

## Wok the Wok

C  
In a distant village on a distant shore, in a time of hunger and a time of war,  
F C G  
Mother's other brother got left behind; somehow he made it across the line.  
C Em  
Found his way the USA, across the sea to family.  
F C G  
Lived with us 'til he found a wife; they found work and a brand new life.  
Am F  
He's a little man in a little world: his work, his wife, his boy, his girl.  
C G Am F G C  
He never learned to talk the talk, he just wokked the wok. Uncle just worked that wok.

Forty years of stir fry toil, the swirling smoke, the splattering oil,  
Year after year, shift after shift, nights of making that same old dish.  
Work was over, pau hana came, and he'd step out in the Portland rain.  
Forty blocks he'd walk back home, it was his only time alone.

Well, the years roll by and that boy and girl found their own world and their own way.  
They come back home each New Years Day to watch their father fade away.  
To that distant village on that distant shore, that time of hunger, that time of war.  
The last survivors are growing old, with family stories left untold.

Intro/V1C1/V2C2/break/V3C3C4/outro