

C Cmaj7
Billy rapped all night about his suicide, how he
Am Am7
kick it in the head when he was twenty-five.
Em G
Don't wanna stay alive when your twenty five.

C Cmaj7
Wendy's stealing clothes from unlocked cars and
Am Am7
Freddy's got spots from ripping off stars
Em G
from his face - a funky little boat race.

Dm
The television man is crazy sayin' we're
E Am
juvenile delinquent wrecks.
F C
Well, man, I need a TV when I've got
G
T. Rex. Hey, brother, ya guessed - I'm a dude.

C Cmaj7
All the young dudes
Am Am7
Carry the news
Gm Gm7
Boogaloo dudes
D# A#
Carry the news
F Bb G C

C Cmaj7
Now Lucy's looking sweet, though he dresses like a queen, he can
Am Am7
kick like a mule, its a real mean team.
Em G
We can love, we can love.

C Cmaj7
And my brother's back at home with his Beatles and his Stones we
Am Am7
never got it off on that revolution stuff.
Em G
What a drag - too many snags.

Dm
Well I drunk a lotta wine and I'm feelin' fine -
E Am
gonna race some cat to bed. Is this
F C
concrete all around or is it
G
in my head? Oh, Brother, ya guessed - I'm a dude.

CHORUS