

Wildfire

Mandolin Orange

[A] Brave men fall with a [G] battle cry
 [D] Tears fill the eyes of their loved ones and their brothers in [A] arms
 So it [G] went, for Joseph [D] Warren

It [A] should have been different, it [G] could have been easy
 His [D] rank could have saved him, but a country unborn needs [A] bravery
 And it [G] spread like [D] wildfire

[A] [G] Wild [D] fire [A] [G] Wild [D] fire

From the [A] ashes grew sweet [G] liberty
 Like the [D] seeds of the pines when the forest burns
 They [A] open up, [G] grow and burn [D] again

It [A] should have been different, it [G] could have been easy
 But [D] too much money rolled in to ever end [A] slavery
 The cry for [G] war spread like [D] wildfire

[A] [G] Wild [D] fire [A] [G] Wild [D] fire
 [A] [G] [D] (x2)

[A] Civil war came, [G] civil war went
 [D] Brother fought brother, the south was spent
 But its [A] true demise was [G] hatred, passed down [D] through the years

It [A] should have been different, it [G] could have been easy
 But [D] pride has a way of holding too firm to [A] history
 And it [G] burns like [D] wildfire

[A] [G] Wild [D] fire [A] [G] Wild [D] fire
 [A] [G] [D] (x2)

I was [A] born a [G] southern son
 In a [D] small southern town where the rebels run wild
 [A] They beat their chest and they [G] swear: we're gonna rise [D] again

It [A] should have been different, it [G] could have been easy
 The [D] day that old Warren died, hate should have gone with it [A]
 But here we [G] are, caught in the [D] wildfire

[A] [G] Wild [D] fire [A] [G] Wild [D] fire
 [A] [G] [D] (x2)