

Election

Don DiLego

[G] All we are is all we are
Something in the way that we were [D] made
Of [G] chromosomes and crooked bones
Happiness is all that re[D]mains

But [F#7] sometimes it seems,
Iâ€™m [Bm] hopelessly [A/C#] just [D]pushing for the [Em] world to elect [D] me

Now [G] I believe in Novacane
The numbing of the senseless and the [D] vain
And [G] if I held a loaded gun
Would you reveal to me your [D]compassion?

[F#7] Fashionably
I [Bm] wearing [A/C#] down the [D] inches of [Em] mercury, in [D] me

[G] Wonâ€™t somebody [D] please
[G] Please choose [D] me?

And [G] if I found the way to purge
Iâ€™m confident Iâ€™d forget [D] the words

Iâ€™m [F#7] thinking again
The [Bm] truth is [A/C#] never [D] all that it [Em] seems, seems to [D] be

[G] Wonâ€™t somebody [D] please
[G] Please elect [D] me
[G] Please [Gm] [D] me?

[G] [D] [G] [D] - repeated