

I Guess It All Makes Sense At The End  
Hank Green

E B A

Iâ€™d like to do some calculations

E B A

In the hopes that Iâ€™ll come to some realizations.

C#m

My mind is not what it used to be,

B

That certainly isnâ€™t news to me,

C#m

But I want to know how my life was spent

A B

Now that I know that Iâ€™m near the end.

E B A

So I add, subtract, multiply, and divide

E B A

To try and figure out what I did with my life.

E B E

I spent twenty-seven years in my bed,

E B A E

And thereâ€™s not much that I wouldâ€™ve preferred to do instead.

E B E B

I spent two years chewing, and six months wooing,

E B E B

And, Iâ€™m sure youâ€™re curious, almost three years pooing.

C#m

I spent twenty-five years working for a guy,

B

That I wanted to kill when I didnâ€™t want to die,

A

But I spent fifty-seven years loving you my friend,

E

A

B

E

So I guess it all makes sense at the end.

E

B

A

I spent nearly a full year masturbating,

E

B

A

Second only to the year we spent copulating.

C#m

I know youâ€™re not a fan of this vulgarity,

B

But completeness is important for full clarity.

C#m

I spent more than seven years watching television,

A

B

And how could I not regret that decision,

E

A

B

But I donâ€™t think that Iâ€™ll ever know how much time,

E

A

B

I did or didnâ€™t spend lookinâ€™ into your eyes.

E

B

E

I spent twenty-seven years in my bed,

E

B

A

E

And thereâ€™s not much that I wouldâ€™ve preferred to do instead.

E B E B

I spent two years chewing, and six months wooing,

E B E B

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C#m

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B

That I wanted to kill when I didnâ€™t want to die,

A

But I spent fifty-seven years loving you my friend,

E A B E

So I guess it all makes sense at the end.

E B A

Iâ€™ve never known any way but numbers and sums

E B A

To understand what we are and what we have become,

C#m

But like numbers are perfect, thatâ€™s how this has been for me,

B

And I hope that I still give you everything you need.

C#m

Eighty years alive and four eating food.

A B

Five reading books and fifty-seven with you.

E A B

Two eyes, one nose, one smile, one life.

E

A

B

It somehow isnâ€™t ever quite enough time.

E

B

E

I spent twenty-seven years in my bed,

E

B

A

E

And thereâ€™s not much that I wouldâ€™ve preferred to do instead.

E

B

E

B

I spent two years chewing, and six months wooing,

E

B

E

B

And, Iâ€™m sure youâ€™re curious, almost three years pooing.

C#m

I spent twenty-five years working for a guy,

B

That I wanted to kill when I didnâ€™t want to die,

A

But I spent fifty-seven years loving you my friend,

E

A

B

E

So I guess it all makes sense at the end.

E

A

B

E

Oh, I guess it all makes sense at the end.

E

A

B

E

Yeah, I guess it all makes sense at the end.