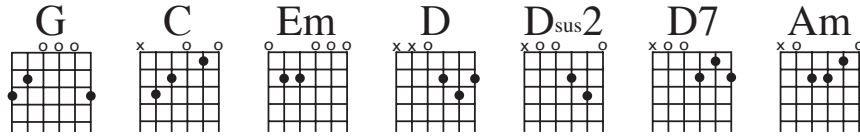


KNOW THY PLACE



INTRO: G - C - G - C - G - Em - D - G . . .

G C G
 Know thy place, and know thy part
 C G C G Dsus2 D
 Know it by name, know it by face, and know it by heart
 G C G
 Don't look up, cause it's a long ways down
 C G C G
 Step by step and breath by breath
 Dsus2 D
 It's a trail of doubt
 G
 It's a trail of doubt

C D7 G
 I've heard them tell you lies
 C Am G
 That all that's true's been tried
 D7 C G C G
 That life's been carved in ice, so hide your light
 Dsus2 D
 And fear your flame

And know thy place, and know thy part
 Know it by name, know it by face, and know it by heart
 Don't look up, cause it's a long ways down
 Step by step and breath by breath
 It's a trail of doubt. It's a trail of doubt

But I'm here to tell you this
 That the sky is yours to kiss
 So go and lift your lips and raise your eyes
 And expect surprise

And know thy place, and know thy part
 Know it by name, know it by face, and know it by heart
 And don't look down, cause that's all been seen
 Step by step and breath by breath
 It's a trail of dreams. It's a trail of dreams.

SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the seventh fret.

It's a simple little ditty. I was so proud of myself when I finished it. I don't write simple little ditties very well, or very easily. And I managed not to screw this one up by over-working it too much. Which, as far as this book is concerned, means it's easy to play.

It reminds me a little bit of a Townes Van Zandt song. He was a master of leaving a song well enough alone and allowing it to remain simple and pretty and digestible, hoping that it somehow transcended the mundane. I've tried to aspire to that more and more. I don't know if this song succeeds . . . that's not something you can ever know as the writer. But I'm proud that I was brave, and at least allowed it the opportunity to try.

I wrote it after overhearing a conversation where some poor girl was being counseled on understanding her own limitations and aspiring to stay well within their bounds. And I wanted, real bad in that moment, to be the devil in her other ear, telling her she's capable of whatever the hell she could possibly imagine. And that her friend and counselor was an asshole.

Who knows, maybe her friend was right in her case. Maybe I had overheard a difficult moment of tough love that she badly needed to hear. Maybe she'd just lived through train wreck after train wreck, and needed a real friend to force her back onto good solid tracks.

But either way, it's irrelevant. Reality kinda isn't the point with songwriting. Real life gets our souls stirring and our imaginations spinning, until our pens can hit the paper running . . . hopefully leaving trademark trails of plausible and familiar fiction behind them.

Which all strikes me as funny right this particular moment, since I just finished a new song this week, sort've about a friend counseling another friend to try and contain himself more. So there you go.

I'm guessing that more people need to hear this song more of the time, than they need to hear the new one. I know I do.