**WE LEARNED TO MAKE MUSIC OUR OWN**

Thinking of absent friends in this time of isolation, I reached out to my old band mate Steve Goodchild, and he gave us his permission to publish this song of his – also about an absent friend. This song was recorded by ***Across the Water***, but also more recently by Steve on his excellent solo CD, ***Nooks and Crannies.*** You can hear Steve’s rendition on the HFMS Audio Archive page at <http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS_Audio_Archive.html>.

**TIME, GENTLEMEN PLEASE**

 *By Steve Goodchild*

**G C Am**

He would scrape out a tune on that old violin

 **D C D**

With Dainty’s old six string and me joining in

 **G G7 C Am**

Joe’s kitchen oak table with a floor of cold stone

 **A7 D**

Where we learned to make the music our own.

 **G C Am**

We were never so certain in the fullness of time

 **D C D**

We three unsung heroes would reach out in rhyme

 **G G7 C Am**

To conquer the world once our seed had been sown

 **D C G**

And we learned to make music our own.

**CHORUS**

**G C**

But now it’s time gentlemen, please

**Am D**

Last orders taken, it seems,

 **G Am**

The old rope that held you has given up the ghost

 **G D C G**

So it’s time gentlemen, please.

Came the time for the leaving to reach and to roam

He took to the north road and made it his own

And we neither one knew how the other had grown

Since we first made the music our own.

Be it chance or coincidence, deed or design

The pathways less wandered sometimes intertwine

With new strings to his bow and no longer alone

He was found making music his own.

**CHORUS**

By the side of the west road around closing time

A thief in the night without reason or rhyme

Left you breathless and beaten and broken of bone

No more to make music your own.

But I know if you’d met him you’d have to agree

No rebel more kindly or gentle than he.

And the world is a poorer place now that he’s flown

Somewhere else to make music his own.

So it’s time, gentlemen please

Last orders taken, it seems

The old rope that held you has given up the ghost –

**CHORUS**