

This Shirt

Mary Chapin Carpenter / Key: E (capo 4 , play C)

This shirt is old and faded all the color's washed away, C Csus C G/b
I've had it now for more damn years than I could count anyway,
I wear it beneath my jacket with the collar turned up high, Am G F G
So old I should replace it but I'm not about to try Am G F G C

This shirt's got silver buttons and a place upon the sleeve
Where I used to set my heart up right there where anyone could see
This shirt is the one I wore to every boring high school dance
Where the boys ignored the girls and we all pretended to like the band

This shirt was a pillow for my head on a train through Italy, Em F C G
This shirt was a blanket beneath the love we made in Argeles,
This shirt was lost for three whole days in a town near Buffalo,
Till I found the locker key in a downtown trailways bus depot Am->G->C

This shirt is the one I lent you, and when you gave it back,
It had a rip inside the sleeve where you rolled your cigarettes,
It was the place I put my heart now look at where you put a tear,
I forgave your thoughtlessness but not the boy who put it there

This shirt was the place your cat decided to give birth to five,
And we stayed up all night watching and we wept when the last one died,
This shirt is just an old faded piece of cotton,
Shining like the memories inside those silver buttons

This shirt is a grand old relic with a grand old history,
I wear it now for Sunday chores cleaning house and raking leaves,
I wear it beneath my jacket with the collar turned up high,
So old I should replace it but I'm not about to try