

**Crabbuckit**  
**k-os**

• K-os  
{Chords by Joan's Genius 2009}

Chord Pattern is Gm F Eb D throughout the entire song

Intro: **Gm F Eb D** x6

Verse 1:

**Gm F Eb D**  
Took a trip on a bus that didn't know  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Met a girl sellin' drinks at the disco  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Said truth comes back when you let it go  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Seems complicated 'cause it's really so simple  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Walkin' down Yonge Street on a Friday  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Can't follow them, gotta do it my way  
**Gm F Eb D**  
No fast lane, still on the highway  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Movin' in and out, no doubt there's a brighter way

Chorus: (do this 2x)

**Gm F Eb D**  
No time to get down cause I'm moving up  
**Gm F Eb D**  
No time to get down cause I'm moving up  
**Gm F Eb D**  
No time to get down cause I'm moving up  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Aaaahhhh, check out the crabs in the bucket

Verse 2:

**Gm F Eb D**  
It's like flies on the windscreen, writing on walls  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Square biz clones claim they're havin' a ball  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Foolin' themselves just before last call  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Tic-A-tic-A-toc, tic-A-tic-A-toc  
**Gm F Eb D**  
Clock strikes twelve, clock strikes one  
**Gm F Eb D**

Smoking gun put these fools on the run

**Gm F Eb D**

I know it s not that simple

**Gm F Eb D**

I know it s not that hard where to go

(repeat Chorus)

Verse 3:

**Gm F Eb D**

It s a conniption, fit from the microphone flit

**Gm F Eb D**

I take it higher like a bird on a wire, retire the fire

**Gm F Eb D**

I never cause I m just moving on up

**Gm F Eb D**

Choosin to touch the unseen, craving the clutch

**Gm F Eb D**

The most inevitable legible pyromania

**Gm F Eb D**

Slayinâ€™ the devil, and sendinâ€™ him back to Transylvania

**Gm F Eb D**

Strangely enough, I evolved that side of the ghetto

**Gm F Eb D**

But my heavy metal will settle the puppets like Gepetto

**Gm F Eb D**

Damn if mirrors were created by sand

**Gm F Eb D**

Then I m looking in the water for reflections of man

**Gm F Eb D**

Understand the minds above time when it s empty

**Gm F Eb D**

Emcee, Tragically Hip â€œAhead by a Centuryâ€•

(repeat Chorus)