

CHORUS: *[in F]*

F C C/9
He's a Battered Old Bird and he's a-livin' up there, whoa-oh.
F C C/9
He's a Battered Old Bird and he's a-livin' up there, whoa-oh.
G C G
There's a place where time stands still
G7 C C/9
If you keep takin' those little pink pills, whoa-oh-oh-oh.

Am
And on the second floor is the Macintosh Man.
G C
He's in his overcoats more than out of them.
Am
And the typewriter's rattlin' all through the night.
G C
He's burgundy for breakfast tight.
F *[n.c.]*
He says "One day I'll throw away all of my cares.
C G C
And it is always Christmas in a cupboard at the top of the stairs."

CHORUS IN F:

D D/9 D D/9
"Well, here's a boy if ever there was who's going to do big things.
G D D/9
That's what they all say and that's how the trouble begins.
D D/9 D D/9
I've seen them rise and fall been through their big deals and smalls.
G A D D/9
He'd better have a dream that goes beyond four walls."
Bm A D
You think he should be sent outside playing with the traffic.
G
When pieces of him are already scattered in the attic.

CHORUS IN G:

CHORUS IN F: