

Lather chords
Jefferson Airplane

Capo III

Am C G

Am C G
Lather was thirty years old today,
Em D C
they took away all of his toys.
Am C G
His mother sent newspaper clippings to him,
Em D C
about his old friends who'd stopped being boys.

Em D F D
There was Harwitz E. Green, just turned thirty three,
Am Em D
his leather chair waits at the bank.
Em D F D
And Sargent Dow Jones, twenty seven years old,
Am Em D
commanding his very own tank.

C D Em
But Lather still finds it a nice thing to do,
C D Em
to lie about nude in the sand
C D Em
Drawing pictures of mountains that look like bumps,
D Am A
and thrashing the air with his hands.

A G
But wait, oh Lather's productive you know,
A G A
he produces the finest of sound
G
Putting drumsticks on either side of his nose,
A G A Am G D Am G D
snorting the best licks in town;
E
but that's all over

Am G D Am G D

Am C G
Lather was thirty years old today,
Em D C
and Lather came foam from his tongue.
Am C G
He looked at me eyes wide and plainly said,
Em D C
is it true that I'm no longer young? (mommy?)

Em D F D
And the children call him famous,
Am Em D
what the old men call insane
Em D F D
And sometimes he's so nameless,
Am Em D
that he hardly knows which game to play;
C
which words to say

C D Em
And I should have told him, "no, you're not old."
 C D Em D Am
And I should have let him go on, smiling, baby wide.

Am G D Am G D