

# Ballad of Dull Knife

Words and Music by Conrad Askland

♩ = 66

Am Em Am

I have no par-ti - cu-lar place to go, Yet in bon-dage where-ev-er I  
I har-bor no bit-ter con-se-quence of a - ny e - vent in my

5 Em

roam. I'm a poor man es - ca - ping the bit - ter cold, Yet  
life. But my fu - ture doubts grow more in- tense, While my

8 Am C G

this is where I call home. Pro-mise me please that you'll lay me back  
na - tion's cut with a knife.

11 Am C G Am C G

home, If it's there at the end of my life. When they pick up my pie - ces all

15 Am C G Am

scarred and torn, they will see life used a dull knife.