

Chris Stapleton - Scarecrow In The Garden

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Cause the dirt was black as night
                                                                          tom:
                                          B (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
                                                                                                                                                                         [Pontel
Capostraste na 4º casa
Intro:
                                                                                                                                                                         [Quarta Parte]
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                         I came in late September
Well he came from Northern Ireland
     Am
                                                                                                                                                                         The youngest one of three
Searching for the free man's ground
                                                                                                                                                                         \begin{picture}(20,0) \put(0,0){\line(1,0){100}} \put(0,0){\line(1,0){100
\ensuremath{\mathsf{Am}} C And he came to bet his fortune
                                                                                                                                                                         So the land was left to me
On a West Virginia plow
                                                                                                                                                                         [Refrão]
[Ponte]
                                                                                                                                                                         There's a scarecrow in the garden
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                             Am
                                                                                                                                                                         That looks like Lucifer
He built a house of timber
                                                                                                                                                                         And I've been reading Revelations
And raised a redhead son
                                                                                                                                                                         With my bare feet in the river
$\operatorname{\textsc{Am}}$ Then they worked the land together
                                                                                                                                                                         [Quinta Parte]
And prayed the rain would come
                                                                                                                                                                         I know every single fencepost
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                         Every rock that goes around
There's a scarecrow in the garden
                                                                                                                                                                         I've been staring at the red oak
                                      Am
That looks like Lucifer
                                                                                                                                                                         Where I know they'll lay me down
And I've been reading Revelations
                                                                                                                                                                         [Sexta Parte]
         G
With my bare feet in the river
                                                                                                                                                                         The fields ain't what they once were
[Ponte]
                                                                                                                                                                         The rains just seem to flood
                                                                                                                                                                         Am C
And I've been thinking about that river
                                                                                                                                                                         Wondering how it turned to blood
[Terceira Parte]
Well the redhead's son got older
                                                                                                                                                                         I've been sitting here all morning
                                                                                                                                                                         I was sitting here all night
And took a brown eyed wife
                                                                                                                                                                         Am C
There's a bible in my left hand
And the fields were green as dollars
                                                                                                                                                                         G Am
And a pistol in my right
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Acordes

