

SILVER WILLOW

(draft 7/27/18)

INTRO: vamp on F

VERSE 1.

That silver

F **Gm**
willow tree was there when we bought the house on grampaw's street, as
C **F**
wide as she was tall, behind our house down by the creek. She
F **Gm**
must have stood four stories high, hid the whole back yard from view. But
C7 **F** **A7**
Grampaw said, "You better kill that tree, or it'll be a curse to you. That

Dm **C** **Bbmaj7**
"tree's so big that when it falls, it'll crush your house and you. It's got four
G7 **C** **A7**
hundred miles of roots to choke your pipes and septic too. It's a
Dm **C** **Bbmaj7**
magnet for bugs, and the limbs will whack your face whenever you mow. You oughta
G7 **C** **F7**
kill that silver willow tree, and you oughta do it now." That silver

CHORUS 1:

Bb **Eb**
willow in our backyard didn't weep or even moan. For
F7 **Bb**
squirrels, birds, bugs, bats and bees, that willow tree was home. She's
A7 **Dm**
outlived all the foolish folk who tried to take her down. She'll
G7 **C7** **F**
outlive me and all the other old farts in this town. Sometime

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VERSE 2. (Sometime)

F **Gm**
after Appomattox, that tree was just a sprout. When the
C **F**
James Gang robbed the Northfield bank, head high or just about. She
F **Gm**
sprouted on the farm along the creek beside the springs. She sur-
C7 **F** **A7**
vived suburban lightpoles, wires and fiberoptic things.

Dm **C** **Bbmaj7**
From our son's room that tree was all you could see. He'd
G **C** **A7**
wake up to the sounds comin' from that silver willow tree. He
Dm **C** **Bbmaj7**
listened to her every night when he would hit the hay. That
G7 **C** **F7**
winter he was sick, he and his cat would watch all day. That silver

CHORUS 2:

Bb **Eb**
willow every spring became a big pain in the ass. She
F7 **Bb**
dropped sticks on the ground so thick you could barely see the grass. Her
A7 **Dm**
roots had grown so dense you couldn't dig without a saw. She'd
G7 **C7** **F** **Db7**
shade the whole backyard so dark that moss grew on the lawn. The

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VERSE 3. (The)

Gb

Abm

Great October Storm surprised the county and the town. Green

Db7

Gb

leaves were all still on the trees when the snow and sleet came down. It

Gb

Abm

took down limbs that took down wires, and it killed our power too, when our

Db7

Gb

Bb7

willow finally fell on that October afternoon. But she

Ebm

Db

Bmaj7

found a narrow space to fall between our house and the one next door. Took

Ab7

Db

Bb7

down some wires and fences but she didn't do much more. She

Ebm

Db

Bmaj7

killed our power for nine days straight, but the weather wasn't cold. We got

Ab7

Db7

Gb7

by with candles, firewood, and some family to hold. It was

CHORUS 3:

B

E

not a weeping willow with branches dragging on the ground. A

Gb7

B

silver willow stands up straight and it doesn't wave around. The

Bb7

Ebm

lumber wasn't good for much and it didn't burn worth shit, but that

Ab7

Db7

Gb

D7

tree took real good care of us, and we never will forget. It cost a

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VERSE 4. (It cost a)

G **Am**
fortune for a crew to haul that tree out to the street. But we
D **G**
found a ton of honey, and we harvested that treat. We
G **Am**
bottled it in Gerbers jars for Christmas gifts that year. Our
D7 **G** **B7**
"Broken Willow Honey" sweetened up the Christmas cheer. Then next

Em **D** **Cmaj7**
spring that silver willow stump grew lots of sprouts real fast. Four
A7 **D** **B7**
hundred miles of roots were still alive and kickin' ass. Our
Em **D** **Cmaj7**
son would trim the smaller sprouts and let the strong ones grow. And that
A7 **D7** **G7**
willow grew back near as tall as it had been before.

CHORUS 4 (instrumental):

| **C** | | **F** | | **G7** | | **C** | | **B7** | | **Em** | | **A7** | | **D7** | **G** **Eb7** |
The

VERSE 5: (The)

Ab **Bbm**
other day the electric comp'ny man looked at our tree. "That
Eb **Ab**
tree's a danger to our lines, so it's got to go, you see." They
Ab **Bbm**
think they're gonna kill her, but that's what Grampaw thought. Four hundred
Eb7 **Ab7**
miles of roots will still be here when the 'lectric truck pulls out. That silver

CHORUS 5:

Db **Gb**
willow in our backyard doesn't weep or even moan. For
Ab7 **Db**
squirrels, birds, bugs, bats and bees, that willow tree is home. She's
C7 **Fm**
outlived all the foolish folks who tried to take her down. She'll
Bb7 **Eb7** **Ab**
outlive me and all the other old farts in this town.