

"Back to the Macc"

by Matt Kenrick capo 2

Intro- D--Bm--G--D--
Bm-- A--Dsus4---D-

[Verse 1]

D Bm G D
I've sailed the seas of fire and lead,
A Bm A
Where young lads fall and brave men bled,
D Bm G D
But now the guns are silent still,
A Bm D
And I have come back o'er the hill.
D Bm G D
To where the lock gates groan and swing,
A Bm A
And water laps like bells that ring—
G A Bm
Back to the Macc, where the willows bend,
G A D
Where I was born, and I'll make my end.

[Chorus]

D Bm G D
Oh the towpath calls and the nightbirds sing,
A Bm G A
The ropes are dry and the roses cling,
D Bm G D
No sirens howl, no shells to fear,
F#m Bm G
Just the creak of the hatch and the mule's
A
soft ear.
Bm G G Bm
So lay me down where the reeds grow slack,
G A D
I'm home again, back on the Macc.

Fill/ Dsus2--Dsus2--

[Verse 2]

Bosley locks in morning mist,
Twelve old steps that I once kissed,
With blistered hands and boyish pride,
I'd steer me Da's old boat with stride.
Now time has carved its mark on me,
But the canal still flows so faithfully—
The bridges twist and the cut runs straight,
Through Macclesfield town and a kinder fate.

[Chorus]

Inst: D--Bm--G--D--
A--F#m--Bm--A

[Verse 3]

I pass the snake bridge arched and proud,
Where horses once would cross unbowed,
The mills are quiet, the chimneys cold,
But stories still are gently told.
The silk's long gone, the coal boats few,
But peace is found in skies so blue—
A kettle on, a line to mend,
And dreams that war could never end.

[Final Chorus]

Inst: D--Bm--G--D--
A---Bm-Bm--A--
D--Bm--G--D--
A---Bm-Bm--A--
D----D----

