



CHORUS: *[in F]*

F C C/9  
He's a Battered Old Bird and he's a-livin' up there, whoa-oh.  
F C C/9  
He's a Battered Old Bird and he's a-livin' up there, whoa-oh.  
G C G  
There's a place where time stands still  
G7 C C/9  
If you keep takin' those little pink pills, whoa-oh-oh-oh.

Am  
And on the second floor is the Macintosh Man.  
G C  
He's in his overcoats more than out of them.  
Am  
And the typewriter's rattlin' all through the night.  
G C  
He's burgundy for breakfast tight.  
F *[n.c.]*  
He says "One day I'll throw away all of my cares.  
C G C  
And it is always Christmas in a cupboard at the top of the stairs."

CHORUS IN F:

D D/9 D D/9  
"Well, here's a boy if ever there was who's going to do big things.  
G D D/9  
That's what they all say and that's how the trouble begins.  
D D/9 D D/9  
I've seen them rise and fall been through their big deals and smalls.  
G A D D/9  
He'd better have a dream that goes beyond four walls."  
Bm A D  
You think he should be sent outside playing with the traffic.  
G  
When pieces of him are already scattered in the attic.

CHORUS IN G:

CHORUS IN F: