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Salt in the wound (03 - History from below)
                                                         Delta Spirit
                                                         org key Es \rightarrow capo 3<sup>rd</sup>
Intro: C G F C G
I want to disappear, far from the folks I know
                        G7
I want to get an answer, to why I was even born
С
No one here can tell me, what's been haunting me all my life
This rat race has left me limping as I balance on the edge of a knife
Why, - am I here? Or, what - should I do?
Well, is - this the point I'm trying to prove?
If there's a God in my head, then there's a devil too
How can I tell the difference, when they both claim to be true?
Maybe God is God, maybe the Devil is me
I just throw my chains on, and tell myself that I'm free
Chains, - are they really there? - Is this just in my head? -
                           G C G F C G
Well, I'll just stay in bed
Life sure has its meaning, over years I have postured the sun
Thieves and preachers robbed me, for many hat that I've hung
Now with my heart wide open, listen to the wind just for a word
Sure, I know its futile, that's all I have in this world
To look - down from the hill and howl - at the moon
All the tears I've cried never salted any wounds
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All the tears I've cried never salted any wounds

C

G

Well, the earth - is so tender and cruel 
F

C G

Well, if you're not there it's still so beautiful

C G F C G C G F C G C I....