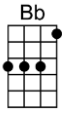
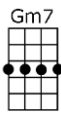
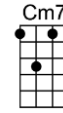
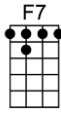




I WISH I WAS EIGHTEEN AGAIN_(BAR)

3/4 123 12 (without intro) -Sonny Throckmorton

Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |

At a bar down in Dallas, an old man chimed in, and they thought he was out of his head

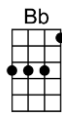
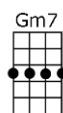
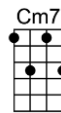
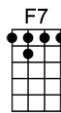
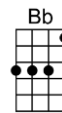
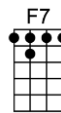
And, all being young men, they just laughed it off, when they heard what this old man said

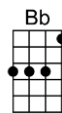
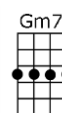
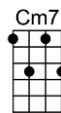
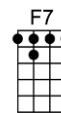
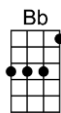
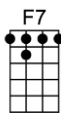
He said, "I'll never a-gain turn the young ladies' heads, or go running off into the wind

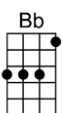
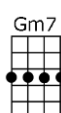
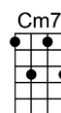
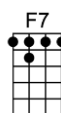
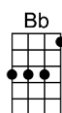
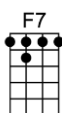
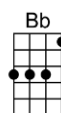
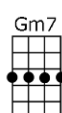
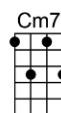
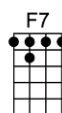
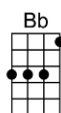
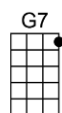
I'm three quarters home, from the start to the end, and I wish I was eighteen a-gain."

Oh, I wish I was eighteen a-gain, and going where I've never been

Now, old folks and old oaks, standing tall, just pre-tend, I wish I was eighteen a-gain

Interlude:            

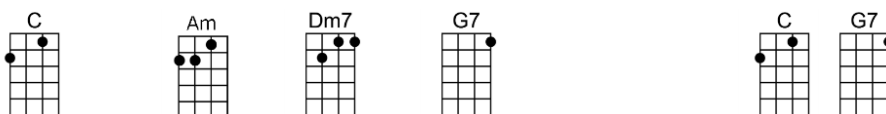
p.2. I Wish I Was Eighteen Again



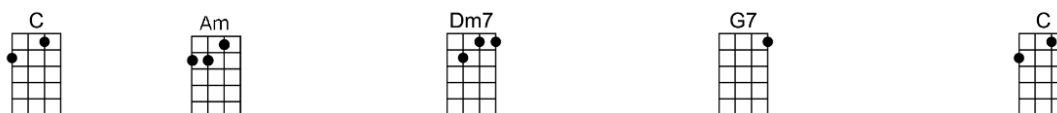
Time turns the pages, and life goes so fast, the years turn the dark hair all gray



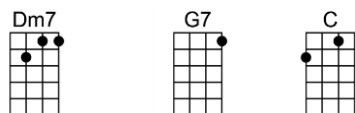
I talk to some young folks, but they don't understand the words this old man's got to say



Oh, I wish I was eighteen a-gain, and going where I've never been



Now, old folks and old oaks, standing tall, just pretend, I wish I was eighteen a-gain



Oh, I wish I was eighteen a-gain.

I WISH I WAS EIGHTEEN AGAIN

3/4 123 12 (without intro) -Sonny Throckmorton

Intro: | Bb | Gm7 | Cm7 | / | F7 | / | Bb | F7 |

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7
At a bar down in Dallas, an old man chimed in, and they thought he was out of his head

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7
And, all being young men, they just laughed it off, when they heard what this old man said

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7
He said, "I'll never a-gain turn the young ladies' heads, or go running off into the wind

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7
I'm three quarters home, from the start to the end, and I wish I was eighteen a-gain."

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7
Oh, I wish I was eighteen a-gain, and going where I've never been

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7
Now, old folks and old oaks, standing tall, just pre-tend, I wish I was eighteen a-gain

Interlude: Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7 Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb G7

C Am Dm7 G7 C G7
Time turns the pages, and life goes so fast, the years turn the dark hair all gray

C Am Dm7 G7 C G7
I talk to some young folks, but they don't understand the words this old man's got to say

C Am Dm7 G7 C G7
Oh, I wish I was eighteen a-gain, and going where I've never been

C Am Dm7 G7 C
Now, old folks and old oaks, standing tall, just pretend, I wish I was eighteen a-gain

Dm7 G7 C
Oh, I wish I was eighteen a-gain.