

WE LEARNED TO MAKE MUSIC OUR OWN

Thinking of absent friends in this time of isolation, I reached out to my old band mate Steve Goodchild, and he gave us his permission to publish this song of his – also about an absent friend. This song can be found on Steve's excellent solo CD, **Nooks and Crannies**. You can listen to it at: https://youtu.be/g5sMIL_oP-8?si=x8O6sAQayKXiyHNq

TIME, GENTLEMEN PLEASE

By Steve Goodchild

G **C** **Am**
He would scrape out a tune on that old violin
D **C** **D**
With Dainty's old six string and me joining in
G **G7** **C** **Am**
Joe's kitchen oak table with a floor of cold stone
A7 **D**
Where we learned to make the music our own.
G **C** **Am**
We were never so certain in the fullness of time
D **C** **D**
We three unsung heroes would reach out in rhyme
G **G7** **C** **Am**
To conquer the world once our seed had been sown
D **C** **G**
And we learned to make music our own.

CHORUS

G **C**
But now it's time gentlemen, please
Am **D**
Last orders taken, it seems,
G **Am**
The old rope that held you has given up the ghost
G **D** **C** **G**
So it's time gentlemen, please.

Came the time for the leaving to reach and to roam
He took to the north road and made it his own
And we neither one knew how the other had grown
Since we first made the music our own.
Be it chance or coincidence, deed or design
The pathways less wandered sometimes intertwine
With new strings to his bow and no longer alone
He was found making music his own.

CHORUS

By the side of the west road around closing time
A thief in the night without reason or rhyme
Left you breathless and beaten and broken of bone
No more to make music your own.
But I know if you'd met him you'd have to agree
No rebel more kindly or gentle than he.
And the world is a poorer place now that he's flown
Somewhere else to make music his own.

So it's time, gentlemen please
Last orders taken, it seems
The old rope that held you has given up the ghost –

CHORUS