

Good Company

Words & Music:
Brian May (Queen)

C7 F
"Take good care of what you've got." my father said to me.
As he puffed his pipe and Baby B. dandled on his knee.
F F7 Bb Bbm C C7 F
"Don't fool with fools who'll turn away. Keep all Good Company."
F C7 F F C7 F
Oo-oo-----, oo-oo! Oo-oo-----, oo-oo!
F F7 Bb Bbm C C7 F
Take care of those you call your own and keep Good Company

Soon I grew and happy, too, my very good friends and me.
We'd play all day and Sally J., the girl from number four.
And very soon I begged her, "Won't you keep me company?"
Oo-oo-----, oo-oo! Oo-oo-----, oo-oo!
"Come, marry me, forever more we'll be good company."

D7 Gm
Now, marriage is an institution sure.
C F D7
My wife and I, our needs and nothing more.
Gm
All my friends by a year, by and by disappeared.
Bbm C C7 F
But we're safe enough behind our door.

I flourished in my humble trade, my reputation grew.
The work devoured my waking hours but when my time was through.
Reward of all my efforts my own limited Company.

Bbm C
I hardly noticed Sally as we parted Company.
Bbm Bbm/A Bbm/Ab Bbm/G Bbm C
C7
All through the years in the end it appears there was never really
anyone but me.

Now I'm old I puff my pipe but no-one's there to see.
I ponder on the lesson of my life's insanity.
Take care of those you call your own and keep Good Company.