

239-5065  
680 mission

Well I was ~~rumination~~ <sup>near the top</sup> of an old well  
Long Tall Sally she's ~~got in the street~~  
callin come back to the street

Sayin we should ~~see~~ <sup>Em</sup> our limits  
But it's ~~not~~ <sup>Em</sup> ~~every~~ <sup>ATC</sup> ~~year~~  
~~what~~ <sup>ATC</sup> what you think  
What you think you are <sup>Em</sup> <sup>BB6</sup>

There's 2 slippery sides and it's hard to ~~find~~ <sup>Em</sup> <sup>ATC</sup> <sup>catch the</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>ward</sup>  
Hatchet Murders Harry Shure coulda used some discipline  
But down in the Mission someone can't leave his <sup>Em</sup> <sup>BB6</sup> <sup>ATC</sup> <sup>foot</sup>  
Cause that's what he thinks what he thinks <sup>Em</sup> <sup>BB6</sup>

It's just my nature <sup>Em</sup> <sup>BB6</sup> <sup>ATC</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>say</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>BB6</sup>  
Such nomenclature traps us strays us

Such alarmed patterns found  
Can't teach an old dog new tricks  
Once the eyes set it stiles

Here on the corner of Main and 46 St  
We are ~~waiting~~ <sup>Em</sup> <sup>BB6</sup> <sup>ATC</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>contact</sup>  
~~Concrete like so many boots~~

Down in the valley I was countin my fingers in toes  
There's a sun and a wind it got a rummy nose  
Sally's laughin at me cause I'm addin up the parts  
Sayin that's just what you think  
what you think you are,