

## NO SURPRISE IF YOU KNOW ME WELL

Buddy Mondlock gave us a very fine performance at our April Second Saturday concert. His talent and decades of experience as a top singer-songwriter and performer were on full display. Buddy has graciously given us permission to publish one of his best-known songs, **The Kid**, which was famously recorded by Peter, Paul and Mary in 1995. Thanks to Bob Stevenson for transcribing the chords and lyrics. The song is shown in G, while Buddy actually plays it in G chord shape, capoed up five frets to C. You can put the capo wherever you like, and can probably find a comfortable place to sing it somewhere between G and C. You can see and hear Buddy perform this song at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gHK4uObryc> or on the HFMS Audio Archive page at [http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS\\_Audio\\_Archive.html](http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS_Audio_Archive.html)

### THE KID

*by Buddy Mondlock*

[Intro]

/ G --- / D --- / Em --- / C --- /  
/ G --- / D --- / C --- / D --- /

G D Em C D  
I'm the kid who\_\_ran away with the cir-cus;  
G D C D  
Now I'm watering el-e-phants.  
G D Em C D  
But I sometimes\_\_lie awake in the saw-dust  
G D C D  
Dreaming I'm in a suit of light.  
Em C  
\_Late at night in the \_empty big top, I'm  
Em C  
\_All alone on the high wire\_  
Em A7sus A7  
\_"Look, he's working\_ with-out a net this time!  
D C D  
\_He's a real death defy-er!"

I'm the kid who\_\_always looked out the win-dows,  
Failing tests in ge-og-ra-phy.  
But, I've seen things\_\_far beyond just the school yard,  
Distant shores of ex-ot-ic lands.  
\_There're the spires of the\_\_Turkish Empire!  
\_It's six months since we made\_\_land fall,  
\_Riding low with the\_\_spice of India  
Through Gibraltar; we're rich men all!

[Interlude]

/ G --- / D --- / Em --- / C --- /  
/ G --- / D --- / C --- / D --- /

I'm the kid who\_\_ thought we'd someday be lov-ers;  
Always\_ held out that time would tell.  
Time was talking\_ - \_guess I just wasn't list'ning;  
No sur-prise\_, \_if you know me well.  
\_As we're walking\_\_ toward the train station,  
\_There's a whispering rainfall.  
\_'Cross the boulevard, you slip your hand in mine;  
\_In the distance the train\_ calls.

I'm the kid who\_\_ has this habit of dream-ing;  
Sometimes gets me in\_\_ trouble, too.  
But the truth is\_, \_I could no more stop dream-ing  
**G        D                    C        G**  
Than\_\_ I could make them all\_ come true.