

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

-0-1-3-1-0-----0-----|
-----3-1-0--1-3---3-1-0---0--|
-----2-----
-----|
-----|

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