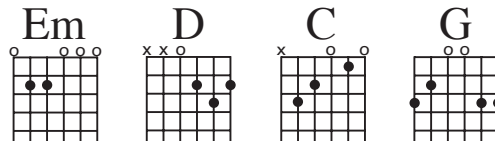


# STAINED GLASS

words and music by Danny Schmidt



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

Em D Em  
It was thirty days til Easter when the elm tree hit the church  
Em D Em  
Thank God it fell on Friday cause at least no one was hurt  
Em D Em  
But there was fear it might delay the second coming of the Lord  
C G D  
Cause the stained glass crucifixion was in stains upon the floor

They spent a day of cleaning and a day to board the hole  
Where the stained glass once had cast a godly light upon the fold  
But come the Sunday service all the faces now were gray  
And they commenced to take donations as the faithful knelt to pray

But on Monday they discovered that the man who'd built the glass  
Was the only man in town who could and sadly he had passed  
But his father who was ninety said the tools were in the shed  
And he'd kindly try and resurrect the window from the dead

The congregation argued but the wise ones all rejoiced  
Cause in the one hand was solution, in the other was no choice  
So they gave the man their blessing and they gave his hand a shake  
And they gave him all the coins they had collected on their plates

It was seven days til Easter and they'd seen neither hide nor hair  
So they came and knocked at supper time in hopes the man was there  
But a banging from the basement was 'bout all that they could hear  
And curses that might make the devil blush and wash his ears

Come first thing Easter morning and to everyone's good grace  
The man was up on ladders with the window nailed in place  
It was covered in black velvet like a hood or like a veil  
He pulled the sheet and there it hung apocryphal and frail

The seams had melted jagged, they were crooked like a spine  
The glass was rough like hands of man against the hands of time  
There were bloodstains in the red and there were teardrops in the blue  
He said: It may not be the best but it's the best that I can do

The chapel fell to silence, it was more than just surprise  
As the monstrosity of color slid its tongue across their eyes  
And they shivered from exposure like babies born again  
Cause in every pane of glass was all the joy and pain of Man

There was every fearful smile, there was every joyful tear  
There was each and every choice that leads from every there to here  
    There was every cozy stranger and there was every awkward friend  
    And there was every perfect night that's left initials in the sand  
There was every day that's filled so full the weeks would float away  
And there were all those days spent wondering what to do with all those days  
    There was every lie that's ever saved the truth from being shamed  
    And every secret you could ever trust a friend to hide away  
There was the fortune of discovering a new face you might adore  
And the thrill of coming home to find her clothes upon the floor  
    And the prideful immortality of children in the home  
    That the storm can't grind the mountain down, it can only shift the stones  
And there was everything your mouth says that your lips don't understand  
And every shape inside your head that you can't carve with your hands  
    And every slice of glass revealed another slice of life  
    Emblazoned imperfections in a perfect stream of light  
It all flooded through the window like rapids made of fire  
And then God rode through on sunshine and sat down cause he was tired  
He was tired.

As the thunder and the hardwood settled back into its place  
God removed his veil to show the scars across his face  
And some folks prayed in reverence and some folks prayed in fear  
As all the shades and chaos in the glass became a mirror

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### SONG NOTES:

*This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the seventh fret. The unusual thing about playing this song is that the guitar melody in the intro and breaks is picked from the bass notes of the chords with the right hand thumb. So there's very little left hand motion in this tune. And the right hand never breaks its rolling triplet pattern at all. . . thumb-index-middle, forever. . . and everytime the thumb gets its turn in that pattern, it plays another note of the melody . . . while the index and middle fingers always just get the high part of the chord. It's a somewhat inverted way to fingerpick a melody.*

*The chords change a bit during the bridge part. The first four lines follow this pattern (Em...C-G-D) and then the rest of the bridge follows this pattern (C-G-D-G...C-G-D). And the very last line of the song resolves onto a G-chord (as opposed to coming back to an Em like all the other verses). And as for breathing in the bridge . . . you can't.*