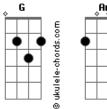
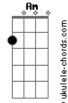
Tiny Tim - Christopher Brady's Old Lady

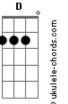
Tom: G

lom: G
Am DGEmShe held on her hand and Am DGEmHe had to complyGEmAm DGEmShe spoke with her eyes and AmEmACristopher Brady had met his old ladyCA
D A We drank B
But no one bought a round
E Everyone gathered G A All those who mattered
D A To see who B
Had cought the millionaire E
When off came his top hat G A
And down came his hair
Am D G Em When he held on his hand and
Am D G Em She had to comply
Am D G Em He spoke with his eyes and
Am Em A A beautifull lady became Mrs. Brady
D A Time came B

Acordes









En

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E •••

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G His young bride of twenty When time to Live a life She mearly wished And it was there

To end a whopty doo E The old man of plenty

He held on her hand and He had to comply She spoke with her eyes and Cristopher Brady would show her his lady

A

Years brought An unexpected change As Brady grew older His misses got bolder A young man Would always wait below When she pulled her shade down Up he would go

But one night The old man culdn´t sleep While out for her he Looked up there he

He held love In sillouette betray Quickly he shot'em Right through the shades He shot them dead

В

When he held on his hand and She couldn't comply He spoke with his eyes and Cristopher Brady, just kissed his old lady Goodbye