)**

Hippie History Lesson (Back in 79)

Philip Johnson

Key: G
Tempo: 100
Vocals: PJ

Intro | : G / / / | Am / / / | C /// : |

V1 First time we camped out for a show was in Ann Arbor
On a warm spring day some thirty years ago
My best friend stayed in line when I didn't have the time
Deadhead Debbie shared our tent at night

Chorus Way, way back in 79, Bonnie Raitt on the radio and John Prine
We shared the men and women and the wine
Way, way back in 79, way, way back in 79

V2 My best friend well he went out with my girlfriend
Then my best friend's girlfriend, she became my wife
Some people said we're crazy, others, that's just life,
We're still together despite the tears and strife

Chorus 2 Way, way back in 79, in the land of the hash bash and five dollar fine
We were learning, sometimes failing, to be kind
Way, way back in 79, way, way back in 79

V3 We saw Jerry for the last time in Hawaii
He came back out to play Midnight Moonlight
My daughter knew the words from the bedtime songs she'd heard
Jerry looked down at her and smiled

Chorus 3 Way, way back in 79, some said the Dead were starting to decline
We had so much future, so much time
Way, way back in 79, way, way back in 79

Lead | : G / / / | Am / / / | C /// : |

V4 Our children like to camp out with the jam bands
High Sierra, Hornings Hideout, Bonaroo
My best friend gets them backstage even though they're under age
They dance between the stars and morning dew

Chorus 4 Way, way back in 79, Bob Marley was alive and in his prime
We shared the men and women and dark times,
Way, way back in 79, way, way back in 79
Way, way back in 79, way, way back in 79

Notes

Burn It

West One Shenanigans

V1 Rat-a-tat Jones woke up in his yard
 reached into his pocket and pulled out a card
 Was the ace of spades so he dug a hole
 Reached down and found a lump of coal

V2 It was so damn hot barely a breeze
 Rat-a-tat's wife dropped to her knees
 That lump of coal well it turned to fire
 And sang to the city like a gospel choir

Chorus We're going to burn, it's our turn
 To taste the smoke, and make a joke
 We've got to burn, so we can learn
 What happens next, and who protects

V3 I wish I hadn't told that lie.
 I wish I hadn't made you cry.
 I'd like to find some sort of trick
 That makes a space for us to sit

V4 Tell me now, tell me who you are
 Do you have a burn, do you have a scar?
 When everything's gone are you going to smile
 And leave your footsteps on the last hot mile?

Notes