

## Dime Novel History

Chorus

G# G#  
Gunslinging, rustling,  
C# G# D# G#  
stampedes, bourbon,  
G# G#  
nighttime ladies  
C# G# D# G# G#  
gambling for a mine,  
G# G#  
great to hear as  
C# G# D# G#  
campfire tales but  
G# G#  
dime novel history's no  
C# G# D# G#  
history of mine

Verse

G# G#  
History's in the  
D# G#  
crops we grew  
G# G#  
the dug out clay for the  
C# G# A#  
pots we threw  
G# G#  
learning about plants we could  
C# G# A#  
use to heal a  
G# G#  
quenched hot rim on a  
D# G#  
wagon wheel  
G# G#  
flat axed logs in a  
G# G# G#  
cabin wall  
G# G#  
planked out wood in a  
D# G# D# G#  
C-at-tle stall

Chorus

History's in  
train iron rails  
coarse sewn sheets in  
boatmen's sails  
twig end brooms  
to sweep the floors  
wood peg frames  
for closing doors  
warmth of quilts  
from rag cloth squares  
bentwood beech backs  
on our chairs

Chorus

History's in  
herbs from our fields  
bringing flavour to  
two crop meals  
making candles to  
light our home  
time with neighbours  
who are on their own  
feeling the beauty of  
the sky and land  
seeing other's love  
as a guiding hand

Chorus

History ain't stuck  
in the past  
heros and villains  
they never last  
history was taught  
and passed to me  
its a way to feel,  
to act and be,  
to let clouds pass  
always face the sun  
and search for the good  
In everyone

Chorus

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