

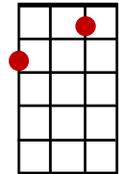
# Get Up and Go

Pete Seeger



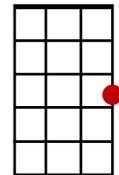
**CHORUS:** (F) How do I know if my (C) youth is all spent?  
My (G7) get up and go, has (C) got up and went.  
But in (F) spite of it all, I'm (C) able to grin  
And (G7) think of the places my get up has (C) been.

F

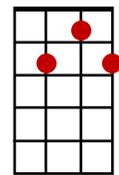


(C) Old age is golden, so (G7) I've heard said,  
but sometimes I wonder as I (C) crawl into bed.  
With my (F) ears in a drawer, my (C) teeth in a cup,  
my (D7) eyes on the table until I wake (G) up.  
As (C) sleep dims my vision, I (G) say to my-self:  
Is there anything else I should (C) lay on the shelf?  
But though (F) Covid is raging and (C) business is vexed,  
I'll (G7) stick around to see what happens (C) next.

C



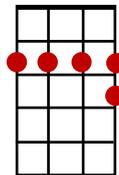
G7



**CHORUS:**

(C) When I was young, my (G7) slippers were red,  
I could kick up my heels right (C) over my head.  
(F) When I was older, my (C) slippers were blue,  
but (D7) still I could dance the whole night (G7) through.  
(C) Now I am older, my (G7) slippers are black,  
I huff to the store and I (C) puff my way back.  
But (F) never you laugh, I (C) don't mind at all,  
I'd (G7) rather be huffing than not puff at (C) all!

D7



**CHORUS:**

(C) I get up each morning and (G7) dust off my wits,  
Open the paper and (C) read the o-bits,  
(F) If I'm not there, I (C) know I'm not dead,  
So I (G7) eat a big breakfast and go back to (C) bed!

**CHORUS.....repeat last line**

**Yes I (G7) think of the places (slowing) my get up has (C) been.**