

## Antlers & Bones, Jed Rivers

Am Em , Am Em , Am Em, Am Em

Am Em  
Waking up early, we're still in starlight  
Am Em  
A pint in our pocket to give us the fight  
Am Em  
To wait in the snow and wait in the cold  
Am Em  
wait in the woods And wait in the fold.  
Am Em , Am Em , Am Em, Am Em

Am Em  
Our fathers have been here, and their fathers too  
Am Em  
When autumn 's leaves fall It brings out the few  
Am Em  
Who sometimes bring sons to take on the call.  
Am Em  
The ritual of slaughtering meat for the fall.

Am Em , Am Em , Am Em, Am Em

F G  
Antlers and bones and blood dripping meat  
F G  
Carcass and fur fall to our feet  
F G  
Red stained snowfall , mornings bitter cold  
F G Am  
Hounded this life of men who are old

Am Em , Am Em , Am Em, Am Em

Am Em  
It's not quite the same in this new day and age  
Am Em  
The need's not quite real, there's much less to gauge  
Am Em  
Our manhood requires new ways to be bold  
Am Em  
We've lost the old stories that had always been told

Am Em , Am Em , Am Em, Am Em

F G  
Antlers and bones and blood dripping meat  
F G  
Carcass and fur fall to our feet  
F G  
Red stained snowfall , mornings bitter cold  
F G Am  
Hounded this life of men who grow old

Am Em , Am Em , Am Em, Am Em