

Water From Another Time

John McCutcheon IV-128

<u>New mown hay</u> on a <u>July morn</u>	F C G C
<u>Grandkids</u> running through the <u>knee-high corn</u>	F C G
<u>Sunburned</u> nose and <u>scabbed-up knee</u>	D _{m7} C F
From the <u>rope</u> at the white oak <u>tree</u>	C G

<u>Just</u> another summer's day on <u>Grandpa's farm</u>	G C F
With <u>Grandma's</u> bucket hanging off my <u>arm</u> . . .	C F
<u>You</u> know, the old pump's <u>rusty</u> but it <u>works fine</u>	F C G C
<u>Primed</u> with water from another <u>time</u>	G C

Chorus:

It don't <u>take</u> much but you <u>gotta</u> have <u>some</u>	F C G C
The <u>old</u> ways help and the <u>new</u> ways <u>come</u>	G F C
<u>Just</u> leave a little extra for the next in <u>line</u>	C F
<u>They're</u> gonna need a little <u>water</u> from <u>another time</u>	F C G C

<u>Tattered quilt</u> on the <u>goose</u> down <u>bed</u>	F C G C
" <u>Every</u> stitch tells a story," my <u>Grandma</u> <u>said</u>	F C G
<u>Her</u> mama's nightgown, her <u>Grandpa's</u> <u>pants</u>	D _{m7} C F
and the <u>dress</u> she wore to her high school <u>dance</u>	C G

<u>Now</u> wrapped at night in those <u>patchwork</u> <u>scenes</u>	G C F
I <u>waltz</u> with Grandma in my <u>dreams</u> . . .	C F
<u>My</u> arms, my <u>heart</u> , my <u>life</u> <u>entwined</u>	F C G C
with <u>water</u> from another <u>time</u>	G C

Chorus

<u>Newborn</u> cry in the <u>morning</u> <u>air</u>	F C G C
The <u>past</u> and the future are <u>wedded</u> <u>there</u>	F C G
<u>In</u> this wellspring of my <u>sons</u> and <u>daughters</u>	D _{m7} C F
The <u>bone</u> and blood of living <u>water</u>	C G

<u>And</u> , though Grandpa's hands have <u>gone</u> to <u>dust</u> ,	G C F
like <u>Grandma's</u> pump; reduced to <u>rust</u> , . . .	C F
<u>Their</u> stories <u>quench</u> my <u>soul</u> and <u>mind</u>	F C G C
Like <u>water</u> from another <u>time</u>	G C

Chorus x2