

Stringman
Neil Young

rcwoods|famoore@unix1.tcd.ie

Stringman : Unplugged

F# C# B C# x4

F#

You can say the soul is gone

Ebm/G

And the feelings just not there

B C# F# C# B C#

Not like it was so long ago

F#

On the empty page before you

Ebm/G

You can fill in what you care

B C# F# C# B C#

Try to make it good before you go

Take the simple case of the sarge
Who wouldn't go back to war
Because the hippies tore down every -
Thing that he was fighting for
Or the lovers on the blanket
The city turned to whores
With memories of green kissed by the sun

You can say the soul is gone
And close another page
Just be sure that yours is not the one

F# C# B C#

B

F#

And I'm singing for the stringman

B

F#

Who lately lost his wife

B

Ebm

There is no dearer friend of mine

C#

F#

That I know in this life

On his shoulder is a violin
For his head where chaos reigns
But his heart can't find a simple way
To live with all those things

F#

C# B C#

All those things

F#

C# B C#

He's a stringman

F#

C# B C#

Bb stringman

F# C# B C#

F#

All those strings to pull

F# C# B C# x4

notes: Dm/G 300231