

Jeremiah Weed  
Gary Jules

A F  
Poor Jeremiah,  
G F  
His body is broken,  
A F G  
Lying in the alley where he fell.  
A F  
His head is racing home,  
G F  
To the hill of California,  
A G A  
Poor Jeremiah weed.  
A F  
He s got his friends,  
G F  
He s got his devices,  
A F G  
He got no need for you.  
A F  
No need for sympathy,  
G F  
No need for surprises,  
A G A  
Poor Jeremiah weed.  
A E G D  
Well I know, when it comes to those,  
A E D  
The paint he laid down never fade,  
E G D  
I hope Jeremiah knows,  
G D  
That s the way it goes,  
G D E  
The Son will find no shame upon him

\*\*AND SO ON\*\* -- CHORDS ARE STILL THE SAME

Poor Jeremiah,  
Seven pockets stuffed with empty  
People walking everywhere,  
But no one says a word.  
He s tried killing time,  
But it won t sit still,  
Poor Jeremiah weed.

Well I know, when it comes to those,  
The paint he laid down never fade,

I hope Jeremiah knows,  
That s the way it goes,  
The Son will find no shame upon him.

Poor Jeremiah  
All hail the Holy Roller  
A winner in the city  
Make you think you re in hell  
It s hard to believe  
He was laughing at you  
Poor Jeremiah weed  
Oh, poor Jeremiah weed.  
Oh poor Jeremiah weed.

Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah weed  
Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah weed  
Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah weed  
(fades)