

I WANTED TO TELL

↓ ↑ ↓

tr m l or t m i r m i

open C

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Drawn from a poem that appeared previously in

Seeking Holy Honesty.

C **F** **Am** **G7**
I want-ed to tell to my Ded-dy, hey Did-dy
C **F** **G7** ↓
The thing thing, the core of my glum.
F **G7** **C** **E7**
With warts, bumps, and bruises and lumps it is usual-ly
F **G7** **C** • **G7**↓
best when one be-lov-ed hears the real hum.

C **F** **Am** **G7**
The truth had gone well with some friends and a broth-er,
C **F** **G7** ↓
the grace com-ing with be-ing known.
F **G7** **C** **E7**
Thought this would be tough, but ac-cept-ance came eas-y in
F **G7** **C** • **G7**↓
Ho- - ly hon-est-y set free and flown.

C **F** **Am** **G7**
The ver-y next day in my lap from hey Did-dy
C **F** **G7** ↓
A ham ra-di-o mag-a-zine,
F **G7** **C** **E7**
with sur-e-ty words "think you will like this sto-ry:"
F **G7** **C** • **G7**↓
Two hob-by dads - -, two ho-mo sons.

C **F** **Am** **G7**
Our words and our hugs be-came tru-er, more sa-cred
C **F** **G7** ↓
as rit-u-al on Sun-days kept
F **G7** **C** **E7**
Now old fam-'ly stor-ies of Braves and May-ber-ry were
F **G7** **C** • **G7**↓
Spok-en the true hon-est way of good friends.

C F Am G7
 When small and out go-ing, my Ded-dy, hey Did-dy
 C F G7 ↓
 The way he would tie up my shoe
 F G7 C E7
 Was lean in and reach all a-round to my feet and en-
 F G7 C • G7↓
 circ-le his be-lov-ed boy num-ber two.

C F Am G7
 His heart at the end was too beat to keep beat-ing;
 C F G7 ↓
 the fight he had lost he had won.
 F G7 C E7
 We gath-ered to hon-or this gen-er-ous life lived in
 F G7 C • G7↓
 good love and good work and good stor-ies heard

C F Am G7
 I've heard lots of folk tell their sto-ry, hey Did-dy
 C F G7 ↓
 So know what it is truth to hear;
 F G7 C E7
 It rare-ly is eas-y, but al-ways re-wards when the
 F G7 C • G7↓
 tell-ing does loop - - in-to God's ear

C F Am G7
 I'm glad that I told to my Ded-dy, hey Did-dy
 C F G7 ↓
 that heav-y weight stuck in the numb.
 F G7 C E7
 With warts, bumps and bruises and lumps it is us-ual-ly
 F G7 C • ↓
 best when one be-lov-ed hears the real hum