

Hammers And Nails

Phil Mills

Capo 3

Intro: G G C C Em D G



One night, where I'd sung for my sup - per, A
(Now,) I'll ad - mit my young - er bro - ther Has
(I) sang of pain, death, and des - truc - tion, And
(Next) ev - en - ing, back in that tav - ern, The



tav - ern where com - mon folk meet, An old man came
fol - lowed a far dif - ferent path. He spends all his
life in per - pet - u - al fear. "What lord lets that
Count's name was graced with each toast. The old man and



by, then wait - ed 'til I Had fin - ished and sat back, re -
time on fash - ion and wine And jests that make no - ble - men
be," the Count asked of me. I said, "That town's eight miles from
I, we shared a wry smile And left the young bloods to their



plete. He said, "You're a brave man to tra - vel With a
laugh. This gives him a place at the cast - le, Though
here!" The rest of the sto - ry's the stand - ard One
boasts. My first pay - ment's one more fresh sa - ga My



dra - gon a - prowls in the hills. It sleeps in a cave but
like - ly they think him a fool. If I can a - muse while
told when a dra - gon meets knights. Planned out like a dance that
sec - ond, a les - son made clear: Some times you are heard with

D Em Am D G D

flies out by day, Picks un-war-y crea-tures and kills."
 sing-ing the news, He's hap-py to make me his tool.
 ends with a lance, And brag-garts' ac-counts of the fight.
 soft-spo-ken words; Some times you must shout in an ear.

C Em7 Em G D

Some-bod-y ought to do some-thing, If on-ly re-tell-ing the tale.

C Em7 Em G Am

I am a min-strel but, as with a car-pen-ter, I have my ham-mers and

G D C G

nails. Now, Some fol-low bea-cons and some search for
 I
 Next

C G D C

grails, Some dream they're her-oes in mag-i-cal tales, Some stretch their

G Am G

lim-its, some try and some fail, For it comes down to ham-mers and nails.

D G Am G

It comes down to ham-mers and nails.

History:

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