

MEAN OLD MAN

Words and Music by
JAMES TAYLOR

Rubato
N.C.

G11

On my

mp

Easy swing ♩ = 120 (♩ = $\frac{3}{4}$)

Cmaj7 G11 Cmaj7 G11 Cmaj7 Bm11 E13

own, how could I have known? Im - ag - ine my sur - prise. -

Amaj7 Ebmaj7 Bb11 Ebmaj7 Bb11

Just a fool from a tree full of fools, -

Ebmaj7 Dm11 G13 Cmaj7 Bm11 E13

who can't be - lieve his eyes, — im - ag - ine my sur - prise. —

Verses 1 & 3:
G13(b5) F#7(b9) Bm7 E7

1. I was a mean old man, — I was an or - ner - y cuss. — I was a
3. *Inst. solo ad lib.*

C#m7 A7 Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm7 G#m7(b5) C#7

Dis - mal Dan, — I made an aw - ful fuss. — Ev - er since my life be - gan, — man, it was

F#m7 Dmaj7 Gmaj7 B7(#5) Dmaj7/E G#7(#5)

ev - er thus. — I was a nas - ty tyke — who was hard — to like. — 2. I had to

§ Verses 2, 4, & 5:

G13(b5)



F#7(b9)



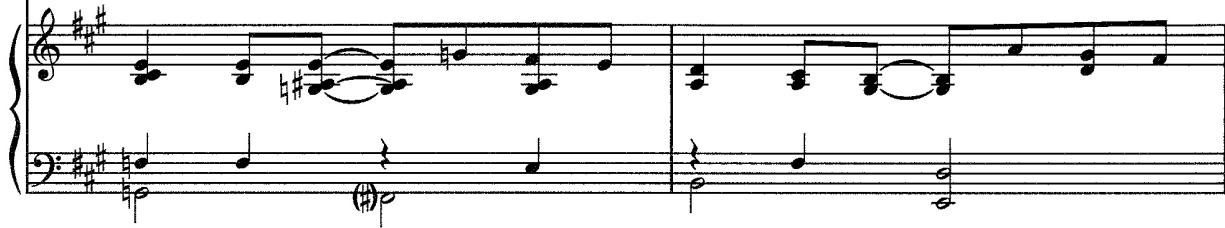
Bm7



E7



mis - be - have, — I did things in re - verse. — Re - fused to
4. *Inst. solo continues*
5. sec - ond chance, — who gets to have some fun? — Who gets to



C#m7



A7



Dmaj7



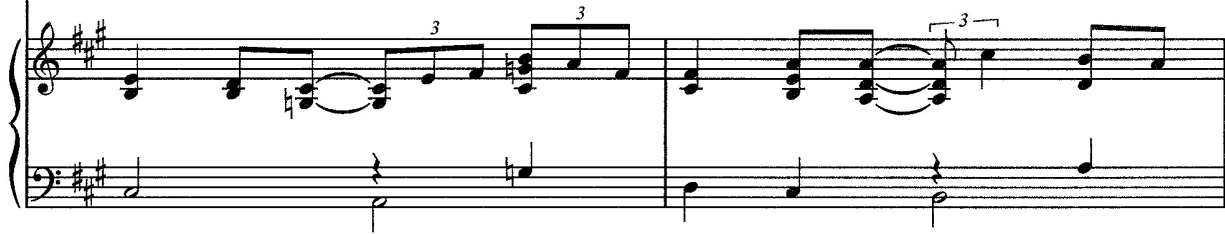
C#m7



Bm7



wash or shave, — I was hor - rid to my nurse. — I got back
learn to dance — be - fore his race is run? — Who gets to



G#m7(b5)



C#7



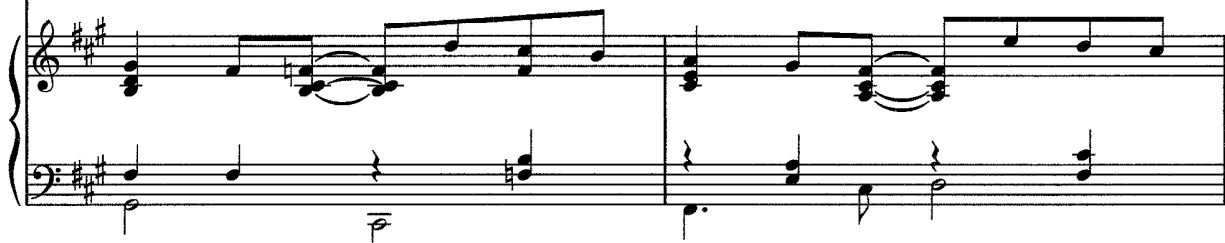
F#m7



Dmaj7



what I gave, — which on - ly made things worse. — I had to
shed his skin, — who comes up born a - gain. — Who was a



Gmaj7

B7(#5)

Dmaj7/E

G#7(#5)

To Coda

have my way — which was bleak — and gray. — Oh, dear... —
 mean old man — till you turned — ...end solo) Sil - ly me... —

Cmaj9

G11

Cmaj9

G11

Cmaj9

E7sus

E13

— liv - ing — in here, one hun - dred years of
 — sil - ly — old me, some-where out - side my

Amaj9

A6

Ebmaj9

Bb11

Ebmaj9

Bb11

rain. Such a drag... this rich - es to rags —
 mind. Clev-er you... walk - ing me through,

