

Phil Ochs "Rehearsals for Retirement"

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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

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