

Re-runs of Today

^{EB} ^{Ab7} ^{Cm} ^{Ab7}
 March 31st for the blessed the cursed
 For the antennae wires in their sway ^{Fm7} ^{Bb7}
 The ~~beaters~~ are rich, but the son of a bitch
 Is confused and is pointed away
 The ~~military~~ garage draws a crowd, is the rage
 The Salvation Army's at work and at pray
 And for all of their gumption and endless assumption
 The sum total of what they await -
 is just re-runs of today

^{F#m} ^{Ab7} ^{Cm} ^{Ab7}
 The clerk feels his back, kid steps on a tack
 Lovers in hotels are sweating in sheets ^{Fm7} ^{Bb7}
 Families are winding out tales that are binding
 Animals fear and looking for eat
 Conferences gathering bodies for blabbering
 How to improve, save, to mend and defect
 Earl Nightingale holds see the presidents' jewels
 All there is - oh so sorry to say
 is more re-runs of today

^{EB} ^{Ab7} ^{Cm} ^{Ab7}
 Marble slides from the thumb, bread is broken in crumbs
 The trolley goes wallowing down the hot streets ^{Fm7} ^{Bb7}
 The city is crawling, the countryside's falling
 The oceans are heaving round ^{Fm7} ^{Bb7} of debris
 The earth is so smooth it seems not to move
 The sun is at home in its own galaxies
 The galaxies fade in their Friday Parade
 And we drink lemonade as we watch the display
 of these re-runs of today.