

Clean Up Your Own Backyard

Elvis Presley

Intro: **E**

E

Back porch preacher preaching at me

E

Acting like he wrote the golden rules

A

Shaking his fist and speeching at me

E

Shouting from his soap box like a fool

B7

Come Sunday morning he s lying in bed

A

With his eye all red, with the wine in his head

A

Wishing he was dead when he oughta be

E

Heading for Sunday school

A

Clean up your own backyard

E7

Oh don t you hand me none of your lines

B7

Clean up your own backyard

A

E7

You tend to your business, I ll tend to mine

E

Drugstore cowboy criticizing

E

Acting like he s better than you and me

A

Standing on the sidewalk supervising

E

Telling everybody how they ought to be

B7

Come closing time most every night

A

He locks up tight and out go the lights

A

And he ducks out of sight and he cheats on his wife

E

With his employee

A

Clean up your own backyard

E7

Oh don t you hand me none of your lines

B7

Clean up your own backyard

A

E7

You tend to your business, I ll tend to mine

E

E

Armchair quarterback s always moanin

E

Second guessing people all day long

A

Pushing, fooling and hanging on in

E

Always messing where they don t belong

B7

When you get right down to the nitty-gritty

A

Isn t it a pity that in this big city

A

Not a one a little bitty man ll admit

E

He could have been a little bit wrong

A

Clean up your own backyard

E7

Oh don t you hand me, don t you hand me none of your lines

B7

Clean up your own backyard

A

E7

You tend to your business, I ll tend to mine

B7

Clean up your own backyard

A

E7

You tend to your business, I ll tend to mine