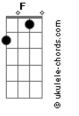
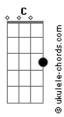


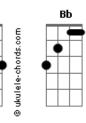
## **Neil Young - Stringman**

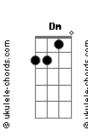
```
tom:
Intro: F C Bb C
You can say the soul is gone
And the feeling is just not there
Not like it was so long ago
(F C Bb C)
On the empty page before you
You can fill in what you care
Try to make it new before you go
Take the simple case of the sarge
Who can't go back to war
Cause the hippies
Tore down everything
That he was fighting for
( F C Bb C )
Or the lovers on the blankets
That the city turned to whores
```

## With memories Acordes









```
Of green kissed by the sun
   (FCBbC)
 You can say the soul is gone
 And close another door
 Bb
 Just be sure
                                                  C
 That yours is not the one
And I'm singing for the stringman % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right
Who lately lost his wife
                                                  Bb
 There is no dearer friend of mine
   That I know in this life
                                                                          Bb
 On his shoulder rests a violin
   For his head where chaos reigns
 But his heart
 Can't find a simple way
To live with all those things F C Bb C
All those things
 All those strings to pull
                                        F C Bb C
 He's a stringman
 All those strings
```