

From a Dead Beat to an Old Greaser
Jethro Tull

D F#m A F#m
From a dead beat to an old greaser here s thinking of you.
E Em Bm
You won t remember the long nights
G C D
coffee bars and black tights and white thighs
F#m A
in shop windows where blonde assistants
F#m
fully-fashioned a world
E Em Bm G C
made of dummies with no mummies or daddies to reject them
D F#m A F#m
When bombs were banned every Sunday and the Shadows did F.B.I
E Em Bm
And tired young sax-players sold their instruments of torture
G C
Sat in a station sharing wet dreams
D F#m A
of Charlie Parker Jack Kerouac Rene Magritte
F#m E
to name a few of the heroes
Em Bm
who were too wise for their own good
G C D
left the young brood to go on living without them.

****Instrumental**** (F#m A F#m E Em Bm G C)

D F#m A F#m
Old queers with young faces who remember your name
E Em Bm
though you re a dead beat with tired feet
G C
two ends that don t meet.
D F#m
To a dead beat from an old greaser
A F#m
Think you must have me all wrong
E
I didn t care friend.
Em Bm
I wasn t there friend
G C
If it s the price of a pint that you need ask me again.

