

# 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.

## Acordes

