C C F F C C G G

C F

You who are on the road

Must have a code that you can live by

C F

And so become yourself

C G G G Because the past is just a good-bye.

C F

Teach your children well,

C G Their father's hell did slowly go by,

C F

And feed them on your dreams

C G G

The one they picks, the one you'll know by.

C F C Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you, you would cry,

A^m F G
So just look at them and sigh. . . .igh. . . .igh

Tacit: C C F F C C G G
And know they love you.

