

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