## Let the Rest of the World Go By music by Ernest R.

Ball and lyrics by J. Keirn Brennan (1919)

```
A_{(2)}
               F7_{(1)} A
                              A_{(2)} F7_{(1)} A
Is the struggle and strife we find in this life
                    E7 A A
Really worth while, after all?
                               C\#m_{(1)} G\#7_{(1)} C\#m7_{(1)} C\#m_{(2)}
          A_{(2)}
                 F7_{(1)} A
                                                                     Am_{(1)}
I've been wishing to day I could just
                                           run
                                                   а
                                                            way
                                                                      Out
                      E7 Eaug
          B7
where the west winds call
                                E7
                         Α
                                              E7
      With someone like you, a pal good and true
                       E7 A
      I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find some
                         D
                                   Α
                                         F#7
       Some place that's known to God alone
       B7 B7 E_{(2)} B7<sub>(1)</sub> E7_{(2)} Eaug<sub>(1)</sub>
       Just a spot to call our own. We'll
                      Α
                                     Ε
                                                 E7
       Find the perfect peace, where joys never cease
                 E7 C# C#7
       Out there beneath a kindly sky.
                                           E7
      We'll build a sweet little nest, some where in the west
                                      A_{(2)} Cdim_{(1)} E7_{(2)} G\#_{(1)}
                   E7
                             E7
      And let the rest of the world go by.
      A_{(2)} F7_{(1)} A
                                      F7_{(1)} A
                          A_{(2)}
Is the future to
                  hold, just struggles for gold,
          E7
                    E7
While the real world waits outside,
                                      away
                 C#m_{(1)} G#7_{(1)} C#m7_{(1)} C#m_{(2)} Am_{(1)}
A_{(2)}
       F7_{(1)} A
out on the breast, of the won
                                     der
                                            ful
                                                     west,
                                                               Α
         B7
                  E7
                       Eaug7
cross the Great Divide?
```