\mathcal{C}

The closer I get to retiring,

F

the harder it's getting to be.

G

To walk around the block, or put on my socks

C

It's a chore to brush my new teeth.

C

I have become the cantankerous old dude.

F

I never thought I would be

G

In the words of my friends, and siblings

 C

I've come by it honestly.

F

С

C

The golden years done passed me by, least that's the way it seems

The only time I have a good time is somewhere in my dreams

It's got to be the fool's gold. This getting' old is crap

G

But I won't complain. It does no good, and it's better than takin' a dirt nap.

C

I thought that Cadillac was something ya drive,

F

had no idea it would be

G

An affliction in one, or both eyes, I'm told,

 \mathbf{C}

though it hasn't yet stricken me.

C

But I can't hear a word you're saying

F

Less you're lookin' 'xactly my way

G

Sometimes that's bad, and sometimes that's good

C

Depends on what you're tryin' to say

Chorus

C

Did someone mention the word, "Depends"

F

An entire new meaning these days

G

No control of your winkle? You continue to tinkle?

You'll likely need a pair of these things.

С

There's one last thing I need to say

F

Saw a friend in a home the other day

G

Could-a hung him on the wall, for all he knew

C

Hope that don't happen to you.

Chorus

| Δ | Δ |
|---------------|---|
| $\overline{}$ | _ |

Drivin' down the mountain pass

G

Makin' their way home at last

Fmaj7 A4

He and his family safe inside

Α4

Did not see the falling rock

G

Come crashing down from the top

Fmaj7 A4

Head on into his world, and there he died

C

Did he have any kind of notion

G

Today would stop his forward motion

Dm A²

Go to meet his maker, could he have seen?

C

Is he flyin' high without a care

G

Answerin' little childrens' prayers

Fmaj7 A4

Or sittin' up there furious, like I would be

Α4

Two little girls on their way

G

To catch the Sunday matinee

Fmaj7 A4

A movie they had hoped to see all year

Α4

A loser drives up in a car

G

Bids his final au revoir

Fmaj7 A4

Now the kids are here, there and everywhere

| C Did they have any kind of notion G |
|---|
| Today would stop their forward motion Dm A4 |
| Go to meet their maker, could they have seen? |
| Are they flyin' high without a care G |
| Answerin' little childrens' prayers Fmaj7 A4 |
| Or sittin' up there furious, like I would be |
| A4 As pretty as a sweet bouquet G |
| She had so very much to say Fmaj7 A4 Lived for her music and her friends A4 |
| Battled this thing tooth and nail G |
| Never was an option that she'd fail Fmaj7 A4 |
| She gave it all she had until the end |
| C Did she have any kind of notion G |
| Today would stop her forward motion Dm A4 |
| Go to meet her maker, could she have seen? C |
| Is she flyin' high without a care G |
| Answerin' little childrens' prayers Fmaj7 A4 |
| Or sittin' up there, furious, like I would be |

| Parisian Su | ıbway B | all | C2 | ©Robe | rt W Marr | 5/6/08 | |
|--|------------------------|---|-----------------------------|----------------------|--|---|------------------------------|
| INTRO | G C | C D | G | | | | |
| G He was sav G He had hai G | win' on a r as long | a fiddle pla C g as the w | C ayin' Ol ords to | Id Joe Cook this so | omewhere in Par D lark, and looked D ong, and a pure v | like he wanted (white beard to D | G match. G |
| G Our eyes fi D With a nod G | inally me | et and he C lead I grat | C read m obed h C | ny look, is guita | then he'd play a D and knew what r. We played all ght at the Parisia | I wanted to do we could recall. D | G G |
| Between C | hords | С | D | C (| 3 | | |
| G He shook h C "Ya see, so | nis head outhern | C and lost h D Georgia is C | nis smil | le, "but · I am f | D riend?", I asked D I've been here o C rom these mar D w, a crime I trie | G quite some time G ny years gone b G | 2." |
| G "They woul C "They clain | Idn't list | C en that I v the and I | was in C were ii C | the mon | C They thought the untains catchin' o C ether, and we we D oter, and made it | o up on time with ere takin' a star G | G nmy son." G nce." |

| D | С | | | G |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| He'd sing a few words G | , and whistle C | e along, then he | e'd play a bar or two. D | G |
| Our eyes finally met a | nd he read i | my look, and kn | ew what I wanted to | |
| With a nod of his head G | l I grabbed l C | nis guitar. We p | layed all we could rec D | all. G |
| We sat there playin'th | ne rest of th | e night at the Pa | arisian Subway Ball. | |
| Between Chords | C D | C G | | |
| G | С | D | | G |
| He said, "I ain't seen i G | my son in al C | l these years. W I | /onder how he lives w O | ith these lies." G |
| "Has he forgive me fo C | r what I've o D | lone?", as the to C | ears welled up in his e G | eyes. |
| So I wrote this song ir G | n hope that o | one day, his sor I | n might hear it, by cha O G | ance. |
| And catch him a freigh | nter across t | he ocean, on hi | s way to Paris France. | |
| D | С | | | G |
| He'd sing a few words G | , and whistle C | e along, then he | e'd play a bar or two. D | G |
| Our eyes finally met a | nd he read i | my look, and kn | ew what I wanted to | do. G |
| With a nod of his head | d I grabbed l | nis guitar. We p | layed all we could rec | all. |
| We sat there playin'th | ne rest of th | e night at the Pa | arisian Subway Ball. | G |
| | | | | |
| G We sat there playin' the | C ne rest of the | e night at the Pa | D arisian Subway Ball. | G |
| | | e mgm at the m | andan dabway bam | |
| OUTRO C D | C G | | | |
| | | | | |

Something about this morning's

got me thinking about this longing

I've got to get myself on outta here

Can it be the snow that's falling

Or the southern breezes calling

Or the sound of ole Dixie in my ear

G

Gotta take me home

G

This ain't where I belong

Gotta head back down to the old home town

G

I hope you come along

D

It's nothing you said that sways me

It's just that I'm half crazy

Thinking about the good ole times I had

But I'm stuck here just a dreaming

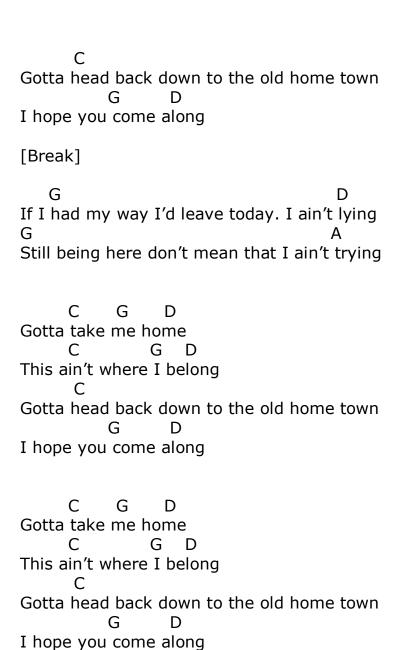
And my inner self is screaming

My location in the nation's got me real sad

C G

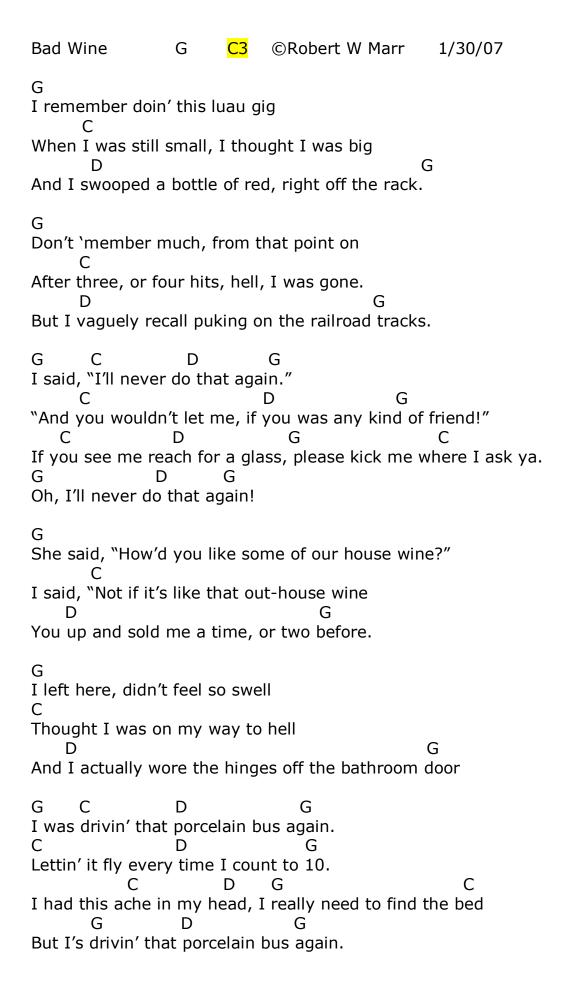
Gotta take me home

This ain't where I belong

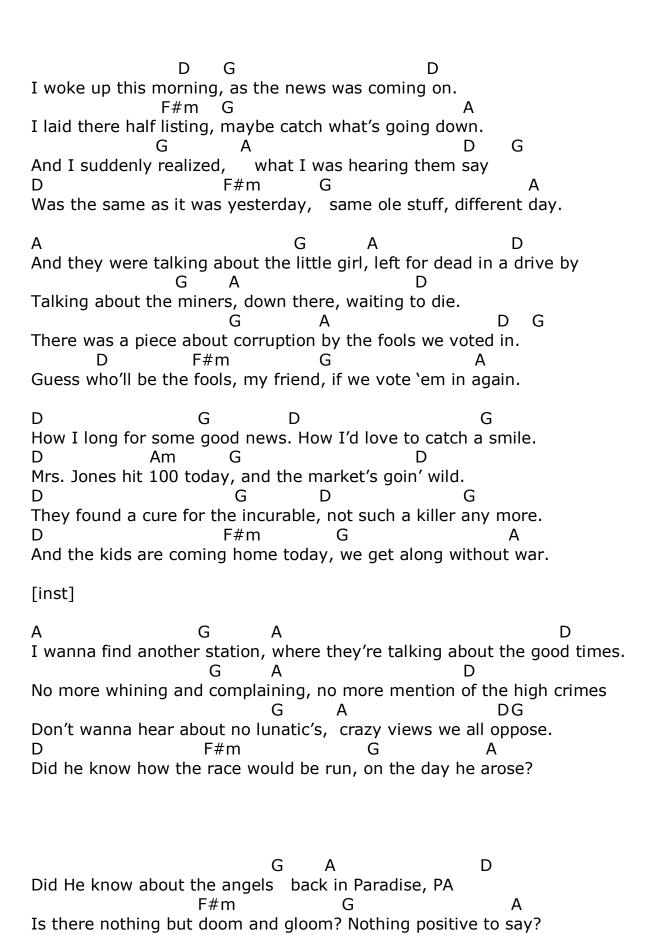


| Em | | | | (| С | | G |
|---|--|-------|--------|--------|-----------|-------------|------------------|
| Man, | Man, what a shame, what a waste of the life of a being | | | | | | |
| Em | | | • | С | | | Ď |
| Becau | use of | a vie | w mos | t peo | ple can't | see thems | elves seeing |
| | | | | | • | | J |
| Em | С | G | D | С | G | | |
| | | | | | | | |
| D | | | | | | Bm | С |
| And s | he fo | und h | erself | doin' | what sh | e thought h | ad to be done |
| Bm | | | | | | | C D |
| Endin | ig the | song | they s | should | l never, | ever have s | sung without her |
| Em | | | | | | С | |
| All sh | e eve | r wan | ted, a | ll she | wanted | to do | |
| | G D G | | | | | | |
| Was a | Was a ménage a trois. But a ménage a trois' taboo | | | | | | |
| | G | | | D | | (| 3 |
| Yes a ménage a trios, but a ménage a trois' taboo | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |

As she watches herself from above.

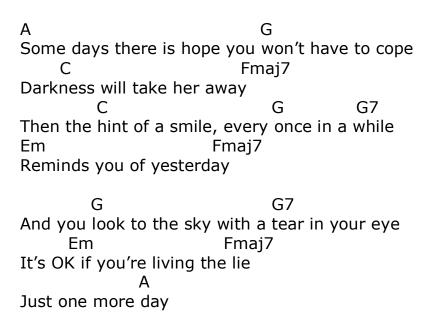


| G |
|--|
| It was new years eve, just last year |
| We was all settin' 'round, getting' ready to cheer D G |
| When I spied what looked like a friend all by himself. |
| G So I headed on over to see who it be |
| There's a bottle of red, looking back at me D G |
| And I looked around to see if I was by myself |
| G C D G Cause I was back on that nectar again C D G Carryin' on with my old friend C D G C Here's a toast to the past, it's goin' down too fast G D G I was back on the nectar again |
| G C D G I said, "I'll never do that again." C D G "And you wouldn't let me, if you were any kind of friend!" C D G C If you see me reach for a glass, please kick me where I ask ya. G D G Oh, I'll never do that again! |



| G Don't wanna hear no silly lawsu D F#m What's happened to common se | G | A |
|--|--|----------------|
| D G How I long for some good news D Am G Mrs. Jones hit 100 today, and the D G They found a cure for the incura D F#m And the kids are coming home | D he market's up a mile. D able, not a killer any magen | G ore. A |
| D G How I long for some good news D Am G Mrs. Jones hit 100 today, and the G They found a cure for the incura D F#m And the kids are coming home | D he market's up a mile. D able, not a killer any magen | G ore. A |

| She's Gone | C5 | ©Robert N | 1arr | 1/19/07 |
|---|-----------------|----------------------|-------------------|----------|
| A She's got eyes b C | lack as | s coal. You Fmaj | | er soul. |
| You can feel her | need | to be free. | 7 | G7 |
| And you think, " | what a | 7 | _ | _ |
| But you know th | at no o | • | | |
| G And you look to Em And you wonder | | | Fmaj7 | /e |
| "does she reme | mber i | me?" | | |
| A We had 60 good C | years | G . I rememb | er the fears | |
| When we bought | t our fi | irst place to G | stay G7 | |
| I look back on it Em trivial those fear | F | and realize -maj7 | _ | |
| G And I think to m | G7 yself, | in spite of h | ner health | |
| Em We had a great | | | • | |
| A Fma | j/ | A Em | G A | |
| BREAK | | | | |
| G The kids were he | er life. C/B | | ke the wife | |
| Caught up in the | • | | G | |
| but when she se C To see somethin | C/I | B Fmaj | struggles, s 7 | somehow |
| G | | G7 | | |
| But most of the Em | days w | when she lo | | y G A |
| She sees nothing | g, feels | s nothing of | • | |



His stories of passion, of laughter, and love

His songs about prayer to the man up above.

D

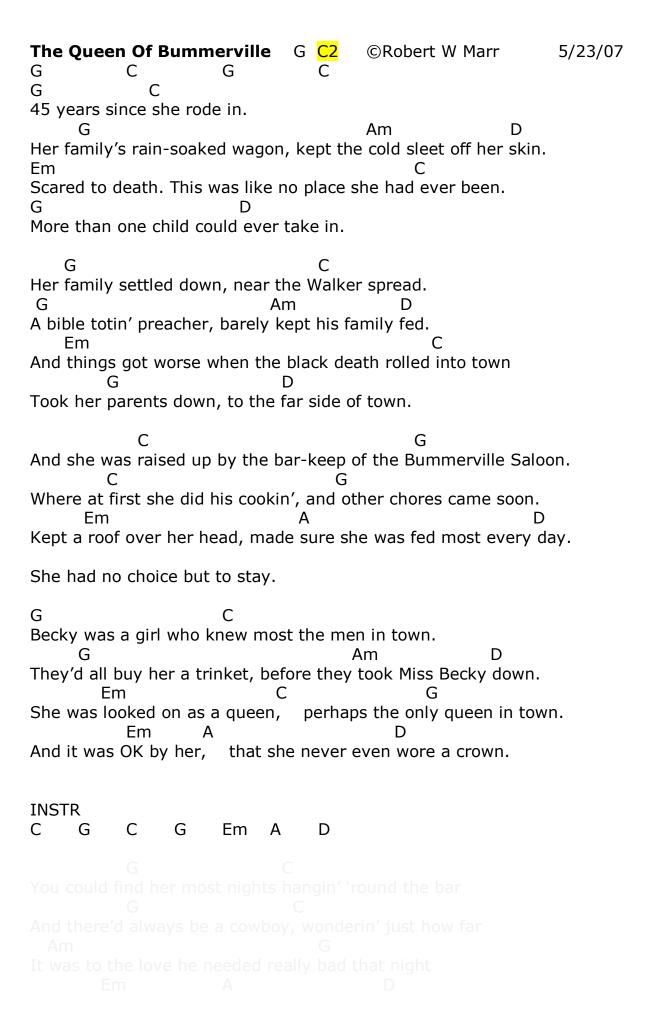
| F#m | |
|---|---|
| And he's prayed to himself for thirty-five years Bm | |
| But no one has noticed, not even the tears Em | |
| But if, one day, it all comes true C A | |
| He'd tell his stories to me and you | |
| G And he'd sing his songs for them walkin' by | |
| D 'Cause he longed to see the look in their eyes | |
| A But he knew in his heart, but just couldn't say G | |
| He knew where he was is where he would stay. | |
| D So, he sat on the front porch playin' along | |
| Makin' up words to go with his songs. G D | |
| But they were his secret | |
| A And he'd sing to himself to help time shuffle by G |) |
| Till the words of his song were lost in his mind | |
| A Yes, he'd sing to himself to help time shuffle by G |) |
| But inside he would cry as he asked the Lord, "why?" | |
| | |

| A E A D D/Dd Bm In this world of entertainment, it's tough to get a start E A 'Cause I'm older than the youngsters, even tho I'm young at heart. E A D D/Dd Bm I wonder if I'd fit in more if I did the things they do E A If I took on a younger look, you think they'd have a clue? |
|--|
| D A I could put my hat on backwards. My pants down to my knees |
| E A So everyone could see what I got for BVDs |
| Run a spike thru my nose and another one in my lip E A |
| Is there anyone around who wouldn't think I am hip? |
| A E A D D/Dd Bm If I had me an mp3 thing, I could play the latest tunes E A |
| I could walk about, tune the whole world out, just like the young-uns do. E A D D/Dd Bm But I won't do rap, 'cause it rhymes with crap. Hope that don't offend you |
| E But death metal, R&B and all the rest, I could listen to just a few. |
| D I'd get a tattoo on my ying yang, and another one on my ear E You show me yours, and I'll show you mine would be my favorite cheer D A E A Why stop there, I could spike my hair, be the coolest of the cool E Much to their chagrin, I'd fit right in. My mama didn't raise no fool. |
| G A If ya text me now, I'll text you back, before you blink an eye G E I got the fastest thumbs around. With that I'll text, "good-bye" |

And put my hat on backwards. Pull my pants down to my knees

| E | Α |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| So everyone world could see wh | at I got for BVDs |
| D | A |
| Run a spike thru my nose and ar | other one in my lip |
| E | A |
| Is there anyone around who wo | uldn't think I am hip? |
| E | A |
| If my friends just happen by, the | ey'll all think I'm on a trip. |
| | |
| Not the suit case kind neither | |

Not the suit case kind, neither



| | С | | G |
|------------|---------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| And s | she was rais C | ed up by the bar-keep at t | - |
| Wher | e she'd ente Em | ertain the cowhands till the | sun replaced the moon |
| She \ | | love most of those cowbo | <i>i</i> • |
| Lord, | how they lo | oved her so. | |
| G 45 V | C | | |
| 45 Y6 | ears since sh | ie rode in. Am | D |
| A raiı | n soaked bo | x keeps the cold sleet off h | |
| The s | streets are li G | ned with the only lovers sh D | ne ever knew |
| What | are they to | do? What can we do without | out you? |
| | С | | G |
| Lady, C | , you're the | queen, the only queen of t G | he Bummerville Saloon |
| You e | entertained t Em | he cowhands till the sun re: A | eplaced the moon |
| You v | were the onl D | y love most of us would ev | er know |
| Lord, | how we lov | ed you so | |
| Do yo | ou really hav | ve to go? | |
| G | С | G | |

| D G |
|---|
| It's been a long damn day, ain't got a single, solitary dollar to my name. A D |
| Ain't eaten since early yesterday, and last night I had to lay in the rain. G D |
| People avoid me like I got the flu. Guess I'd do the same, if I were you. A STOP D |
| I smell like soggy, old, stinky shoes. Got the got no home blues. |
| D G D |
| How the hell'd I get in this mess? Not long ago I was running with the best. A D |
| Got down on my luck in this market mess. I've tried to come back, but with no success |
| I never dreamed this would happen to me, just like you know it won't happen to you. A D |
| All I own are these pathetic memories. And them got no home blues. |
| G D |
| I spent my life looking out for me, get as rich as I could possibly could be. A D |
| No time for lovin' or a family. Did you happen notice where it's gotten me? G D |
| Lord, let me start this thing all over again, help me see my foolish views. A STOP D |
| Give me some sense so I can lose, these got no home blues. |

G C G

If I held your hand, would you walk with me
C G D G

Would you walk with me thru the land of time
C G

If you held my hand, I would walk with you
C G D G

I would walk with you till the bright light shines

If I said to you, sweet lady, would you help me fill this void

C C/B Am Am/G D/F#

Would you wed with me so we can be in the land of joy

D C G

I would say to you, my true love, of all the fair-haired boys

C C/B Am Am/G D/F#

I would wed with you, and your eyes of blue in the land of joy

As we live our simple lives and we get our daily hugs
C C/B Am Am/G D/F#
Can we always say we will always lay in the land of love
D C G
As we live our simple lives with guidance from above
C C/B Am Am/G D/F#
I will follow you, and the white dove to the land of love

Em C G
But when our time is over and we have both moved on C C/B Am Am/G D/F#
Would you look for me by the old oak tree in the land of song D C G
When our time is over, we walked into the dawn C C/B Am Am/G D/F#
I will listen for you and your music too in the land of song