

## Crossroads-crd

(Dm) When first I did appear upon this native (Dm) soil  
All (Am7) up and down this country at labor I did (Dm) toil  
I slumbered in the (Am7) moonlight and I rose with the (Dm) sun  
I (Am7) rambled through the canyons where the cold rivers (Dm) run  
When first I did come down where the land meets the sea  
The people said who are you and what would your name be  
I said I have no home and I am no man's son  
'Twas inland I was born and from inland that I come

In the (Am7) good land I was young and I was (Dm) strong  
No one (Am7) dared to call me (Dm) son  
Happy (Am7) just to see my day's work (Dm) done  
(Am7) See my day's work (Dm) done (C) (A) (Dm)

So I swung an axe as a timberjack  
And I worked the Quebec mines  
And on the golden prairie I rode the big combines  
I sailed the maritime waters of many a seaport town  
Built the highways and the byways to the western salmon grounds

I've gazed upon the good times I've seen the bad times too  
Felt many a cold and bitter wind and many a morning dew  
I've watched the country growing like a fair and mighty thing  
And on the still of a summer night I've heard the mountains ring

In the good land I was young and I was strong  
No one dared to call me son  
Happy just to see my day's work done  
See my day's work done

But now the seeds are planted and the gates are open wide  
The old ways are forgotten there's no place left to hide  
And the legacy I'm leaving you is not very hard to find  
You'll see it all around you at this crossroads of time  
In the sweet soil it's a-growing at the crossroads of time