

Careening Catalog Immemorial
Frontier Ruckus

Capo 4

Solo:

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2-----3-----|
-0---0-0h2-0-0|  repeat 1x
--2-0-----|
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G

C

There's a white limousine with Massachusetts plates

Em

A major

And on the loose its occupants, those 90s prom dates

C

Careen

-solo-

I tongue at my molar, you're my only consoler
You're my midnight buyer in the back of the Meijer
Yeah

My world's a comprehensive private diorama
Unpunctuated by any comma
You got

I was a queer balladeer, so proud of our new minivan
You know your dad gave all he had, he does his best for you just when he can

Greenfield Village and a field trip version
Of young faces on every person
I knew

Now all the modern dilettantes, they typed out their privileged isms
In their moronic fonts and hyped-out syllogisms

With some get-well cards from my date-stamp aunt
Yeah, I'd frame all that minor fame, but I just can't

When my best friend Doug's brother had some flashy two-seater
All the sleepover soda when we explode a splashy two-liter

The stoplights are cherry red, or very greenish blue
Like the mushy color of the 7-Eleven slushy hue

A major

C

And the liquid wicked warping (repeat twice and on final warping play solo)

Of an ambling ambulanceâ€™s distancing pitch
I hooked my thumb through your belt loop from which I hitched to every twitch
You made

What we found stashed in the trashed-out woods behind the Taco Bell
Is why I identify early sex with the oily smell

Of WD-40 and a blindness to the ways
Of the kindness behind us and the lukewarm heat lamp buffets

Now we report all our pathos to the food court police
Where the pity and the loss grow so shitty and obese
And sad

A major **C**

But in Bakerâ€™s frozen woodlot

A major **C**

With the smiling sniffing good snot

A major **C**

You tried to wipe away but you could not

(solo)

When the sunâ€™s explosion And slow plummet

(solo)

Can look so frozen As we glow from it

All our disastrous love, it goes by many titles
It froze inside the snows where Iâ€™d dropped it with its broken vitals

But I remember your sorrow outside of Espresso
With all you wanted to borrow, and all I said was â€œI guess soâ€•
(solo)

And I wish I had

(solo)

Just granted you that