

# Jefferson Airplane - Lather

Tom: C

(intro) Am Dm 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 Sergeant 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 Dm 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

