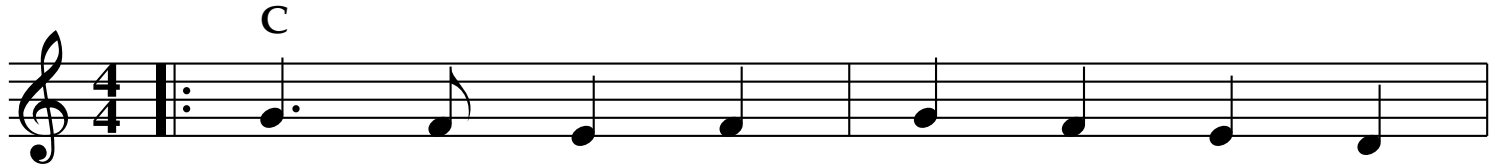


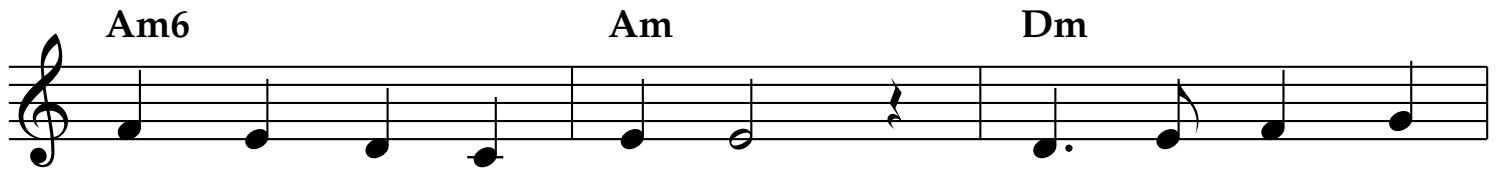
Too Many Trees

Phillip Mills

Intro: C C Am6 Am Dm Em G F F



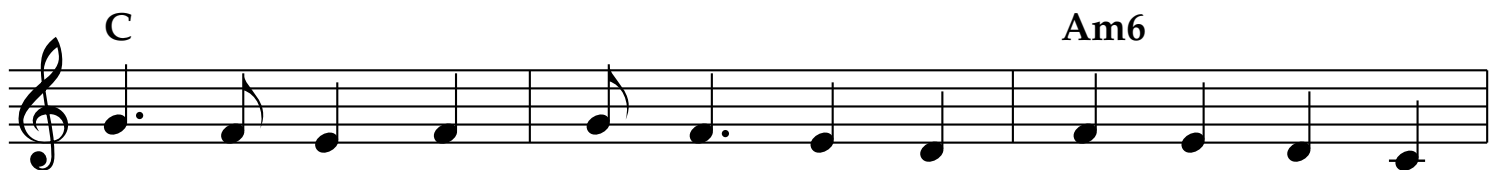
Walk a - noth - er step a - long a
Walk a - mong the pil - lars of the
Walk while legs are burn - ing and un -



path like all the oth - ers. Feel the weight of
wood - land's emp - ty hall - way. Feel the sad - ness
til they fail to car - ry. Feel the drip of



days pile up and press you to the ground.
on the air, a wild and bit - ter tang.
rain through sod - den leaves that block the sky.



See the sha - dows ga - ther in the brush be - neath the
See the green light glow - ing from no earth - ly spark or
See the lights that flick - er, taunt, and beck - on from the



branch - es. Hear the dis - tant call - ing of the
lan - tern. Hear the laugh - ter and the sing - ing
for - est. Hear the warn - ing in your head, "To

1 2,3

hunt - ers and the hounds.
 where no crea - ture stands.
 leave the trail's to die!"

I have slept be-

neath too man - y trees;

Far a - bove are

but - ter - files like whis - pers on a breeze.

One

mo - ment in their land of wind and sun,

Then

on a - gain 'til my dark jour - ney's done.

On a - gain 'til my dark jour - ney's done.

History:

August, 2010