

Capo: 4 (Actually its fine left alone, try it either way.)

Intro:

Am Em Am Em

VERSE 1:

Am G Am
Way up in the mountains on the high timberline
G Dm G Am
there's a twisted old tree called the bristle cone pine
F Am G Am
the wind there it's bitter and cut's like a knife
G Dm G Am Em Am
And keeps that tree holdin on for dear life

VERSE 2:

Am G Am
Hold on it does stand in it's ground
G Dm G Am
Standing as empires rise and fall down
F Am G Am
When Jesus was gathering lambs to his fold
G Dm G Am Em Am
The tree was already a thousand years old

CHORUS 1:

F C G C
Now the way I have lived there aint no way to tell
F C G
when I die if I'm goin' to heaven or hell
F C G Am
so when I'm laid to rest it'll suite me just fine
F G Am
to sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine

VERSE 3:

Am G Am
And as I would slowly return to this earth
G Dm G Am
What little this body of mine might be worth
F Am G Am
It'd soon start to nourish the roots of that tree
G Dm G Am Em Am

And it would par - take of the essence of me

VERSE 4:

Am G Am
And who knows but that as the century's turn
G Dm G Am
A small spark in me might continue to burn
F Am G Am
As long as the sun does continue to shine
G Dm G Am Em Am
Down on the limbs of the Bristlecone Pine

CHORUS 2:

F C G C
By the way I have lived there aint no way to tell
F C G
When I die if I'm goin to heaven or hell
F C G Am
But I'd just soon serve out eternity's time
F G Am
Asleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine

REPEAT CHORUS 2