

Native Son

E
Rainwater, sweet and cold, fills my gills and stirs my soul,
A
Waiting in the bay 'til the river's running high. E
B7 E
I'm a native son and I'll come home to die.

Left home years ago, head down stream go with the flow,
A E
One in a thousand made it to be fry.
B7 E
I'm a native son and I'll come home to die.

A E
I alone shall pass unknown to lay my flesh and bone
A E B7 E
Upon the redd, then I'll be dead, a native son come home.

Saltwater, open sea, fraught with peril, wild and free,
And then one day I knew my time was nigh.
I'm a native son and I'll come home to die.
Head upstream, but I'll be dammed, big trees down, my pass way's jammed,
Leap those falls, feels like I can almost fly.
I'm a native son and I'll come home to die.

My destiny's to spawn and die, explode my load, then pass on by,
Find the way, but never wonder why.
I'm a native son and I'll come home to die.
Ten thousand eggs, ten thousand years, how much longer will we be here?
Can the run survive? I know we have to try.
I'm a native son and I'll come home to die.

Intro/V1C1/V2/break/C2/V3C3/outro