

Hop High, Aspiration

Aspiration tries to play C C C C
A bit of old-time every day. C C G G
A banjo here, a guitar there; C C C C
Collective noises in the air. F F G C

We sometimes do our thing at noon, C C C C
Or late at night beneath the moon. C C G G
We'll play before a willing group, C C C C
Even just at turkey troop. F F G C

chorus: So hop high Aspiration now. C C C C
We'll get through this show somehow. C C G G
Don't sound the tunes with faces grim; C C C C
Just play the way we practiced them. F F G C

Each of us has much to learn, C C C C
But that won't keep us from our turn. C C G G
Guitar and voice are not so loud, C C C C
But banjos ring throughout the crowd. F F G C

If you recognize a song, C C C C
Jump right in and sing along. C C G G
Raise your voices; don't be shy. C C C C
Help send our music to the sky. F F G C

<chorus>

We're waiting for that fateful call C C C C
To sing and play at Carnegie Hall. C C G G
Until then our steadfast crew C C C C
Will strut our stuff in front of you. F F G C