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