

Nobody Loves A Fairy When She's Forty

Words and Music by

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Not too fast

f *mf*

C G7 Ab7 G7 C

p *mf* *p*

1 For years a Fair - y Queen I've bin;
2 For years I reigned in Fair - y Dell; For I

C G7

mf

years I foiled the De - mon King;
waved my wand, and waved it well;

G7 Dm G7 C

p

But, a - las, I'm get - ting on, the years have flown some - how,
If I can't do all I did, I'm sat - is - fied be - cos' I'd

E7 Am E7 Am

And I feel that Fair - y Snow - drop is - n't want - ed now.
soon - er be a "Has - been" than I would a "Nev - er was." *mf*

D7 G E7 Cm D7 G

No - bod - y loves a Fair - y when she's For - ty, No - bod - y loves a

G7 Ab7 G7

CHORUS

No - bod - y loves a Fair - y when she's For - ty, No - bod - y loves a

C G7 C Fm6 G7 C

Fair - y when she's old! She may still have a ma - gic power, but
The face of this Im - mor - tal One to
As far as I can see they try to
They don't give you an earth - ly chance to

C Cdim Dm A7 Dm A7

that is not e - nough, They like their bit of ma - gic from a
man - y has ap - pealed, But gone is the il - lu - sion once you've
push you off the map, When once your Wand has with - ered, and your
make a live - li - hood, They're build - ing Coun - cil Hous - es now in

Dm A7 D7

young-er bit of stuff; When once your Sil-ver Star has lost its glit-ter,
 had it soled and heeled; When you have lost your lit-tle Fair-y dim-ples,
 Wings re-fuse to flap; When you can't cast a spell with-out it spil-ling,
 my En-chant-ed Wood; When you are past the age for Tel-e-vis-ion,

G Gdim G7 C G7 Fm6

— And your tin-sel looks like rust in- stead of gold, — Your
 — And the moth-holes in your dress let in the cold, — The
 — And a Fair-y tale for years you have-n't told, — You
 — And the air you use is Gov-ern-ment Con-trolled, — It

G7 C C7 C+ F A7 Dm

Fair-y days are end-ing when your wand has start-ed bend-ing,
 Gob-lins and the Pix-ies turn their backs and say, "Hi Nix-ey!",
 stand there shout-ing, "What O,"but they all pass by your Grot-to,
 seems that they would soon-er list-en to a blink-ing Crooner,

No-one loves a

Dm G7 C Cdim C Ab7 D7

Fair-y when she's old! — old! —

G7 C C C7 Cdim Fm C