

WANTED TO TELL

↓ ↑ ↓ or ↑ _ ↑ ↓ ↑ _
tr m i or t m i r m i or 3 finger roll
open G

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Drawn from a poem that appeared previously in

Seeking Holy Honesty.

1

↓ ↑ ↓ C F Am G7
Want-ed to tell to my Ded-dy, hey Did-dy,

C F G7 ↓
The core so I thought of my glum.

F G7 C E7
With warts, bumps, and bruise-es and lumps it is us-ual-ly

F G7 C • G7↓
best when one be-lov-ed hears the real hum.

2

3 fgr roll 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.

3

↑ _ ↑ C F Am G7
The ver-y next day in my lap from hey Did-dy

C F G7 •
his ham ra-di-o mag-a-zine,

F G7 C E7
with sur-e-ty words "think you will like this sto-ry:" another

F G7 C • G7↓
ham ra-dio dad and his own ho-mo son.

4

↑ _ ↑ ↓ ↑ _ 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	G	-	-	A	-	-	A	-	-	G	-
C	G	-	-	A	-	-	2	-	-	-	-
G	A	-	-	2	-	-	3	G	-	E	-
E1	-	-	G	-	-	C	-	-	-	-	-

5

3 fgr roll

When small and out go-ing, with Ded-dy, hey Did-dy,

The way he would tie up my shoe

Was lean in and reach all a-round to my feet and en-

circ-le his be-lov-ed boy num-ber two.

6

AG_EC

His heart at the end was too beat to keep beat-ing;

the fight he had lost he had won.

We gath-ered to hon-or a gen-er-ous life lived in

good love and good work and good stor-ies heard

7

claw

I've heard lots of folk tell their sto-ry, hey Did-dy,

So know what it is truth to hear;

It rare-ly is eas-y, but al-ways re-wards when the

tell-ing does loop - - in-to God's ear

8

3 fgr roll

I'm glad that I told to my Ded-dy, hey Did-dy,

that weight heav-y stuck in the numb.

With warts, bumps and bruis-es and lumps it is us-ual-ly

best when one be-lov-ed hears the real hum