

# Firing Line

(Based on Guns Of The South by Harry Turtledove)

Phillip Mills

Dm G7 Dm G7 C Em

In a - - noth - er eigh - teen six - ty four I  
 Now I stand a - live at Brock Road,  
 (A) cen - tury - and - a - half a - long you

F G7 C

could have died on a Wil - der - ness road Stand - ing with my Spring - field ri - fle,  
 swap - ping clips, and see a blue - coat Fumb - ling with his sin - gle - shoot - er,  
 see your free - dom twined with our own, Stea - ling back to build a world that's

F G C Em

try - ing to re - - load My i - ma - gin - - a - tion may - be.  
 los - ing his last hope. Had I been a few steps slow - er,  
 bet - ter than you've known. Guns and food may save my coun - try,

F G7 C

Saw it from Clark's moun - tain clear - ly Fear - ful, fall - ing, bul - lets scream - ing.  
 cleared a jammed rod, paused for pow - der, He'd have owned the bar - ri - cade  
 cleanse your world by fix - ing hist - ory Know your love of lib - er - ty

F G G7 1,2 Dm

Near - by shells ex - plode. Can I change my fu - ture as my  
 Mine: the fire and smoke.  
 is not yours a - lone.

C Dm C

hist - ory chan - ges me Liv - ing in the cons - tant flow of time? The

F G C Am C

Pres - ent is what - ev - er you are hold - ing in your hand. The fu - ture might just

kill you when you reach the Fir - ing Line. A Can I change your

fu - ture as my hist - ory chan - ges you, Liv - ing in the flow of li - quid time?

The Pres - ent is a bat - tle - ground con - trived by en - e - mies. Your

fu - ture might de - stroy them when they reach the Fir - ing Line.