

Ain't From Where I Am (C3)

Robert Marr

7 July 2006

D Cadd9 D Cadd9 D
It's Friday morning, and a new day is dawning
Cadd9 Asus4 D Cadd9 D
The old man is out for a walk in the park.
Cadd9 G Cadd9 D
And the Mrs. is taking the bus to the market
Cadd9 Asus4 D Asus4 D
She plans to be home before dark.

D Cadd9 D Cadd9 D
The kids, they are gathered on the corner, like always
Cadd9 Asus4 D Cadd9 Asus4 D
Waiting for a lift to the other side of town
Cadd9 G Cadd9 D
A car pulls up to where they are standing
Cadd9 Asus4 D
Who knows what's about to come down.

Asus4 Cadd9 Asus4
Black powdered angels appeared fore my eyes
Cadd9 D
The old man was thrown. You could not hear his cries.
Asus4 Asus4 Cadd9 G
The sound, it was deafening, the shock was unreal
Cadd9 Asus4 D
And the Mrs. never made it to the evening meal.

D Cadd9 D Cadd9 D
The little ones were scattered like jacks on a board
Cadd9 Asus4 D
The mothers were playing a mournful chord
Cadd9 G Cadd9 D
The smoke was settling, people stood around in awe.
Cadd9 Asus4 Cadd9 D
And the witness was telling the crew what she saw.

Asus4 Cadd9 Asus4
Black powdered angels appeared fore my eyes
Cadd9 G D
The old man was thrown. You could not hear his cries.
Asus4 Asus4 Cadd9 G
The sound, it was deafening, the shock was unreal
Cadd9 Asus4 D
And the Mrs. never made it to the evening meal.

Asus4 Cadd9 D
Black powdered angels flew thru the air.
Cadd9 Asus4 D
Who are these people who never seem to care?
Cadd9 G D
How can they do this "in the name of the man"?
Cadd9 G D
I don't know who he is, he ain't from where I am.

Cadd9 G D
I don't know who he is, he ain't from where I am

Could You Forgive?

Robert Marr

October, 2006

Drop D

D G D
Just yesterday morning, you could feel the compassion in the air
D G D
God-fearing people, going 'bout their daily life around there.
Bm G
Martha tends to the baking while Samuel shoes the mare.
Em A
G
The preacher's working on the sermon and no one else seems to care.

D G D
School bell is ringing. Way too early to get out for the day.
D G D
Some kind of warning. Better get on down there right away
Bm G
Martha wipes a tear away while Samuel pulls his beard
Em A G
A
They're all standin' 'round waiting for the news they dread to hear.

G D
Jacob's angels of Paradise are going home today
G D
Got their wings on a prayer
Bm G
At the top of the hill, mourners are mourning, but still
Em A
There's a feeling of forgiveness in the air
G D G D
I'd never make it around there.

D G D
Angels dressed all up in white, 'bout to take their final ride, salvation
bound
D G
D
Carried home in a one-horse taxi, Lord willing, they'll soon to be set
free, without a sound.
Bm G
Martha gives her hand to the widow, and Samuel hugs the kids
Em A
G A
Sure as hell takes a better man than me to understand what they just
did

Chorus – Take a better man than me to make it around there.

The Wedding Song

C2

Robert W Marr

5-11-08

D
Today's the day we pledge our love one to the other
Here in front of parents, sisters and brothers
All our friends will witness what we're about to say.
Are you ready to love me till your dying day?

D
You're standing there waiting to hear me proclaim to you
That you mean more to me, more than you ever knew.
OK. Every word is true. Every single word is true!
I love you.

A
Let's forget how easy it is to tear a family apart. G
Let's pretend we're physically attached by the hearts.
Never to come apart. Never to come apart.
Attached by the heart.

God is our witness, the ultimate one
He sees and hears every word we have sung
He prays , lord he prays that it won't be undone
That we won't take apart what we today have begun

A
Let's forget how easy it is to tear a family apart. G

Let's pretend we're physically attached by the hearts.

Never to come apart. Never to come apart.

Attached by the heart.

D

You're standing there waiting to hear me proclaim to you

That you mean more to me, more than you ever knew.

OK. Every word is true. Every single word is true!

I love you.

Jesse James

Lyrics By Billy Gashade (c.1882)

Arranged by Robert W Marr 8/19/07

G C
Went down to the station, no many days ago,
D G
Did something I'll never do again,
C
I got down on my knees and delivered up the keys
D G
To Frank and his brother, Jesse James.

CHORUS 1

C D
Poor Jesse, good-bye, Jesse,
C G
Farewell, Jesse James,
C
Robert Ford caught his eye and he shot him on the sly,
D G
And he laid poor Jesse down to die.

G C
O Jesse was a man and friend to the poor,
D G
He would never see a man suffer pain,
C
But with brother Frank, he robbed the Chicago Bank,
D G
And he stopped the Glendale train.

(Repeat Chorus 1)

G C
O the people in the west, when they heard of Jesse's death,
D G
They wondered how he came to die.
C
It was Ford's pistol ball brought him tumbling from the wall,
D G
And it laid poor Jesse down to die.

CHORUS 2

C D

O Jesse leaves a wife, she's a mourner all her life,
C G
And the children, they were brave,
C
But the dirty little coward, he shot Mister Howard,
D G
And he laid poor Jesse in his grave.

G C
Now Jesse goes to rest with his hands upon his breast,
D G
And the devil will be upon his knees,
C
He was born one day in the county of Clay,
D G
And he came from a Solitary race.

(Repeat Chorus 1 and 2)

G C
This song it was made by Billy Gashade,
D G
As soon as the news did arrive,
C
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
D G
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

(Repeat Chorus 1 and 2)

Mister, Would You Play C3

Robert Marr

Sept 2006

D G A D C# Bm

Bm G
I was wrappin' up another night out on the deck there
A Bm
Playin' my last tune, just after last call
D G
When I caught some movement down on the ground
A Bm
Was an old guy, lookin' all narley, and all.

Bm G
He was chauffeuring his old lady, in a raggedy old wheel chair
A Bm
Looked like they's on the road the best part of a year
D G
"Would you be so kind sir", he said, half begging
A Bm
"There's something my Mrs. would like to hear"

D C G D
Mister, could you play me that Angel From Montgomery
D C G D
It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.
D C G D
Was a favorite of my Mrs. 'fore her mind headed northbound
D C G D
Now it's 'come to be a favorite of mine.

Bm G
So I played that song, how many would have known it?
A Bm
What brought that man and his woman there at that time?
D G
How would they have known I'd been playin' his music
A Bm
Since Austin City Limits, back 'fore my prime?

D C G D

Mister, could you play me that Angel From Montgomery
D C G D
It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.
D C G D
Was a favorite of my Mrs. 'fore her mind headed northbound
D C G D
Now it's 'come to be a favorite of mine.

Bm G
After the last chord, I looked out over the railing
A Bm
Caught him wiping the tears out of her eyes
D G
He looked up and smiled, and tipped his head once.
A Bm
And said, thank you mister, you've just made her life.

D C G D
Thank you for playin' me that Angel From Montgomery
D C G D
It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.
D C G D
Was a favorite of my Mrs. 'fore her mind went scrambled
D C G D
Now it's 'come to be a favorite of mine.

Pull Me A Pint

C5

Robert Marr

October 2006

Am G
Would ya meet me tonight down at Davey Byrnes' place?
Em Am
I've not been there in a while.

G
You'll be happy to hob knob with scribes, and such
Em Am
If ya fancy your drinkin' in style.

Am G
Then there'll always be Cassidy's, on the other side of town
Em Am
Where ya go for a pint and some craic

G
Don't be surprised by the noise in the place
Em Am
You may even see Billie out back.

Chorus

G Am
Did ya ever pull a pint at a fine Irish pub?
G Em Am
Did ya kick it with the lads? Have ya shaken their hands?

G
Have ye not, my friend, I feel bad for ya now.
Em Am
For you'll never know where they stand.

Am G
Have y'ever ever done a shot down at Dawson's Lounge?
Em Am
Around the corner from St. Stephen's Green

G
Tis the tiniest pub in all of the land
Em Am
With the biggest heart you've likely seen.

Am G
Have ya ever been to Carnival, on Wexford St.?
Em Am
The rockinest joint I ever seen!

G
Both upstairs and down will bring you delight
Em Am
With music every night of the week!

CHORUS

Did ya ever pull a pint at a fine Irish pub?
Did ya kick it with the lads? Have ya shaken their hands?
Have ye not, my friend, I feel bad for ya now.
For you'll never know where they stand.

The George is the place where the odd sort goes
When he wants to be queen for a day.
He walks through the door and breaks out of his shell
And his walls of deceit fall away.

I walked into Mulligans of Poolbeg St.
And a Porter was placed in me hand.
I slipped back in time which chanced me to meet
All the lads who before me did stand

Did ya ever pull a pint at a fine Irish pub?
Did ya kick it with the lads? Have ya shaken their hands?
Have ye not, my friend, I feel bad for ya now.
For you'll never know where they stand.
You'll not know where you stand.

Somebody Told Him

C5

Robert Marr

Nov 2006

G C G C G D C D G

D G
On the bus to Blue Grass Station
D G
On his way to the world left behind
D G
The taste of their final embrace, Lord
C D
Burning deep in his mind

C D
Just a year, that's all he'll be, lord
C D
Before he's back home again
C G
A year of dodging the devil in a white dress
G C D
In the land of the shifting sand.

C G
Where the days they all seem like Mondays
C G
And the nights they ring like hell
C D
Like on the back streets of Sarajevo
C D
On the front lines of the last farewell

C G
And his family had Christmas without him
C G
Loneliness well hid.
C G
And his kin said a prayer for their loved-one over there
D C G
Or somebody said that they did.

D G
The kids look innocent like they do here
D G
The little ones tug on your sleeve
D G
Won't ya give me a pencil or a book bag, mister.
C D
'Fore long, they'd have you believe

C G
That they're hangin' around 'cause of friendship
C G
And they believe in the American dream
C G
Till the tall one slips a hand in his coat...
D C G

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C G
Where the days they all seem like Mondays
C G
And the nights they ring like hell
C D
Like on the back streets of Sarajevo
C D
On the front lines of the last farewell

C G
And his family had Christmas without him, again.
C G
Loneliness well hid.
C G
And his kin said a prayer for their loved-one over there
D C G
Or somebody said that they did.

Stuck

(C1)

Robert W Marr

5/19/2006

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4 Em
I was a poor man, poorer than most. Hardly could get through the day.

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4 Em
It was a struggle, just gettin' by, losing my desire to play.

G A C Em G A
I was a singer in a one-man-Irish-band, with no stories to tell.

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4
Em

And I was on the fast track to nowhere, man, but a 4 hour hang-around in hell.

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4
Em

Every night was the same old story, I played my tunes to a bottle of gin.

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4
Em

They'd all sit there, seven sheets to the breeze. Why the hell you think they came in.

G A C Em G A
I was a singer in a one-man-Irish-band, with no stories to tell.

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4
Em

And I was on the fast track to nowhere, man, but a 4 hour hang-around in hell.

D Em
Stuck on the highway to nowhere

D Em
Playing cantinas and the gin mills

D Em
Feel like I'm caught up in a round-about.

C D Em
If I don't break out, if I don't break out soon, I never will.

[INST]

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4
Em

I've been all over the crazy ole world, seen a lot of places I wanted to see

Em C9/7Maj B7sus4
Em

But I'd gladly trade it all for the right kind of deal. It's time the world
got a taste of me.

G A C Em G A
I was a singer in a one-man-Irish-band, with no stories to tell.
Em C9/7Maj B7sus4
Em

And I was on the fast track to nowhere, man, but a 4 hour hang-
around in hell.

Chorus

G A C Em
I was a singer in a one-man-Irish-band.

The Queen Of Venus
2006

Robert W Marr

October,

G D
Woke up to a bright light outside my window

C G
I 's drawn to it like friends to a camp fire.

D
Deep into the corn field, it led me along
C D G D C G
lifted me up, and took me inside.

G D
Well, the next thing I remember, I was lying on my back

C G
Getting' scanned by something, or another

G D
And it said they'd like to trade what's kept up in my mind

C G
For some super-human powers, if I druther.

D C
Well, it didn't take too long for me to decide

D C
How much of a choice did I have?

G D
They took what little they could find in my head

C D G
And planted a chip behind my right eye.

D C
The queen of Venus was standing between us,

D C
me and the man in the moon.

G D
Had me a good time, dancin' around the universe

C D G
But I came back down to earth way too soon.

G D
Well, I spent the rest of my life, fightin' crime and doin' good.

C G

Riddin' the world of bombers, hijackers, and such
G D
Them low-life bad guys weren't no match for me now
C D G
Since I got the super-hero's touch.

D C
I'd round up bank robbing, dope dealing scum-bags
D C
And put them where there's no way back
G D
And if lucky, I'd snatch me a crooked-minded barister
C D G
And set him down in central Iraq.

D C
The queen of Venus was standing between us,
D C
me and the man in the moon.
G D
Had me a good time, dancin' around the universe
C D G
But I came back down to earth way too soon.

The Speedwell

C3

Robert W Marr

5/25/2006

Em Am G G/F# EM
T'was 16 and 35 when Robert left London, bound for places unknown.
Em Am
On the good ship, Speedwell, her direction was westward
G G/F# Em
And they prayed they'd soon make ground.

Am Em
And they first saw the timbers surrounding the waters,
Am Em
now known as Narragansett Bay.
Em Am
They directed the Speedwell to a point on the shore line,
G G/F# Em
as they stepped off they would say.

Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
Sixty-six days, and sixty-six nights
Am Em
we sailed 'cross her waters, blue and green
Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
And we think of those who fared not so well
Am G G/F# Em
Our new land, they never will see.

Em Am
They settled in the trees, along side the creek there
G G/F# Em
That flowed into the bay
Em Am
With the help of the natives they learned how to survive there
G G/F# Em
And Kingstown grew out of the haze

Am Em
Despite the brutal nature of the land they had chosen
Am Em
They managed to prosper most days.

Em Am
Here we are, 400 years later
G G/F# Em
3,000 strong, we all say

Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
Thanks to the man who delivered our name
Am Em
To the waters of Narragansett Bay
Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
We've taken his dream and passed it on out
Am Em
All over the USA

Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
Sixty-six days, and sixty-six nights
Am Em
They sailed 'cross her waters, blue and green
Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
And we think of those who fared not so well
Am G G/F# Em
Our new land, they have never seen.

C

I'll be lyin' in bed, catchin' some Z's.

G

Come a noise, knock me outa my BVDs.

C

G

It's the dog, howlin' at them dang trains!

And he don't wear a watch!

[Chorus 2]

D

You've done said enough 'bout the good they do.

C

They may be amazin' and fun to you.

Em

Sure, they carry stuff like whiskey and grain.

C

D

C

But that iron-wheel horse is drivin' me insane.

Trains!