

# Little Shepherd Trail

Patrick Fitzgerald (2016)

Play in Am on capo 3 – Instrumental Intro is last 2 lines of verse

V1 Tucked in bed one two three, I head up the hill  
I pull my collar up over my ears to fend off winter's chill  
Always together but ever alone, the coal took their daddy last year  
In certain still moments I will allow myself one cigarette and a beer  
I wrap their small Christmas dollar store gifts  
Just whatever they had on sale  
In the back of our barn at the top of our farm  
On the Little Shepherd Trail

Am D/F# G C  
Am D/F# G D  
Am D/F# G C  
Am D/F# G D  
D/F# G D/F# G  
C D  
D/F# G D/F# G  
Am D/F# G

V2 At the feeding trough six Goats are gathered around  
And bleating for all that they're worth  
The big pregnant cat chose this very time  
And this very place to give birth  
Three huddle together up under their mom,  
The fourth one did not make it through  
I add a small scattered blanket of hay, the only thing I know to do  
Three mouths will struggle and squirm to survive,  
But life itself is so frail  
In the back of our barn at the top of our farm  
On the Little Shepherd Trail

Am D/F#  
G C  
Am D/F#  
G D  
Am D/F#  
G C  
Am D/F# G D  
D/F# G D/F# G  
C D  
D/F# G D/F# G  
Am D/F# G

B The star of Bethlehem still shines as far as I can tell  
And the three wise men that come our way know us all too well  
Hunger pulls upon your sleeve till you can't shake the thought  
Want is so consumed by all the things that he ain't got  
Need looks straight into your eyes to the core of who you are  
And they gather all around you when you're wishing on a star

Am D/F# G C  
Am D/F# G D  
Am D/F# G C  
Am D/F# G D  
Am D/F# G C  
C C D D

S Solo over verse

V3 I lead John, Sadie and Bess to the barn,  
They rush up and peer through the hay  
They each fold their hands around a new life  
And I fold my hands and I pray  
Hope springs eternal with every new birth,  
The first moments of Christmas light  
And for the first time in foreever we know we're all going to be all right  
We fashion a wreath from some cedar and spruce,  
Hang it up on an old rusty nail  
In the back of our barn at the top of our farm  
On the Little Shepherd Trail  
In this mountaintop storybook cold starry night  
Slightly tragic nativity tale  
In the back of our barn at the top of our farm  
On the Little Shepherd Trail

Am D/F#  
G C  
Am D/F#  
G D  
Am D/F#  
G C  
C C D D  
D/F# G D/F# G  
C D  
D/F# G D/F# G  
Am D/F# G  
D/F# G D/F# G  
C D  
D/F# G D/F# G  
Am D/F# G