

Remembering My Old Nanaimo Days

Grant Simpson

CMaj FMaj CMaj FMaj

1a

CMaj FMaj CMaj FMaj

5a

CMaj FMaj CMaj FMaj

F G7 C E7 Am Am/G

F Fm C C7

F G7 C E7 Am Am/G

21b

F G7 C Gm7 C7

F G7 C E7 Am Am/G

F G7 CMaj FMaj

35a

CMaj FMaj

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Words and music by Grant Simpson

Apple trees and cherry trees
off a little lane
The fence is barely standin'
The gate fell off again
The grass is getting long and
There's laundry on the line
The basement door is open
The room through there is mine

We can walk down ol Fitzwilliam Street to the Bastion in the town
You can see New Castle Island through the haze
Walk along the Millstream up Machleary Street again
Remembering those old Nanaimo days

What ever happened
To the gang at Chez Michelle
Ol' Spiro and the stories
He would tell
Yamas with Metaxa
Tell me about your home
The Glory that was Greece
The Grandeur that was Rome

Where we walked along Commercial Street to all our favorite haunts
Stumbling in an alcoholic daze
Well the kid that played piano isn't drinking anymore
He's remembering his old Nanaimo days

Let's go to the Westwood
And have a look inside
It never was the same for me
After Foxy died
And all those crazy parties
While he entertained us all
Seems foolish now – but then we had a ball

Sometimes I sit and sip espresso in my house
And if I'm in a reminiscing phase
I raise my mug to Foxy and I give a toast to Dad
Remembering my old Nanaimo days