

# I WISH I WAS EIGHTEEN AGAIN

At a bar down in Dal-las, an old man chimed  
nev-er a-gain turn the young la-dies'

in, and I thought he was out of his head;  
heads or go run-ning off in to the wind;

just be-ing a young man I just laughed it  
I'm three quar-ters home from the start to the

off when I heard what that old man had said  
end, and I wish I was eight-ten a-gain."

1. G A<sup>7</sup> G 2. G A<sup>7</sup> G<sub>3</sub> C A<sup>7</sup>  
He said, "I'll Oh, I wish I was eight-ten a

gain, and go-ing where I've nev-er

been. But old folks and old oaks stand-ing  
To Coda ♪

tall just pre-tend; I wish I was eight-ten  
D.S. al Coda ♪

gain. Coda ♪ C A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Now,

G<sup>7</sup> gain. C A<sup>7</sup> Lord, I wish I was  
eight-ten a-gain. D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C