

## Peter Tork

### "TENDER IS"

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I sit at the piano almost all the time.  
I think about my life and try to make it rhyme.  
It's been such a long, long while  
Since I've been to the front.  
I did so well the last time it must have seemed a stunt.

But my chops have gotten tender,  
I don't know if I am able  
To pick the banner up again, do service and stay  
stable.

'Cause I'd rather be no one at home,  
And leave my talent on the shelf  
Than be the world to some poor girl  
Who's nobody at home herself.

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