

The Old Post Office

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

C C/B C/A F G7
The old post office stands so tall and proud
C C/B C/A F - G7
She's lost some of her youth along the way
Am Dm F#dim
Many many lives have walked upon her floor
C G7 Fm G7
On the shores of Union Bay

And the old man of the sea comes to visit her each night
Arriving in a salty ocean spray
He's come since time began and he'll come forever more
To the shores of Union Bay

Am Dm Am Dm
Now the old post office is my families pride and joy
Am Dm Am
Connecting generations on the way
G7 C Am
She welcomes and embraces us as we walk into her doors
Bm E7 Am - G7
On the shores of Union Bay

My mother takes me down the little streets around
The stories come alive along the way
And the old Post Office is where she used to play
On the shores of Union Bay

The old post office stands so tall and proud
She's lost some of her youth along the way
Many many lives have walked upon her floor
On the shores of Union Bay