

**What You Got  
Blackers**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#  
#  
#

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#

Date: Wed, 08 Jan 1997 23:32:49 -0800  
From: David Petroff  
Subject: Chords: What You Got by The Blackers

--  
>From the album More Than We Were Before  
Words by Jim Lauzon  
Music by Jim Lauzon

Verse I:

**C#**                    **G#m/B**                    **A**                    **E/G**  
There was once a bunch of monks who spent some months blowin their  
chunks

**F#**            **G#**            **C#**  
Into a silver bowl

**C#**                    **G#m/B**                    **A**            **E/G**            **F#**  
Til some tiny Asian put a termination to that situation & now  
celebration

**G#**                    **C#**  
Is just about their only goal

**F7**    **Bbm**  
But here in the backwoods we ve been clearly shown

**F7**    **Bbm**  
That wisdom grows best when it s left alone

**G#**                    **A**                    **B**            **C#**  
So don t wait on the doorstep baby go on in

**G#**                    **A**                    **B**            **C#**

& don t sing me songs about the cold cold wind

**A Eb7 G#7**  
As you hurry to hide your gloves

Chorus:

**C# F# B F#**  
La la la la la la love

**C# F# B F#**  
La la la la la la love

**C# F# B F#**  
Sit back & savour the red

**C# F# B F#**  
Your future ain t over just yet

**C# F# B F# G#**  
No so shut up & take what you can get

Verse II:

You always take us for the fakest fools that s our status  
In your world where pathos defines the true  
You d like to be mistook for an urban peasant or a farmer  
In your little drama nobody d be so fine as you  
But you re weighed down by achin need  
You might think that you re raggin me  
But as far as I can see  
There ain t no sense to your agony  
So why do you make it out to be so rough?

Chorus:

La la la la la la love  
La la la la la la love  
Sit back & savour the red  
Don t worry about what it was that you said  
No, just shut up & take what you can get

Verse III:

You ve always claimed to be among the maimed society s shamed  
Bent bound & framed in the sin you wade in  
So what if you scorched your fortune well I still don t think torture s  
Somethin worth simulatin  
You re constantly mismatchin  
The disease that you got with the one that you re catchin  
You can t keep goin around scratchin  
Anybody who wasn t exactly how you d imagined  
Your situations babe are the kind that dogs dream of

Chorus:

La la la la la la la love  
La la la la la la la love  
Sit back & savour the red  
Your future ain't over just yet  
So don't worry about what it was that you said  
No, just shut up & take what you can get

Verse IV:

Princess of the plebs & the paupers hailing from some other  
World where you wouldn't have to deny her  
Influence & your flight from wealth but babe you gotta be yourself  
Not just someone you happen to admire  
Your biggest mistake  
Is the way that you hesitate  
You couldn't expect me to wait  
For you to finally rise up & wake  
& wonder what it was you were dreaming of

Chorus:

La la la la la la la love  
La la la la la la la love  
Sit back & savour the red  
Don't worry about what it was that you said  
Your future ain't over just yet  
No so shut up & take what you can get