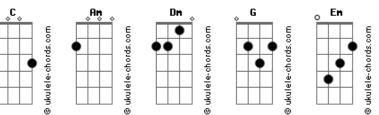
Jefferson Airplane - Lather

Tom: C (intro) Am Dm Am G Am С Lather was thirty years old today, Em D They took away all of his toys. Am C G His mother sent newspaper clippings to him, Em D About his old friends who'd stopped being boys. Em F D D There was Harwitz E. Green, just turned thirty-three, Am Em D His leather chair waits at the bank. Em D F And Seargent Dow Jones, twenty-seven years old, Am Em D Commanding his very own tank.

CDEmBut Lather still finds it a nice thing to do,
CDEmTo lie about nude in the sand,
CDEmDrawing pictures of mountains that look like bumps,
DAmAnd thrashing the air with his hands.

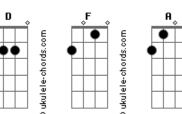
A G But wait, oh Lather's productive you know,

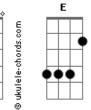
Acordes



G 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) F But that's all over... (Am Dm Am G) С 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? D F D Em 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... С 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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