

Anyone Who Hears (Richard and Maureen Hall)

G F# Em G
Under an old street light, on a dark dark night, he played his final song
C Am D
Two crumpled Dollars in his jar.
G F# Em G
The tourists are in bed, so he retreats into his head, just like that he's gone.
D D G
Fame and fortune, they're not so far.

Movie Screens and adolescent dreams, hang heavy in the air. So far away and so near.
It's a fine line, it's just a matter of time, before he goes somewhere, For now he'll play for
anyone who hears.

(chorus)

C D G Em C D G Em
He'll play for tips and he'll play for a beer, he'll play for a smile and he'll play for a tear.
C D G Em C D G Em
In his head, and audience cheers, While visions of glory they pass with the years.
C D G
He'll play for anyone who hears.

Fifty years ago and 16 year old and a use guitar. A tragic love affair from the start
He knows before long, he's going to write that song, and it's going to make him a star
Lately it's getting real hard.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Bm Em Bm C D
He's never been much at business. He's never wanted nothing but to play his songs
Bm Em C Am D
He's gone too far to ever give up. It can't be long, no it can't be long.

(chorus)

One night on the road, got a little bit to cold, a tired heart beats no more
Thanks song was playing in his ears.
The body so old, lay folded on the road, and a star it born.
He's playing for anyone who hears.

(chorus)