

**Air Mail
Brazzaville**

Capo on the 4th fret

Am
Fallen down

F
Heâ€™s too weary

G
Canâ€™t get up

Em
His eyes are blurry
Chinatown
He just fades away
Heâ€™s drunk up 1/2 his weight in sherry
Swallowed the apothecary
Whispering a farewell lullaby

Am F G Em
Iâ€™ve seen enough in my old life
Just send an airmail to my wife
Tell her her hoboâ€™s gone and died
And that my world is looking wide

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He came to town
37 years ago
His hair was long
His eyes were blue
He lived down by the sea
Head full of poetry
Rock & roll and galleries
Nickel bags and happenings
The fall of â€™63

Iâ€™ve seen enough in my old lifeâ€¦

The years rolled by
3rd & Broadway caught his eye
Black tar, speed and china white
Took it all away
Left him in ragged clothes
Cardboard boxes for a home
An old man when he should be young

Trashing through the day