

When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease

Roy Harper

When the day is done, and the ball has spun

C Fmaj7

In the umpire's pocket away,

C Dm

And all remains, in the groundsman's pains,

C Fmaj7

For the rest of time and a day.

C G

There'll be one mad dog and his master, pushing for 4
with the spin.

C Em C Dm

On a dusty pitch, with two pounds six, of willowwood in
the sun.

C Fmaj7 C G

When an old cricketer leaves the crease, you never know
whether he's gone,

C Fmaj7 C Dm

If maybe you're catching a fleeting glimpse, of a
twelfth man at silly mid-on.

C Fmaj7 C G

And it could be Geoff, and it could be John,

C Fmaj7

With a new ball sting in his tail.

C Dm

And it could be me, and it could be thee,

C Fmaj7

And it could be the sting in the ale.....sting in
the ale.

C G Fmaj7

Solo on verse

Verse 2 (chords as above - sorry don't have the words
to hand)

Chorus (as above)