

# Sibylle Baier - Says Elliot

tom: C

C

I grow old I shall wear the bottom

Of my trousers rolled says Elliot E G

C

I grow old I shall wear the bottom

Of my trousers rolled says Elliot E G

F C Dm F

Days keep growing short, nights too

C

Let us go then, you and I

And try to unlearn, says Elliot E G

F C Dm F C

He seeks for return and burns ancient love letters

C

Let us go then you and I and lie

E G

By marble stone says Elliot

F C Dm

And put a record on the gramophone

Am

Lie down dear

D

On the weed

G

Don't weep dear

E D

Gayly clad

C E G

Sadness is a radical quantity says Elliot

C E G

Sadness is a long round ribbon, says he

F C Dm

Sadness is beautiful

C

I grow old I shall wear the bottom

E G

Of my trousers rolled says Elliot

C

I grow old I shall wear

E G C

My trousers rolled says Elliot

## Acordes

