

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 C
The golden years done passed me by, least that's the way it seems
G C
The only time I have a good time is somewhere in my dreams
F C
It's got to be the fool's gold. This getting' old is crap
G C
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,
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?

C

You'll likely need a pair of these things.

C

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

A4

Drivin' down the mountain pass

G

Makin' their way home at last

Fmaj7 A4

He and his family safe inside

A4

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 A4

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

A4

Two little girls on their way

G

To catch the Sunday matinee

Fmaj7 A4

A movie they had hoped to see all year

A4

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?
C
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

INTRO G C D G

G C D G
I first saw the man down in the subway, somewhere in Paris, France.

G C D G
He was sawin' on a fiddle playin' Old Joe Clark, and looked like he wanted to dance.

G C D G
He had hair as long as the words to this song, and a pure white beard to match.

G C D G
As the crowd gathered 'round, started clappin' their hands, he lit off with The Ole Briar Patch.

Chorus

D C G
He'd sing a few words, and whistle along, then he'd play a bar or two.

G C D G
Our eyes finally met and he read my look, and knew what I wanted to do.

D C G
With a nod of his head I grabbed his guitar. We played all we could recall.

G C D G
We sat there and played the rest of the night at the Parisian Subway Ball.

Between Chords C D C G

G C D G
"You ain't from around here, are you my friend?", I asked as we took up some wine.

G C D G
He shook his head and lost his smile, "but I've been here quite some time."

C D C G
"Ya see, southern Georgia is where I am from these many years gone by.

G C D G
When I found myself in trouble with the law, a crime I tried to deny."

C D C G
"Somebody killed my wife, and her lover. They thought that I was the one."

G C D G
"They wouldn't listen that I was in the mountains catchin' up on time with my son."

C D C G
"They claimed that he and I were in it together, and we were takin' a stance."

G C D G
"That's when I found my way onto a freighter, and made it to Paris France."

He'd sing a few words, and whistle along, then he'd play a bar or two.
Our eyes finally met and he read my look, and knew what I wanted to do.
With a nod of his head I grabbed his guitar. We played all we could recall.
We sat there playin' the rest of the night at the Parisian Subway Ball.

Between Chords C D C G

He said, "I ain't seen my son in all these years. Wonder how he lives with these lies."
"Has he forgive me for what I've done?", as the tears welled up in his eyes.
So I wrote this song in hope that one day, his son might hear it, by chance.
And catch him a freighter across the ocean, on his way to Paris France.

He'd sing a few words, and whistle along, then he'd play a bar or two.
Our eyes finally met and he read my look, and knew what I wanted to do.
With a nod of his head I grabbed his guitar. We played all we could recall.
We sat there playin' the rest of the night at the Parisian Subway Ball.

We sat there playin' the rest of the night at the Parisian Subway Ball.

OUTRO C D C G

D
Something about this morning's
C
got me thinking about this longing
G D
I've got to get myself on outta here

D
Can it be the snow that's falling
C
Or the southern breezes calling
G D
Or the sound of ole Dixie in my ear

C G D
Gotta take me home
C G D
This ain't where I belong
C
Gotta head back down to the old home town
G D
I hope you come along

D
It's nothing you said that sways me
C
It's just that I'm half crazy
G D
Thinking about the good ole times I had

D
But I'm stuck here just a dreaming
C
And my inner self is screaming
G D
My location in the nation's got me real sad

C G D
Gotta take me home
C G D
This ain't where I belong

C
Gotta head back down to the old home town
G D
I hope you come along

[Break]

G D
If I had my way I'd leave today. I ain't lying
G A
Still being here don't mean that I ain't trying

C G D
Gotta take me home
C G D
This ain't where I belong
C
Gotta head back down to the old home town
G D
I hope you come along

C G D
Gotta take me home
C G D
This ain't where I belong
C
Gotta head back down to the old home town
G D
I hope you come along

G D
 Dark, cloudy day. It was dreary they say
 C G
 When the jailer came 'round to get Jenny
 D
 "It's time", he said, she would hang until dead.
 C G
 She was payin' for crimes against many

G D
 She did in her Bobby and his lover, too
 C G
 For ridin' the wild wave of passion
 D
 She got 'em together, just one shot would do
 C G
 To this day, she shows no compassion.

D Bm C
 And she found herself doin' what she thought had to be done
 Bm C D
 Ending the song they should never, ever have sung without her
 Em C
 All she ever wanted, all she wanted to do
 G D G
 Was a ménage a trois. But a ménage a trois' taboo

G D
 Bobby didn't know that Jenny would go
 C G
 With him, or his lover, Suzanne
 D
 He had no idea, couldn't see why
 C G
 She'd want anyone but a man.

G D
 Hell, she didn't know why she'd go where she'd go
 C G
 What made her choose who she would love.
 G D
 But it's all over now. Doesn't matter anyhow
 C G

G

I remember doin' this luau gig

C

When I was still small, I thought I was big

D

G

And I swooped a bottle of red, right off the rack.

G

Don't `member much, from that point on

C

After three, or four hits, hell, I was gone.

D

G

But I vaguely recall puking on the railroad tracks.

G

C

D

G

I said, "I'll never do that again."

C

D

G

"And you wouldn't let me, if you was 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

She said, "How'd you like some of our house wine?"

C

I said, "Not if it's like that out-house wine

D

G

You up and sold me a time, or two before.

G

I left here, didn't feel so swell

C

Thought I was on my way to hell

D

G

And I actually wore the hinges off the bathroom door

G

C

D

G

I was drivin' that porcelain bus again.

C

D

G

Lettin' it fly every time I count to 10.

C

D

G

C

I had this ache in my head, I really need to find the bed

G

D

G

But I's drivin' that porcelain bus again.

G
It was new years eve, just last year
C
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
C
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!

I woke up this morning, as the news was coming on.
 I laid there half listing, maybe catch what's going down.
 And I suddenly realized, what I was hearing them say
 Was the same as it was yesterday, same ole stuff, different day.

And they were talking about the little girl, left for dead in a drive by
 Talking about the miners, down there, waiting to die.
 There was a piece about corruption by the fools we voted in.
 Guess who'll be the fools, my friend, if we vote 'em in again.

How I long for some good news. How I'd love to catch a smile.
 Mrs. Jones hit 100 today, and the market's goin' wild.
 They found a cure for the incurable, not such a killer any more.
 And the kids are coming home today, we get along without war.

[inst]

I wanna find another station, where they're talking about the good times.
 No more whining and complaining, no more mention of the high crimes
 Don't wanna hear about no lunatic's, crazy views we all oppose.
 Did he know how the race would be run, on the day he arose?

Did He know about the angels back in Paradise, PA
 Is there nothing but doom and gloom? Nothing positive to say?

Don't wanna hear no silly lawsuits. Hell, they're laughing everywhere.
What's happened to common sense? Can't you see? Don't you care?

How I long for some good news. How I'd love to catch a smile.
Mrs. Jones hit 100 today, and the market's up a mile.
They found a cure for the incurable, not a killer any more.
And the kids are coming home today, we get along without war.

How I long for some good news. How I'd love to catch a smile.
Mrs. Jones hit 100 today, and the market's up a mile.
They found a cure for the incurable, not a killer any more.
And the kids are coming home today, we get along without war.

A G
 She's got eyes black as coal. You can see to her soul.
 C Fmaj7
 You can feel her need to be free.
 C G G7
 And you think, "what a shame", as you cry, "who's to blame"
 Em Fmaj7
 But you know that no one will be.

G G7
 And you look to the sky, with a tear in your eye
 Em Fmaj7
 And you wonder, are you living a lie,
 A
 "does she remember me?"

A G
 We had 60 good years. I remember the fears
 C F
 When we bought our first place to stay
 C G G7
 I look back on it now, and realize just how
 Em Fmaj7
 trivial those fears are today

G G7
 And I think to myself, in spite of her health
 Em Fmaj7
 We had a great time, she and I.
 A Fmaj7 A Em G A
 All the way!

BREAK

G G7
 The kids were her life. She lived like the wife
 C C/B Am
 Caught up in the daily race
 Dm G
 but when she sees them now, she struggles, somehow
 C C/B Fmaj7
 To see something familiar in their faces

G G7
 But most of the days when she looks their way
 Em Fmaj7 G A
 She sees nothing, feels nothing of yesterday.

A G
Some days there is hope you won't have to cope

C Fmaj7
Darkness will take her away

C G G7
Then the hint of a smile, every once in a while

Em Fmaj7
Reminds you of yesterday

G G7
And you look to the sky with a tear in your eye

Em Fmaj7
It's OK if you're living the lie

A
Just one more day

The Secret

Robert Marr

C3

5-29-08

D
He'd sit on the front porch playin' along

Makin' up words to go with his songs.

G D
But they were his secret

D
He kept them hid away, might need them some day.

You never know when they might find

G D
Some way to release it.

A
And he'd sing to himself to help time shuffle by

G D
Till the words of his song were etched in his mind

D
Them passin' by never stopped to say high

for they knew what they knew.

G
And they knew he really wasn't with it

D
But they didn't know what they didn't know.

They had no idea that he was

G
Exceptionally gifted.

A
That he could sing to himself to help time shuffle by

G D
Till the words of his song were etched in his mind

G
And he lived by himself in his own little shell.

D
As he hoped against hope that one day he could tell

G
His stories of passion, of laughter, and love

D
His songs about prayer to the man up above.

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

D

Till the words of his song were lost in his mind

A

Yes, he'd sing to himself to help time shuffle by

G

D

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
D A
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 A
 But death metal, R&B and all the rest, I could listen to just a few.

D A E A
 I'd get a tattoo on my ying yang, and another one on my ear
 E A
 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 A
 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"

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

E **A**
So everyone world could see what I got for BVDs

D **A**
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?

E **A**
If my friends just happen by, they'll all think I'm on a trip.

Not the suit case kind, neither

The Queen Of Bummerville

G C2

©Robert W Marr

5/23/07

G C G C

G C
45 years since she rode in.

G Am D
Her family's rain-soaked wagon, kept the cold sleet off her skin.

Em C
Scared to death. This was like no place she had ever been.

G D
More than one child could ever take in.

G C
Her family settled down, near the Walker spread.

G Am D
A bible totin' preacher, barely kept his family fed.

Em C
And things got worse when the black death rolled into town

G D
Took her parents down, to the far side of town.

C G
And she was raised up by the bar-keep of the Bummerville Saloon.

C G
Where at first she did his cookin', and other chores came soon.

Em A D
Kept a roof over her head, made sure she was fed most every day.

She had no choice but to stay.

G C
Becky was a girl who knew most the men in town.

G Am D
They'd all buy her a trinket, before they took Miss Becky down.

Em C G
She was looked on as a queen, perhaps the only queen in town.

Em A D
And it was OK by her, that she never even wore a crown.

INSTR

C G C G Em A D

G C
You could find her most nights hangin' 'round the bar

G C
And there'd always be a cowboy, wonderin' just how far

Am G
It was to the love he needed really bad that night

Em A D

And she flashes a smile, as she wanders out of sight

And she was raised up by the bar-keep at the Bummerville Saloon.

Where she'd entertain the cowhands till the sun replaced the moon.

She was the only love most of those cowboys would ever know.

Lord, how they loved her so.

45 Years since she rode in.

A rain soaked box keeps the cold sleet off her skin.

The streets are lined with the only lovers she ever knew

What are they to do? What can we do without you?

Lady, you're the queen, the only queen of the Bummerville Saloon

You entertained the cowhands till the sun replaced the moon

You were the only love most of us would ever know

Lord, how we loved you so

Do you really have to go?

G C G

The Got No Home Blues Drop D ©Robert W. Marr 5/15/08

D G D
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.
G D
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.

Walk With Me

©Robert W Marr **C7** 7-23-2010

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

D G
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

D G
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