

Roots

Show of Hands

[Am] [Am]haul away, boys, let them go ...[C]out in the wind, and the rain, and snow,
[D7]We've lost more than we'll ever know 'round the [Am]rocky [G]shores of [F]England,

Now [Am]it's been twenty five years or more, I've [Am]roamed this land from shore to shore
From [D]Tyne to Tamar, Severn to Thames, from [Am]moor to vale, from peak to fen,
[Am]Played in cafes, and pubs, and bars, I've [Am]stood in the street with my old guitar
But [D]I'd be richer than all the rest, if [Am]I had a pound for each request...
...For [C]'Duelling Banjos', [F]'A - merican Pie', [C] it's enough to [G]make you cry,
[C]'Rule Britannia' [F]...or 'Swing Low', are [G]they the only songs the English know?

[F]Seed, bud, [G]flower, fruit, they're [Am]never gonna grow without their roots,
[F]Branch, [G]stem, [Am]shoots [Am] [NC]...they need roots!

[Am]After the speeches when the cake's been cut, the [Am]disco is over, and the bar is shut,
At [D]christening, birthday, wedding or wake, [Am]what can we sing until the morning breaks?
When the [C]Indian, Asians, [F]Afro, Celts, it's [C]in their blood, be - [G]low the belt,
They're [C]playing and dancing [F]all night long, So what've [G]they got right that we've got wrong?

[F]Seed, bud, [G]flower, fruit, they're [Am]never gonna grow without their roots,
[F]Branch, [G]stem, [Am]shoots [Am] [NC] ...they need roots!

And [Am]haul away, boys, let them go ...[C]out in the wind, and the rain, and snow,
[D7]We've lost more than we'll ever know 'round the [Am]rocky [G]shores of [F]England,
[Am]Haul away, boys, let them go ...[C]out in the wind, and the rain, and snow,
[D7]We've lost more than we'll ever know 'round the [Am]rocky [G]shores of [F]England!
We need [Am] roots!

[F]Seed, bud, [G]flower, fruit, they're [Am]never gonna grow without their roots,
[F]Branch, [G]stem, [Am]shoots [Am] [NC] ...they need roots!

And a [Am]minister said his vision of hell //Single strum ...Is [Am]three folk singers in a pub near Wells,
Well, [D]I've got a vision of urban sprawl, it's [Am]pubs where no one ever sings at all, //all in
And every[C]one stares at a [F]great big screen, [C]over-paid soccer stars, pran[G]cing teens,
Aus - [C]tralian soap, A - [F]merican rap, [G]estuary English, baseball caps!

And we [F]learn to be ashamed, be - [G]fore we walk,...of the [Am]way we look, and the way we talk,
With - [F]out our stories, [G]or our songs, [Am]how will we know where we've come from?
I've [F]lost Saint George in the [G]Union Jack, it's [Am]my flag too, and I want it back,
[F]Seed, bud, [G]flower, fruit, [Am]never gonna grow without their roots,
[F]Branch, [G]stem, [Am]shoots [Am] [NC] ...we need roots!

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[D7]We've lost more than we'll ever know 'round the [Am]rocky [G]shores of [F]England!

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[D7]We've lost more than we'll ever know 'round the [Am]rocky [G]shores of [F]England! [Am]