

# Southbound

Phillip Mills

Capo 4

G D7 C G G

South-bound, head-ing home.

C D7 C D7 G

I won't turn a - round. South-bound no more noise of tow-ers crash-ing down.

C D C D C

Sword and axe dropped in a ditch, my mind's clear of that load. South-bound and

G D7 G G

run-ning free down the Har-ad Road.

Eve - ry tribe in  
While Min - as Mor - gul  
I fled be - yond the

C Em/B D7 G

Har - ad sent its young Orcs to the war And I was proud to  
stat - ues wailed, I mur - dered my own kind For he had fir - ed  
fall - ing walls and saw two strang - ers hide. To kill or cap - ture

C Em/B D7 G

serve as all my broth - ers had be - fore. We left the mines and  
cross - bow bolts that killed two friends of mine. I'd joined our band to  
them would save my hon - our and my pride. As I crept near and

C D7 G

formed in lines and swore that we would die Or make our mark in  
rid the land of men and filth - y elves, Not spill Orc blood in  
smelled the fear of crit - ters quite un - known, The fat one start - ed

Mor - dor for the glor - y of The Eye. (But I'm...)  
 squab - bles where we mas - sa - cre our - selves. (Now I'm...)  
 talk - ing and I heard him men - tion 'home'.

As I wait - ed, words came to me, part - ly un - der - stood: Qui - et, com - fort,

friends and neigh - bors, growth and life and... good. He spoke of times when

bleed - ing stops; of times when bat - tles cease. I wished my lang - uage

had a word that meant the same as 'peace'. (So I'm...) South - bound,

head - ing home. I won't turn a - round. South - bound no more noise of

tow - ers crash - ing down. Sword and axe dropped in a ditch, my mind's clear of that

load. South - bound and run - ning free down the Har - ad Road.

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History:  
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