

Anymore

Harry Stamper

IV-8

I can't sing about the torment of a <u>love</u> that's left behind	C F
When our <u>leaders</u> can't agree on a <u>future</u> for mankind.	G F C
I can't praise those good old prison days, there's <u>too</u> much to fight for,	F
Just gets <u>hard</u> to sing those <u>songs</u> anymore.	C G C

I grew up with Hank Williams and the <u>music</u> of my dad,	C F
Singing <u>songs</u> about the outlaws and the <u>heroes</u> good and <u>bad</u> .	G F C
When the lessons of the past have become <u>something</u> to ignore,	F
Just gets <u>hard</u> to sing those <u>songs</u> anymore.	C G C

Chorus:

I know <u>there's</u> a time to run, I know <u>there's</u> a time to hide,	F C
I know <u>there's</u> a time when we should all let <u>cooler</u> heads <u>decide</u> .	G F C
There's a time to hold on and a <u>time</u> to let go,	F
And a <u>time</u> to just stand <u>up</u> and tell them, " <u>No!</u> "	C G C
<u>No</u> more Nicaraguas, <u>no</u> more Vietnams,	F C
<u>No</u> more rolling over, no more <u>sitting</u> on your <u>hands</u> .	G F C
When you're standing in the shadow of your <u>last</u> and final war,	F
Just gets <u>hard</u> to sing those <u>songs</u> anymore.	C G C

I can't sing about the railroads, or <u>about</u> the good old days,	C F
When there's <u>people</u> who can end our world in <u>50</u> thousand <u>ways</u> ,	G F C
And we pay for prosperity with the <u>slaughter</u> of the poor,	F
Just gets <u>hard</u> to sing those <u>songs</u> anymore.	C G C

I'd love to be the singer that makes <u>everybody</u> dance,	C F
And I'd <u>like</u> to see my children grow up <u>if</u> they have the <u>chance</u> ,	G F C
But the lessons of the past appear to be <u>just</u> so much folklore	F
Just gets <u>hard</u> to sing those <u>songs</u> anymore.	C G C

Chorus