

Saint Stephen

Intro | B / D / | A E | E / D / | A B | B / A / | D E | E / D / | A / B |

10x (St. Stephen Riff)

||: E / Dsus2 / | A / E / : ||

Verse 1 | E / Dsus2 / | A / E / | E / D / | A - - - |

Saint Stephen with a rose, in and out of the garden he goes,

Country garden in the wind and the rain, wherever he goes the people all complain.

Lead ||: E / Dsus2 / | A / E / : ||

Verse 2 | E / Dsus2 / | A / E / | E / D / | A - - - | E / / B |

Stephen prospered in his time, well he may and he may decline.

Did it matter, does it now? Stephen would answer if he only knew how.

Lead ||: E / Dsus2 / | A / E / : ||

Verse 3 | E / Dsus2 / | A / E / | E / D / | A - - - | G / A / | E / / / | % | % | E / |

Wishing well with a golden bell, bucket hanging clear to hell,

Hell halfway twixt now and then,

Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down again

Break | E / D / | A / E / | D / A / | E / D / | E / D / | A / E / | D / A / | E / D / |

Lady finger, dipped in moonlight, Writing "What for?" across the morning sky.

Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer, Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye.

| E / D / | A / D E | D / A / | E / D / | E / D / | A / E / | D / / / | E / D^(F#) / |

Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow, What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned.

Several seasons with their treasons, Wrap the babe in scarlet colors, call it your own.

Lead ||: E / Dsus2 / | A / E / : ||

Verse 4 Did he doubt or did he try? Answers aplenty in the bye and bye,

Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills, One man gathers what another man spills.

Big Lead ||: No Chords | Drums : ||: E / / / : ||: E / A / : || E / D^{sus2} / | A / E / : ||

Verse 5 Saint Stephen will remain, all he's lost he shall regain,

Seashore washed by the suds and foam,

Been here so long he's got to calling it home.

Verse 6 | E / / / | % | D / / / | A / E / | E / / / | E / D / | A / / / | E / D / |

Fortune comes a crawlin', calliope woman, Spinnin' that curious sense of your own.

Can you answer? Yes I can. But what would be the answer to the answer man?

If Going To Eleven | B / / / |

If Going To Jam ||: E / A / : ||

The Eleven

| B / / / | % | % | A / | B / / / |

High green chilly winds and windy vines
In loops around the twisted shafts of lavender,
They're crawling to the sun.

| B / / / | % | % | B / A / | B / / / | A / / / | B / / / | B / / / |

Wonder who will water all the children of the garden
When they sigh about the barren lack of rain
and Droop so hungry neath the sky.

| B / / / | A^bm / / / | B / / / | A / F[#]m / |

Underfoot the ground is patched
With arms of ivy wrapped around the manzanita,
Stark and shiny in the breeze.

| E / B / | A^bm / A / | B / A^bm / | F[#]m | D / / / | % |

William Tell has stretched his bow
till it won't stretch No furthermore
And/or it may require a change that hasn't come before.

Jam = 1st Part ||: B⁷ / B^{7(Blues D)} / :||

TurnOver ||: ³ A / / | ³ D / / | ³ E / / | ² D / :||

||: ³ A / / | ³ D / / | ³ E / / | ² D / :||

No more time to tell how, this is the season of what,

(Eight sided whispering hallelujah hatrack)

Now is the time of returning, jewels polished and gleaming.

(Six proud walkers on the jingle bell rainbow)

Now is the time past believing the child has relinquished the rein,

(Five men writing with fingers of gold)

Now is the test of the boomerang

(Four men tracking down the great white sperm whale)

Tossed in the night of redeeming

Sink beneath the waters to the coral sands below.

Jam ||: ³ A / / | ³ D / / | ³ E / / | ² D / :||