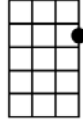


SING F#



Leader of the Band (BAR)-Dan Fogelberg

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | | | | || | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | |

An only child, a-lone and wild, a cabinet maker's son

| | | | |

His hands were meant for different work and his heart was known to none.

| | | | |

He left his home and went his lone and solitary way

| | | | | | | | | | |

And he gave to me a gift I know I never can re-pay

| | | | |

A quiet man of music, de-nied a simpler fate

| | | | |

He tried to be a soldier once, but his music wouldn't wait

| | | | |

He earned his love through discipline, a thundering velvet hand

| | | | |

His gentle means of sculpting souls took me years to under-stand

Chorus:

| | | |

The leader of the band is tired, and his eyes are growing old

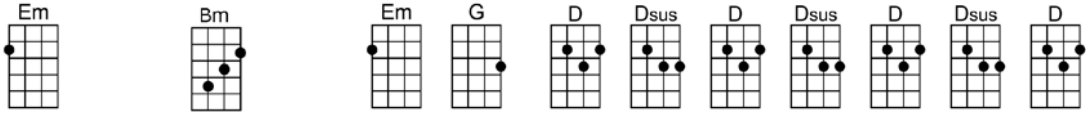
| | | | |

But his blood runs through my instrument, and his song is in my soul

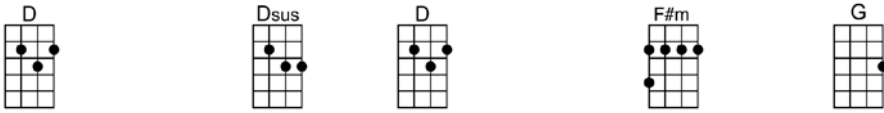
| | | |

My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man

p.2. Leader of the Band



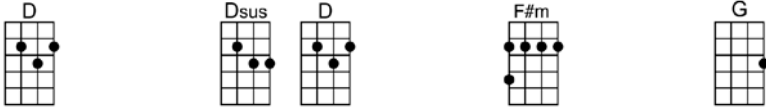
I'm just a living legacy to the leader of the band



My brothers' lives were different, for they heard another call



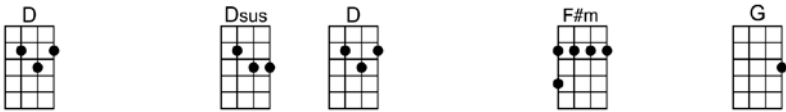
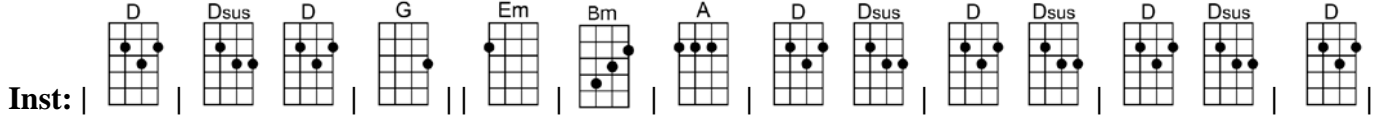
One went to Chi-cago, and the other to St. Paul



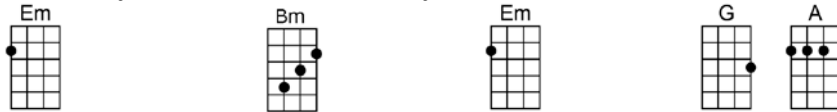
And I'm in Colo-rado, when I'm not in some ho-tel



Living out this life I've chose, and come to know so well



I thank you for the music and your stories of the road



I thank you for the freedom when it came my time to go

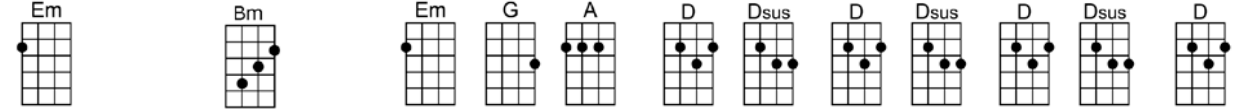


I thank you for the kindness and the times when you got tough

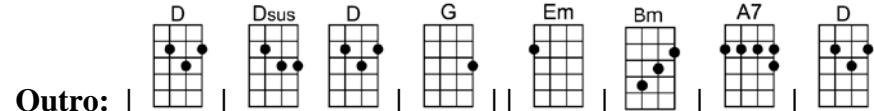


And papa, I don't think I said "I love you" near e-nough.

Chorus followed by ending:



I am the living legacy to the leader of the band



Leader of the Band-Dan Fogelberg

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | D | Dsus D | G | | Em | Bm | A | D Dsus | D Dsus | D Dsus | D |

D Dsus D F#m G
An only child, a-lone and wild, a cabinet maker's son
Em Bm Em G A

His hands were meant for different work and his heart was known to none.

D Dsus D F#m G
He left his home and went his lone and solitary way
Em Bm Em A7 D Dsus D Dsus D Dsus D

And he gave to me a gift I know I never can re-pay

D Dsus D F#m G
A quiet man of music, de-nied a simpler fate
Em Bm Em G A

He tried to be a soldier once, but his music wouldn't wait

D Dsus D F#m G
He earned his love through discipline, a thundering velvet hand
Em Bm Em A7 D

His gentle means of sculpting souls took me years to under-stand

Chorus:

G F#m G D
The leader of the band is tired, and his eyes are growing old
Em Bm Em C A

But his blood runs through my instrument, and his song is in my soul

G F#m G D
My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man
Em Bm Em G D Dsus D Dsus D Dsus D

I'm just a living legacy to the leader of the band

D Dsus D F#m G
My brothers' lives were different, for they heard another call
Em Bm Em G A

One went to Chi-cago, and the other to St. Paul

D Dsus D F#m G
And I'm in Colo-rado, when I'm not in some ho-tel
Em Bm Em A7 D Dsus D

Living out this life I've chose, and come to know so well

Inst: | D | Dsus D | G | | Em | Bm | A | D Dsus | D Dsus | D Dsus | D |

D Dsus D F#m G
I thank you for the music and your stories of the road
Em Bm Em G A

I thank you for the freedom when it came my time to go

D Dsus D F#m G
I thank you for the kindness and the times when you got tough
Em Bm Em A7 D

And papa, I don't think I said "I love you" near e-nough.

Chorus followed by ending:

Em Bm Em G A D Dsus D Dsus D Dsus D
I am the living legacy to the leader of the band

Outro: | D | Dsus D | G | | Em | Bm | A7 | D