

Pocketful Of Keys

Jimmy Webb

Pocketful of Keys

Dm7
He has one that locks the office
And there s one that starts the big fine car
Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 C6
That finds its way home
Gm7 F6
He has two that fit the front-door locks and one that fits the mailbox
Fmaj7 Gm7
But inside there s just a spider
Am7 Bb A7
And he scuttles to the corner with his mysteries
Bbmaj7 Am7 Gm7 G
Cause he s frightened by the jangle of his pocketful of keys

He has one that fits the cashbox
And one unlocks the liquor bar
And it finds its way down
He has one that fits the study door and one unlocks the desk drawer
And he touches all his letters and
He sorts them all according to his memories
To the icy clank and tinkle of his pocketful of keys

Ebmaj7 Dm7
There s a padlock on the garden gate
Ebmaj7 Dm7
There s a padlock on the hunting lodge
Ebmaj7 Dm7 Ebmaj7
There s a padlock on the his-and-her garage
Bb F Gm Ebmaj7 Bb Ab C7
Amen, he was a somber man not inclined to telling her his mind

And there s one that locks the pain up
And one that keeps the hot tears in
But they find their way out
He has one that locks the best gin up and one that keeps his chin up
And in shaky situations he
Has learned a way by which he even locks his knees
And he holds himself together with his pocketful of keys
Bbmaj7 Am7 Dm7 G
Yes, he holds himself together with his keys