

4/4

After an especially personal song,
I heard the crowd begin to sing out loud,
And tear my song asunder.
In my mind they weren't too kind
As they boldly started to thunder:

CG CG
F C
G C
F C
G C

chorus: "Oh no! It can't be so!
Another damn song about yourself!
I guess you think if we've had enough drinks
We'll listen and toast your good health."

F C
G C
F C
G C

"You've sung a song about building your house.
It goes on for hours, it talks about showers
And various problems you faced.
If it talked about flowers, perhaps it wouldn't sour
My stomach when i think of the place."

CG CG
F C
G C
F C
G C

[chorus]

"You often describe your musical life.
You must write reams on personal themes
To sing about being a star;
It can make one scream, or at least day-dream
As you carelessly strum your guitar."

CG CG
F C
G C
F C
G C

[chorus]

"Those serious songs about your love life –
Who cares about that, you clueless dingbat?
We've got issues of our own.
Musically falling flat, or even your cats;
Why do you continue to drone?"

CG CG
F C
G C
F C
G C

[chorus]

"So now i'm beginning to wonder
How can you bear to stand up there
And ramble on about your life?
Are you aware of how much you share?
Do you do it to your own wife?"

CG CG
F C
G C
F C
G C

[chorus]

"And this latest song, about humility –
How low do you think that we're willing to sink
To swallow such personal drivel?
Listen, you fink, we're on the brink,
Of becoming very uncivil!"

CG CG
F C
G C
F C
G C

[chorus]