

Lather

Jefferson Airplane

(intro) Am Dm7 Am G

Am C G
Lather was thirty years old today,
Em D C
They took away all of his toys.
Am C G
His mother sent newspaper clippings to him,
Em D C
About his old friends who d stopped being boys.

Em D F D
There was Harwitz E. Green, just turned thirty-three,
Am Em D
His leather chair waits at the bank.
Em D F D
And Seargent Dow Jones, twenty-seven years old,
Am Em D
Commanding his very own tank.

C D Em
But Lather still finds it a nice thing to do,
C D Em
To lie about nude in the sand,
C D Em
Drawing pictures of mountains that look like bumps,
D Am
And thrashing the air with his hands.

A G
But wait, oh Lather s productive you know,
A G A
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)
E
But that s all over... (Am Dm7 Am G)

Am C 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?

Em **D** **F D**
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...

C **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.