

Am E F C

Oh Yeah.

All Right.

Somebody's Heiney is crowding my icebox.

Somebody's cold one is giving me chills.

Guess I'll just close my eyes.

Oh yeah.

All right.

Feels good.

Inside.

Flip on the Tele... Wrestle with Jimmy.

Somethin' is bubblin' behind my back.

The bottle is ready to go.

Say it ain't so a-woah-a-woah.

Your drug is a heartbreaker.

Say it ain't so a-woah-a-woah.

My love is a life-taker.

I can't confront you, I never could do...

That which might hurt you. Try and be cool, when I say:

This way is-a-waterslide-away-from-me-to-chase-her-fuller-everyday! Hey!

So be cool.

CHORUS

Am Am E E F F C C

C Riff

Dear daddy, I write you in spite of fears of silence.

You cleaned up, found Jesus, Things are good also I hear.

This bottle of Stevens awakens ancient feelings...

Like father, Step-Father...

This song is drowning in the blood! Yeah Yeah-Yeah Yeah-Yeah!

CHORUS

CHORUS

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