**Lonesome Ally**

**By John T. Wurzer – Capo 3 Play C – 140 BPM**

**C-F-Dm-G7-C-C-F-Dm-G7-F-G-C**

**Black or White Left or Right**

**I don’t know where I belong**

**Too many beers, and too many years, and I’m still sitting here singing this song.**

**Up and down and battered around**

**And feeling twice deranged**

**Caught in a trance like a victim of chance, I swear I’ve never felt so strange.**

**G-G7-C /G-G7-C /C-F-Dm-G7-F-G-C**

**I turn on the news and get somebody’s views**

**Instead of what’s really going on**

**I’d like to relax but when I finally get facts, I’m pretty sure what they’re saying is wrong**

**Back and forth, no reliable source**

**It doesn’t matter anyway**

**You can come as you are, let’s meet at the bar and talk about yesterday**

**Refrain: G-G7-C(2x)-F-G6-F-G6-Dm-G-G7-C**

**I was young and wild, I was liberty’s child, and my life was an empty slate**

**I was bold and free, it was just like me, to protest and agitate**

**But time stepped in like some original sin, and now they’re screaming that I’m supposed to be**

**An ally to this group, and an ally to that group, I sit on my front stoop, in this cultural pea soup**

**Wondering if anyone will ever be an ally to me.**

**I’d tell you, “Good Morning!” but I just saw a warning that I might not know the pronouns to use**

**And if I offend you, I’ll have to pretend you have a right to feel outraged and abused**

**I walk with my head down, through cities and small towns quietly against my will**

**Caught in a trance like a victim of chance and obviously over the hill.**

**I’m media social, I make it a focal point to post, chat, and tweet**

**But I get lost of the swamp of your needs and your wants and the things that make you feel complete**

**It’s breaking my heart that we’re so far apart, and I’m sorry I can’t find your place**

**Maybe it would be fine, instead of meeting on line, we could talk about this face to face**

**Refrain**

**The circus is growing, the carrot is crowing, and the vegetables have all lost their pants**

**I’d ask you to love me but you’re so far above me, I’m not worthy to ask you to dance**

**How did this happen, my foot is still tapping but the music doesn’t make any sense**

**It’s not in the cards, we live in two separate yards, and I’m too old to hop over your fence**

**Excuse my defiance but I thought an alliance was defined as a two-way street**

**I’d like to reach out, but without any doubt, you somehow see me as incomplete**

**Although I’m nursing home age, and turning a page, I’ve got no urge to be alone**

**I want to be your friend, but you scream, “Make amends! Acknowledge, apologize and atone.”**

**Refrain**