

NO USE FOR HIM-Eric Bogle

My [G]father was a [Em]big strong man, he [D]worked hard all his [G]life
 He was always in the [Em]whisky glass and [D]never out of [D7]strife
 A [C]proud and stiff-necked [Am]man he was, hed [G]never bowed nor [Em]bent

He [C]called no man his master, and [G]very few his [D]friend
 But they [C]broke him [G]in the [D]end, when [D7]they'd no [G]use for him

Chorus

They [G]took away his [Em]job when they'd no [D]use for him any [G]more
 After nearly [Em]thirty years they [D]kicked him out the [D7]door
 But they [C]let him keep his [Am]railway jacket, [G]overcoat, and [Em]cap
 And a [C]pension of nine bob a week, he was [G]lucky to get [D]that
 But they [C]nearly [G]broke his [D]heart, when [D7]they'd no [G]use for him

I [G]spent much of my [Em]childhood time up [D]in the signal [G]box
 High in my father's [Em]castle, twenty [D]feet above the [D7]tracks
 [C]crash would go the [Am]signals as he [G]flipped them with his [Em]hand
 And the [C]mighty cars of steam and steel would [G]stop at his com[D]mand
 [C]Oh, but [G]it was [D]grand, when [D7]they had a [G]use for him

Chorus

When you're [G]fifty-five years [Em]old and you're [D]looking for some [G]work
 Nobody wants to [Em]know your face, no-[D]one gives you a [D7]start
 So I [C]watched him growing [Am]older and more [G]bitter every [Em]day
 As [C] his pride and self-respect, were [G]slowly drain a[D]way
 There was [C]nothing [G]I could [D]say - they [D7]had no [G]use for him