

A E G
 Dirted all my seeds, planted in rows
D A
 the untied shoelaces of your life
E
 Nurtured all year then pressed in a book
G D A
 Or displayed with bad taste at the table
E G
 Problems arise and you fan the fire
D
 While there's a wild pack of dogs loose in
A E
 your house tonight. Cut from bad cloth
G D
 Or soiled like socks. Add it up and basically people never
Am Em
 Change. They just talk and make plans in the dark
Am G Em
 Or make haste with ideas they can't help but creep good people out
Am G Em A
 As you talk to me too much you're assuming we don't always want what is right.

(play intro)

A
 Did I strike the right set of chords? You're annoyed
 the goal is to ignite you and move on.
 You feel ill at ease, you've got no squeeze
 and the wise cracks won't make you more stable
 You've learned your lines to scale and to time
 Why must I remind you that I'm only less able
 Cut from bad cloth, or soiled like socks
 We're ordinary people we can't help but to change
 As we walk and make plans in the dark
 And make haste with the boy who can't help to creep good people out.
 As you talk to me too much you're assuming we don't always want what is right.

A E G
 Two fallen saplings in an open field
D E
 Snow padding gently on an empty bench
A E G
 An old woman's jewelry lying unadorned
D A
 Cold nesting robins allied for the first time
E D
 I know when you hear these sappy lines
E G
 You'll roll your eyes and say "nice try".