

When I Played Around With Knives

John Mann

CAPO III

C G Am F  
Played a game in my younger life, a lot like twister but with a knife  
C G Am F  
Threw the point into the ground to bend my brother s body round  
C G Am F  
No one bled and if they did, didn t cry  
C G Am F  
Don t recall a watchful eye  
F C G C  
I think we led safer lives when we played around with knives

C G Am F  
Left the house for hours on end, home to eat then back again  
C G Am F  
Raced around the monkey trails with my back-step brakes that never failed  
C G Am F  
I road through the woods alone,  
C G Am F  
out of sight and far from home  
F C G C  
I think I got the richer life on my rusting no-speed bike

F G C F  
When patience broke and I was pulled to my room  
F G C F  
I took it on the ass with the same wooden spoon  
F G  
That beat the cookie dough

C G Am F  
No kid ever disappeared, and if they did we d never hear  
C G Am F  
The sordid details of their deaths never landed on my doorstep  
C G Am F  
I was taught to be polite,  
C G Am F  
how to eat and sit upright  
C G Am F  
But I was left alone to fight,  
C G Am F  
figure out if that felt right  
F C G C  
I think we got richer lives on our rusting, no-speed bikes  
F C G C  
I think we led safer lives when we played around with knives

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