

The Old Man's Songs by Mike Adams (Capo 6th)

[Verse 1]

He sits by the corner... of the red brick street
In worn out shoes... on his tired feet.
Plays for the faces... he's known for years.
Each note a story... each chord sincere.

[Chorus]

The old man's songs, they carry on.
Through the dusk and the breaking dawn.
Till his hands give out or his voice is gone.
The old man's songs... they carry on.

[Verse 2]

His fingers are stiff, but the melody's true.
Rust on the strings, but the sound breaks through.
Folks gather 'round... like moths to a light.
Listening closely... all through the night.

[Chorus]

The old man's songs, they carry on.
Through the dusk and the breaking dawn.
Till his hands give out or his voice is gone.
The old man's songs... they carry on.

[Verse 3]

He thinks about a girl, with sassy blonde hair.
Who danced to his rhythm, without a care.
Her eyes alone, would light up the place,
and she's still the reason... for the smile on his face.

[Bridge]

Em He hums a tune when the words run dry.
G A tune for the living... a tune for goodbye.
Em The strings might falter, but his heart holds tight.
G Playing on through... the c-o-o-l of night.

[Chorus]

The old man's songs, they carry on.
Through the dusk and the breaking dawn.
Till his hands give out or his voice is gone.
The old man's songs... they carry on.

[Outro/Final Verse]

He closes his case, as the last light fades.
A-n-o-t-h-e-r evening, of sweet serenades.
But, know every time, he picks up his guitar.
The magic of music... won't be far.