

Jimmie Page at 82

© Saturday, September 19, 2026; MinusZero Productions

Revision 7; 9/21/26

Standard tuning: E A D G B E- capo ? - about 130 bpm electric / about xxx bpm acoustic

D solo on GBE – open G/ 2nd fret of G / 3rd/2nd on B / 3rd on E / etc

Maybe alternating A to G a few times and then D

open AAA, B Major A, B Major x5 A

A BMajor A
I no longer take every step
BMajor A
letting the music speak for me.
A BMajor A
There are others whose presence allows it,
BMajor A
whose order rearranges the air.
A BMajor A
When the house is still and and quiet
BMajor A slide 15th fret/14th fret on D,G,B strings
and the day gone soft at the edge.
A BMajor A
Those whose faces arise,
BMajor A
I loved with a force of surprise.

Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
I still carry the shapes of those years the way a river carries a memory gone by.
Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
Of every stone over which it has flowed toward the end, kept in some permanent way.
Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 Esus24
While the current has changed more than once with the seasons, the memories of the stones remain.

A BMajor A
 Different from the beginning,
 BMajor A
 a pure elemental force.
 A BMajor A
 Announced itself in a way that shifted
 BMajor A 12th/14th
 the air inside of the room..
 A BMajor A
 Though for different paths taken,
 BMajor A
 the bond is not diminished by time
 A BMajor A A A A
 A climate to inhabit, the weather of our lives,
 A A BMajor A 12th/14th
 if we never share a stage again.

Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 The quiet privilege of these later years exposes ghosts of earlier times.
 Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 Creative fire, I watch it burn, reminds inspiration doesn't expire.
 Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 Looking for truth underneath, in unguarded moments, the currency that matters is time.

A BMajor A
 We moved together through chaos,
 BMajor A
 with a grace allowed a home to be made.
 A BMajor A A A
 A stillness that balanced the restlessness,
 BMajor A BMajor A
 in the middle of the fray, in the middle of the fray.
 A BMajor A
 That house that felt like sanctu ar y
 BMajor BMajor A
 With a particular quality of end ing.
 A BMajor A
 That may carry its own quiet grief.
 A BMajor A
 Yet the love never turned bitter or small

Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 With likely surprise, conversation continues, I'm thankful that I still remain.
 Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 Esus2sus4
 In private theater of memory, the love it stayed stubborn, moving through the rooms of my mind.
 Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 I created a pocket of waiting and wanting, just beyond the next turn.
 Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 Esus2sus4
 Something good beyond the noise, I refuse to let you all melt a way.

A BMajor A
 Sometimes late into the night
 BMajor A
 the house completely empty and still,
 A BMajor A
 the absence a defining shape of my life.
 BMajor A
 I've learned to carry rather than fill.
 A BMajor A
 Silence with its own particular gravity, yeah.
 BMajor A
 I've learned to carry rather than fill.

Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 If the stories grew in the telling until the stories barely resembled the truth.
 Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 The only audience left is memory itself, and a fleeting memory of youth.
 Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A Asus4 Esus2sus4
 I carry them with me in sharp gentle focus, in the end that has to be enough.

Dsus4 D A Asus4 A
 When the light is low and there's nothing left to hide . . . don't look back..
 G D A Asus4 A
 When the stages go dark and the crowds disappear and fade . . . fade to black.
 G D A Asus4 A
 I loved the quiet moments between the thunder and control,
 G D A Asus4 A
 in equal measure pure defiance and frustration sometimes chasing ghosts
 Cadd9 D A
 But I find that I'm still listening for the next note . . . yeah
 Cadd9 D A
 I find I'm still longing for the next note.

Cadd9 D Cadd9 D
 I have a weakness for . . . I still hunger for a little bit more
 Cadd9 D A
 my desire . . . my obsession . . . I crave

C G D
 When the stages go dark and the crowds disappear and fade . . .
 Cadd9 D A
 I find I'm still listening for the next note.