

A D/A G#° C#7 F#m Dm^Δ/_F

house to clean, or the dust and the dirt will just re-main un-seen

E7sus4 A^Δ/_E D6 C#7sus4 C#7

where all our chairs and ta-bles stand. And there's

Am6 C B7+ Gm6/B_b A7 G° G°

clothes to wash and dry, and food to buy from the shops. If ma-king

D/F# Dm^Δ/_F E7(b9) E°/_A A7

meals to you ap-peals, to me it ne-ver e-ver stops. And what's

D Gm6/D F#° B7+ Em7 Em7/D

more, there's work that's im-poss-i-ble now to shirk in ta-king care

C#° F#7(b9+5) Bm Gm/B_b

of all the prob-blems that we share: like my

D/A Gm6/B_b C#° F#7 Bm B7+

frail-old mo-ther dear, and the kids that we of-ten fear will ne-ver leave

D/A A11 E°/_A D instrumental fills E7/D E^bΔ/_D

the nest and give us a peace-ful rest."

D E7/D E^bΔ/D D E7/D E^bΔ/D

D E7/D E^bΔ/D D Gm/D

So I did my best as I

C#° F#7 Bm Bm7/A G^Δ D/F# F9

fol-lowed her full re-quest, e-ven though it took a while for me to learn.

E7sus4 E7 A D/A

And I made the bed; ev-ry

G#0 C#7 F#m DmΔ F E7sus4 AΔ E D6

mouth in the house was fed, and all the rooms and all our clothes were cleaned in turn.

C#7sus4 C#7 Am6 C B7+

Mo-ther soon passed on: the shock was far too much

Gm6 Bb A7 G0 G0 D/F# Dm F

for her to bear, the chil-dren moved a-way from home, they ne-ver

E7(b9) E0/A A7 D Gm6 D

e-ven told us where. But my wife, at least, finds the

F#0 B7+ Em7 Em7 D C#0 F#7(b9+5)

work in the house has ceased which gives her time to spend on some-thing more sublime.

Bm Gm6 Bb D/A Gm6 Bb

And she's found ro-mance at last with a

C#0 F#7 Bm Bb7+ D/A A11 E0/A

man in the keep-fit class, be-cause do-mes-tic chores mean I have to stay in-

D instrumental fills D EbΔ D 2.//

-doors.

2.// 2.//

D E7/D Cm9 B7(#9) //

NEW MAN

I said to my myself,
Is there anything that I could do to please her?
Should I buy bouquets of sweetly smelling carnations
To colour her long, long day?
But then I thought I would ask her:
"What can I do
That would bring to you
Some romance and excitement?
Should I take you out to dine in candle-lit cafes
With Champagne and mellow sounds,
Where there's nobody else around?
But the answer she gave was "No!"

"There are things to do
It would be very nice of you
If you took advice and lent a helping hand.
There's a house to clean,
Or the dust and the dirt will just remain unseen
Where all our chairs and tables stand.
And there's clothes to wash and dry,
And food to buy from the shops.
If making meals to you appeals
To me it never ever stops.
And what's more, there's work
That's impossible now to shirk
In taking care of all the problems we share.
Like my frail old mother dear,
And the kids that we often fear will never leave the nest
And give us a peaceful rest."

So I did my best as I followed her full request,
Even though it took a while for me to learn
And I made the bed, ev'ry mouth in the house was fed,
And all the rooms and all our clothes were cleaned in turn.
Mother soon passed on -
The shock was far too much for her to bear,
The children moved away from home,
They never even told us where.
But my wife at least,
Finds the work in the house has ceased
Which gives her time to spend on something more sublime.
And she's found romance at last
With a man in the keep-fit class.
Because domestic chores mean I have to stay indoors.