Bury Me In Analog
Mischief Brew

bury me in analog

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G          C                    G          C
So I got a stack of tapes, Got a name and maybe date,
        G        C    Em         D
They re gonna be worth Something someday
G          C                 G         C
That is if I pop that song, Just about three minutes long,
G            C                Em               D
 Bout how you told me wrong Or make the outrage safe
      G          C    G        C
And if before my time I decide to take my life
      G              C          Em            D
You could take these treasures And pull them up into light
        G          C       G          C
Make every song a gem, Take every one of them,
    G        C        Em         D
Release a collection Of cacophonic hits
C     G        D           Em        D
And remix, and remaster, My disasters
C             G         D           Em
Our first-track words And never before heard
         D         C              C
Acoustic takes, it s yours, From the shoebox to the online store
G     C      Em      D
Bury me in analog, Pull the reels up
G       C         Em            D
Nearly burn that water log, And release it
      C            G
They bought it, you sold it
      D          Em
Got nothin  for everyone
      C            G
They bought it, you sold it
      D          Em
Got nothin  for everyone
G          C                    G          C
And when it goes out of print, You could then re-issue it
G          C                  Em                 D
Trade off the publishin  rights, To the highest bid
G          C                    G          C
To a queen or king of pop, Sell revolution off,
G          C                  Em              D
It s an investment, man, I can t make this stuff up
G          C                    G          C
And the brats I leave behind Will party every night
G          C                  Em                 D
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And sleep all day til five, And live the trust fund life
G   C   G   C
An they ll call the radio, Complain and curse and moan
G   C   Em   D
 Bout how everybody thinks, It s cake to live this way
C   G   D   Em   D
And my grave will be showered With the latest in flower power
C   G   D   Em   D
And the freaks will drive by my street, And cry and sing and dream
C   C
And listen to the new CD
G   C   Em   D
Bury me in analog, Take the suit and
G   C   Em   D
You can have it auctioned off, Couple thousand
C   G
They bought it, you sold it
      D   Em
Got nothin for everyone
C   G
They bought it, you sold it
      D   Em
Got nothin for everyone
G   C   Em   D
Bury me in analog, Every paper
G   C   Em   D
That I ever scribbled on, Is a treasure
C   G   D   Em
Chart-topper, best seller Yeah, it ll be yours to take
C   G   D   Em
And buy it and sell it, It s all garbage anyway
C   G   D   Em   G
The b s and the suckers Have all gone out to play