

Em B7 Em
 God bless the grass that grows through the crack.
 B7 Em
 They roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back.
 G Em G Em
 The concrete gets tired of what it has to do,
 C B7
 It breaks and it buckles and the grass grows through,
 Em B7 Em
 And God bless the grass.

God bless the truth that fights toward the sun,
They roll the lies over it and think that it is done
It moves through the ground and reaches for the air,
And after a while it is growing everywhere,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that breaks through cement,
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent,
But after a while it lifts up its head,
For the grass is living and the stone is dead.
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that's gentle and low
Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow.
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door,
And God bless the grass