

Late Learner's Progress

Ron Greene

4/4

chorus: Since my retirement F F
From a first life well spent C C
I want to sing; make music ring G G
And generally do my thing. F C

A working life in physics C C
Kept my mind alive F F
But i was drawn by music C C
When i reached fifty-five. C G
Had been a member of C C
New Orleans' bagpipe crew, F F
But to sing a song and play along G G
Highland pipes won't do. F C

<chorus>

To fill my late life dream
I chose to learn guitar
It's small enough to carry
And that should take me far.
Of notes the pipes have nine, while
Guitars have ten times more;
But i got a book and i had a look,
And soon had fingers sore.

<chorus>

Learning late is tough –
Brain and fingers slow.
But as i gained more chords,
My repertoire did grow.
With alternating base
I steadily boom-chucked.
I used my thumb and a fingernail strum
And only halfway sucked.

<chorus>

To mask my slow advance
I bought and sold guitars
Some so gorgeous looking
They took me to the stars.
But as my playing grew
Great tone i sought to get –
My heart pounds with wonderful sounds –
I'm gonna learn this yet.

<chorus>

More than six months work
To play the full F chord.
C to F and back --
Enough to make me bored.
Scarcely worth the effort since
Arthritis gives me pain
But to play a barre on my guitar --
What a status gain.

<chorus>

Folk, or folk-inspired
Is what i like to play.
Dylan, Lightfoot, Fogerty,
I visit every day.
For me and me alone
I play so smooth and proud;
But it's hard to take when i start to shake
Before a music crowd.

<chorus>

I've now two dozen chords
Some even up the neck.
Suspensions quite appeal to me
Add chords – what the heck.
I'm doing finger patterns with
My alternating beat;
To sing a song and play along
For me, that's quite a treat

<chorus>