

Am C
God speed all the baker s at dawn
F
May they all cut their thumbs
C
And bleed into their buns
Am G
Till they melt away

Chorus 2:

G C
I m looking in on the good life
F G
I might be doomed never to find
C
Without a trust or flaming fields
F G
Am I too dumb to refine?
C
And if you d a took to me like
F C
Well I d a danced like the queen of the eyesores
F G
And the rest of our lives would a fared well

Outro