

D7 F7 Bb7 A7  
 She didn't roll her eyes back  
 she didn't say she already knew  
 she's no queen out of the tarpaper sheets  
 when she goes out walking & follow her  
 when she goes out shopping  
 & look at what she buys

AM7 A7 D7 G7 F7 B7 A7  
 Sometimes

D7  
 Fast as I can I ran on the lamb  
 To the Church of anything goes  
 The guest speaker for the evening  
 Was a short gly named God those  
 Everyone was smiling and asking me out to her farm  
 where they had a lot of jewels & precious stones  
 amidst the praise talk I detected a chilling fear  
 I heard them whispering about a sacrifice  
 Can get me outa here?

D7  
 then I read what they said in the newspapers  
 and I became downhearted  
 We got 30,000 Bombs that can blow up LA  
 and so many ways to get them to their targets  
~~there with inflation we want~~  
 Now the D7 Russians got about 20,000 but just getting started  
 and asked for the facts of the matter  
 what! I told them the facts of the matter  
 I'll get me outa here  
 But no one ever use them would they?  
 Help! get me outa here  
 Oh the branches might fall from the cypress trees they're sure to wither  
 or it could be an obscure disease  
 D7 then began meditating