

# Good Soul by Scott Wilcox

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G/D/Em/C

G D  
I tell the story of a good man  
Em C A7 D7  
I think I'll start where it began, so many years ago, the first episode  
G D  
The man began as the paper boy,  
Em C A7 D7  
And when his bike became a bigger toy, That's when he hit the road, and then never slowed  
Em B7  
And when the rain was comin in, through the night and the bitter wind  
C G Em D G/D/Em/C  
She shared her life with him, Growing up and growin old. He was a good soul.

G D  
He knew how to ride the wind  
Em C A7 D7  
To the edge and back again, Each day would unfold, like an old scroll  
G D  
With every rest stop & pothole  
Em C A7 D7  
He became more beautiful, Every mile they rolled, it was a bit of gold,  
Em B7  
And when the rain was comin in, through the night and the bitter wind  
C G Em D G/D/Em/C  
She shared her life with him, Growing up and growin old. He was a good soul.

Em A7  
This is the story of a simple man that gave the gift of hope.  
C A7  
It's the way we remember you and not the words we've come to know.  
C G/D/Em/C  
Oh, He was a good soul.

Em B7  
And when the rain was comin in, through the night and the bitter wind  
C G Em D G/D/Em/C  
She shared her life with him, Growing up and growin old. He was a good soul.