

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