

# The Cobweb Songstress & The Old Wild Men

Bernard Dady

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**Intro B A E x2**

**VERSE 1**

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.

**CHORUS**

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 E

Down at the place where the young people met.

**BRIDGE 1**

B A E

The cobweb songstress is playing again,

B A E

With voice of an angel she sings a lament

E B A E

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

**INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS**

**Bridge 2**

B A E

The cobweb songstress is weaving her spell,

B A E

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

E B A E

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

## CHORUS

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                    E

Down at the place where the young people met.

## VERSE 2

B                    A                    E

The sirens of song call the old wild men.

B                    A                    E

Turning the vinyl again and again.

B                    A                    E

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

E                    B                    A

Down by the river we rocked and we rolled.

A                    E

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