

TEACHER

WORDS & MUSIC BY IAN ANDERSON

Moderately
Tacet

mf (Play 3 times)

Well, the dawn was com - ing; heard him

ring - ing on my bell. He said, "My name's the teach - er,

oh, that is what I call my - self." And I -

Ab 4 fr. Gb Db 4 fr. Ab 4 fr.

— had a les - son that I must im - part to you. —

Gb Db 4 fr. Ab 4 fr. Gb Db 4 fr.

It's an — old ex-pres - sion but I

Ab 4 fr. Gb Ab 4 fr. Cb Db 4 fr. Tacet

must in - sist it's true. — Jump up, look a-round, - find —

Fb Db Cb Db 4 fr. Tacet Fb Db Cb

— your-self some - fun, — no sense in sit-ting there - hat - ing ev - 'ry-one. —

Db 4 fr. Tacet Fb 4 fr. Db 4 fr. Cb 4 fr. Tacet

No man's an is-land and his cas-tle is-n't home, — the nest is full of noth-ing when —

Fb Bb7 Single Notes

the bird — has flown. —

Single Notes

Ab Bb Bb Db Eb Eb Eb F Ab Ab Bb Bb Ab Bb Bb Db Eb Eb (Alto Flute)

Single Notes

Eb F Ab Ab Bb Bb Ab Bb Bb Db Eb Eb Eb F

So, I

Ab 4 fr. Gb Db 4 fr. Ab 4 fr. Gb Db 4 fr.

took a jour-ney, — threw my world in - to the sea. With me —
 teach - er told me — it had been a lot of fun. Thanked me —

Ab 4 fr. Gb Db 4 fr. Ab 4 fr. Gb Ab Cb 4 fr.

— went the teach - er who found fun in - stead of me. — }
 — for his tick - et and — all that I had done. — }

Db 4 fr. Tacet Fb 4 fr. Db 4 fr. Cb 4 fr. Db 4 fr. Tacet

Hey, man, what's the plan, — what was that you said? — Sun - tanned, drink in hand, ly -

Fb 4 fr. Db 4 fr. Cb 4 fr. Db 4 fr. Tacet Fb 4 fr. Db 4 fr. Cb 4 fr.

— ing there in bed. — I try to so - cial - ize — but I — can't seem to find —

Db 4 fr. Tacet Fb 4 fr. Bb 7 Single Notes Bb Db Eb Eb

what I was look-ing for, — got some-thing on — my mind. —

(Single Notes) Single Notes To Coda

Eb F Ab Ab Bb Bb Ab Bb Bb Db Eb Eb Eb F Ab Ab Bb Bb ⊕

Ab Bb Bb Db Eb Eb Single Notes Eb F Ab Ab Bb Bb Ab Bb Bb Db Eb Eb

(Alto Flute)

Single Notes D.S. al Coda ⊕ Coda ⊕ Repeat and fade Single Notes

Eb F Ab Bb Bb Db Eb Eb Eb F Ab Ab Bb Bb

(Alto Flute ad lib.)

Then the

Repeat and fade

TOO OLD TO ROCK 'N' ROLL, TOO YOUNG TO DIE

WORDS & MUSIC BY IAN ANDERSON

Moderato

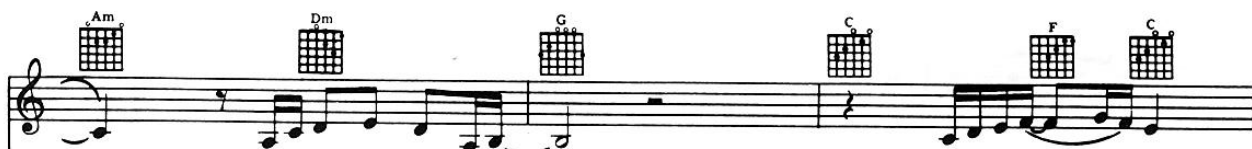


Verse



1. The old rock - er wore his
2. He once owned a Har - ley
3. 3rd Verse

hair too long,
Dav - id-son,



wore his trou-ser cuffs too tight. —
and a Tri-umph Bon-ne-ville, —

Un-fash-ion-a - ble
count-ed his friends — in



G C B \flat Am Dm

to the end. _____
 burnt out spark _____ plugs, _____ and prays that he al - ways will.

Drank his ale too light,
 he al - ways will.

G G C G

death's head belt - buck-le.
 But he's the last of the blue - blood

P G F Em Am

Yes - ter-day's dreams _____ the trans - port caf' pro-phet of doom. _____
 greas - er boys, _____ and all his mates are do-ing time. _____

TOO OLD TO ROCK 'N' ROLL,

Chords: D, G, C, G, D, G, F

Ring-ing no change_ in his dou-ble sewn seams,_ in his
Mar-ried with three_ kids up by the ring_ road,

Chords: Em, Am, D, Eb, F, Chorus Bb, C, C7

post_ war ba_ by gloom_ Now he's Too_ Old,_ oh,
sold their souls_ straight down the line.

Chords: F, Bb, F, Eb, A

oh, _ To Rock N' Roll, oh, oh, { but he's } Too_ Young To
{ and he was }

Chords: Dm, Eb, F, Bb, C, C7, F, Bb, F

Die._ { Yes he's } Too_ Old, oh, oh, _ To Rock N' Roll, oh,
He was }

To Coda

oh, { but he's } Too Young To Die.

and he was

And some of them own lit - tle sports cars,

and meet at the ten - nis club do's for drinks on a Sun - day,

work on a Mon - day. They've thrown a-way their blue - suede

shoes. Now they're Too _____ Old, oh, oh, _____ To Rock N' Roll, oh,

oh, and they're Too_ Young To Die. _____ Yes they're Too _____ Old, oh,

oh, _____ To Rock N' Roll, oh, oh, and they're Too_ Young_ To

Die.

Chord progression: Fm, Ddim, Eb, Db, F

D.S. (Chorus) al Coda

3. *p* And he was

Coda Die. Now you're

Double Time Rock Tempo

a' nev - er too old, oh, oh, for rock n' roll,

oh, oh, if you're too young to die.

And though you're — — but he was

too young — — to die. — —

molto ritard

a tempo

3rd VERSE

So the old rocker gets out his bike,
 to make a ton before he takes his leave
 upon the al by Scotch Corner just like it used to be.
 And as he flies, tears in his eyes,
 his wind-whipped words echo the final take,
 as he hits the trunk road doing around one-hundred twenty
 with no room left to brake. (Chorus)
 And he was Too Old To Rock N' Roll,
 and he was Too Young To Die.
 Yes he was Too Old To Rock N' Roll,
 but he was Too Young To Die.