

Song Of The Makers

Catherine Faber

Am Dm Am Dm

I have tast - ed the ap - ple of know - ledge. I have gnawed it right
And now I am barred from the gar - den, But the child who can
Know - ledge has ne - ver come ea - sy. Cre - a - tion it -
You must pull your - self up by your boot - straps, When your pe - di - gree
In lea - ther or can - vas or sil - ver, In cir - cuits or

7 Am Dm F Am

down to the core. And the seeds that I save you may plant on my
walk does not crawl. I will stand, I will run, when my sho - vel is
self has a cost. Ev - ery off - spring we gain born of bo - dy or
says you're a whelp. Climb - ing out of des - pair is - n't ea - sy or
rhy - thm and tone, As we dream and we make for cre - a - tion's sweet

13 C F E F C

grave, Be - cause all I am crav - ing is more! To dis - co - ver, con - struct, and ex -
done, I'll come tun - nel - ling un - der the wall! I will fly with - out fear - ing the
brain May be bles - sing or bane, or just lost. You won't know the line till you've
fair, And no pure - bred will care how you yelp. But a good block and tack - le will
sake, So the ap - ple we take for our own! Mak - er you are - n't a -

20 Am Dm Am Dm

plore. Give me le - ver and ful - crum, the wedge and the wheel, Give me fi - re the
fall.
crossed.
help.
lone!

27 Am Dm Am G Am

gear, and the screw. Give me i - ron and cop - per and good hon - est brass. I'll give my

35 Dm E C G Am

best back to you Ex - pan - ding the things we can do.