

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.

