

On Palastine – JJ Grey & Mofro

intro: **Em D Am Em**

Em D
That stormy morning felt like a dream
Am Em
he told me then of what he'd seen

Em D
A child a man, in times gone bad
Am Em
faces of stone, lined hard and sad

Em D
One Sunday day they all came home
Am Em
all that they had was burned and gone

Em D
The timber men their pistols gleamed
Am Em
a lifetime lost on Palastine

Em D
He made a stand, he would not run
Am Em
he dropped the hoe and picked up the gun

em D
And then one night he disappeared
am em
it fed the worst of all their fears

Em D
They found him quiet high in a tree
Am Em
he flew away from Palastine

Em D
Then came the day they moved away
Am Em
more gunmen came they could not stay

Em D
To Glen St. Mary to Olustee
Am Em
but we still dream of Palastine