

Jefferson Airplane - Lather

Tom: C

(intro) Am Dm7 Am G

Am C G
Lather was thirty years old today,
Em D C
They took away all of his toys.
Am C G
His mother sent newspaper clippings to him,
Em D C
About his old friends who'd stopped being boys.
Em D F D
There was Harwitz E. Green, just turned thirty-three,
Am Em D
His leather chair waits at the bank.
Em D F D
And Seargent Dow Jones, twenty-seven years old,
Am Em D
Commanding his very own tank.
C D Em
But Lather still finds it a nice thing to do,
C D Em
To lie about nude in the sand,
C D Em
Drawing pictures of mountains that look like bumps,
D Am
And thrashing the air with his hands.
A G
But wait, oh Lather's productive you know,

A G A
He produces the finest of sound,
G
Putting drumsticks on either side of his nose,
A G A
Snorting the best licks in town (Am G D)
E
But that's all over... (Am Dm7 Am G)
Am C G
Lather was thirty years old today,
Em D C
And Lather came foam from his tongue.
Am C G
He looked at me eyes wide and plainly said,
Em D C
Is it true that I'm no longer young?
Em D F D
And the children call him famous,
Am Em D
What the old men call insane,
Em D F D
And sometimes he's so nameless,
Am Em D
That he hardly knows which game to play...
C
Which words to say...
C D Em
And I should have told him, "No, you're not old."
C D Em D Am
And I should have let him go on...smiling...babywide.

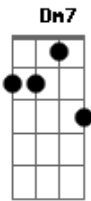
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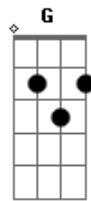
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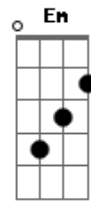
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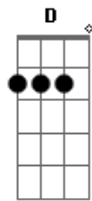
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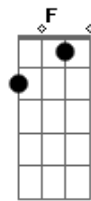
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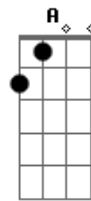
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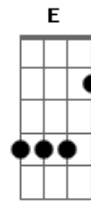
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