

UNDER A LEMON TREE

Broken hearts from a war zone

am C G C G
Under a lemon tree I fought so hard to rely on my memories a blinded mind

G am C G C G
Under the Clouds and a southeast Georgia sky I take my time and figure out the signs

C G C G C G
I Grab my fiddle and turn it out, it's really good to have you back under a Georgia sky

G am C G C G
Perfidious shacks, lined up in the blazing sun, and the pit bulls had me on the run

G am C G C G
The north star tried hard to sketch it out, and no poetry could I find out

C G C G C G
On a dirt path, along the trampled earth with the sun blazing and the summer burns

G am C G C G
Out on a lake we smoked it out, tried to forget the war and your times without our blue sky

G am C G C G
When you're back home from the front line you don't miss it at all, lean on familiar ground

C G C G C G
Under a lemon tree, you love the scenery, and have some time for Texas tea again

G am C G C G
Moving on, we suck the sour and kick the dirt, so glad you haven't left this earth

G am C G C G