

The Cobweb Songstress and the Old Wild Men

B A E

The old wild men of rock and roll

B A E

Grew up with folk songs, blues bands and soul.

B A E

Stop for a moment and fall to their knees,

E B A E

Swept to their past by a song on the breeze.

By a song on the breeze.....

E A E

We know who we are, we know who we are.

E A E

Basement clubs and the sound of guitars.

E A E

The beat of the drum and a shake of the head,

E B A

Down at the place where the young people met.

The Cobweb Songstress and the Old Wild Men

E

A E

The cobweb songstress is playing again,

E

A E E

With voice of an angel she sings a lament

E

B A B

Of a place by the river where the young people met.

The cobweb songstress is weaving her spell,

A song from the old days she wrote as a girl.

In a place by the river where the young people met.

We know who we are, we know who we are.

Basement clubs and the sound of guitars.

The beat of the drum and a shake of the head,

Down at the place where the young people met.

The sirens of song call the old wild men.

Turning the vinyl again and again.

WE grew up with folk songs, blues bands and soul.

Down by the rive we rocked and we rolled.

We rocked and we rolled, we rocked and we rolled.