

Phil Ochs, Rehearsals For Retirement

A G D A
The days grow longer for smaller prizes
A G D A
I feel a stranger to all surprises
Bm E A
You can have them I don't want them
C#m D
I wear a different kind of garment
F#m E
In my rehearsals for retirement

The lights are cold again they dance below me
I turn to old friends they do not know me
All but the beggar he remembers
I put a penny down for payment
In my rehearsals for retirement

D A - A7
Had I known the end would end in laughter
F#m E
I tell my daughter it doesn't matter

The stage is tainted with empty voices
The ladies painted they have no choices
I take my colors from the stable
They lie in tatters by the tournament
In my rehearsals for retirement

Where are the armies who killed a country
And turned a strong man into a baby
Now comes the rabble they are welcome
I wait in anger and amusement
In my rehearsals for retirement

Had I known the end would end in laughter
Still I tell my daughter that it doesn't matter

Farewell my own true love, farewell my fancy
Are you still owin' me love, though you failed me
But one last gesture for her pleasure
I'll paint your memory on the monument
In my rehearsals for retirement