



Choir of the Aged

BMI: 79740973

Key: **G**
Composer(s): **David Graybeard**

G **Em** **C** **G**
Annie Oakley's ridin' high, she's got her anger on
G **Em** **C** **G**
Billy the Kid's high as a kite, he never comes back down
G **Em** **C** **G**
And the Barker does his barking now, he sings at Annie's side
G **Em** **C** **G**
And the smart thing for the rest of us, is to duck our heads and hide
C **D** **G** **Em**
O the choir of the aged, sings up toward the sky
D **C** **G**
Hoping they'll be heard up there, they'll catch some watching Eye
C **D** **G** **Em**
They're bound to one another, by a shared and wistful need
D **C** **G**
All sisters and all brothers, intone the heartfelt creed

The ragged bear leans back and howls, he towers over all
Succeeded by the next in line, who is singing to the wall
The bard of bards just wanders in, with a foggy, distant stare
Leafing through his relic hoard, selecting one with care

refrain

The downstate crooner flickers in, he does his bit and leaves
He's followed by his paranoid pal, who begins with the beguine
The wanna-be Bob Marley, steps up to play his part
Then the awful and discordant boy, who tramples over art

refrain

The lassie with her sassy smile, bedazzles all who hear
Her lurching butler lingers on, and guzzles at his beer
A couple who've been through the wars, who still keep marchin' on
Stand up and do their duty, singing some of their old songs

refrain

I take my place within the choir, I whittle at my schtick
Cuz just like all the others, I'm carving out my niche
And when the time comes for it to end, when the curtain finally falls
The choir of the aged will, continue as it was

refrain