

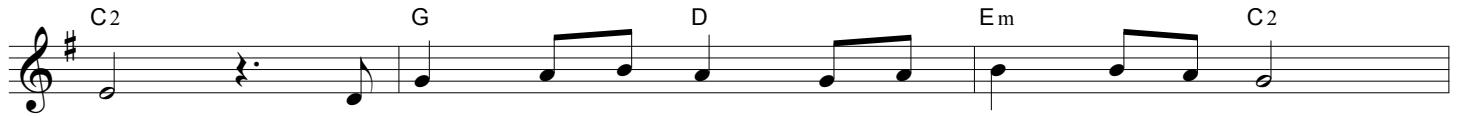
So Far from Home (Mukachevo)

Words and Music by
Greg Scheer, July 28, 2015

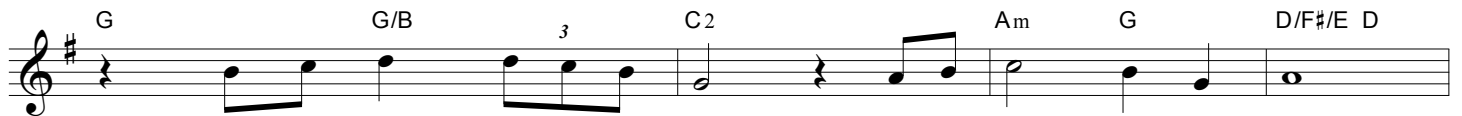
Psalm 137



1. We sat by the riv - er and played our gui - tars, Dream - ing of bet - ter —
2. We sat un - der wil - lows and taught them our songs; The wind played the branch - es like
3. God damn — the slave trad - ers, pimps, and the wars that have take - en our sons and our



days. If mem - ories are fires, — then songs are the spark,
harps. Tears in our eyes, — la - ments on our tongues,
daughters. God bless — the chil - dren — hud - dled for warmth,



But they're both start - ing to fade. They are start - ing to fade.
And such sad - ness in our hearts. On - ly sadness in our hearts.
cause the night is get - ting colder. Oh, the night's get - ting colder.

Refrain



How can we sing the songs of the Lord Here on for - eign ground?



How could we raise a song of — joy When we're so far from



home? When we're so far from home?

Instrumental Bridge

