

First Song Part 2
Ramshackle Glory

C E F C
C E F G

C E
I took the needle out of my arm about
F C
A year ago today,
C E
And every day since then Iâ€™ve been taking
F G
The needle out of my brain.
F G
So when Iâ€™m staring down at my hands I canâ€™t explain
E F
Just what it is that Iâ€™m thinking of,
G C
Except thank god that all my veins have to pump is my blood.

C E F C
C E F G

C E
Iâ€™ve done you so much wrong I canâ€™t believe
F C
You would still talk to me.
C E
And I say so much bullshit I canâ€™t believe
F G
That anyone around me can breathe.
F G
I know that itâ€™s a little dramatic,
E F
But the word for not changing is â€œdead.â€•

G C

So Iâ€™m getting better, my friends, but please donâ€™t hold your breath.

C E F C
C E F G

C E
I met a man in rehab the first time,
F C
An organizer in prison.
C E
He lived in Chicago when the cops shot Fred Hampton,

F

G

But he was just a kid back then.

F

G

Justice doesn't flow from police guns,

E

F

I'm reminded of that all the time.

G

C

As long as there is a law, peace will be a crime.

C E F C

C E F G

C

E

What the news calls economics,

F

C

I still call it violence.

C

E

If your god is a judge or a jailer,

F

G

I'm still an atheist.

F

G

But I try to have faith in the things that will happen;

E

F

I get saved from myself when i do.

G

C

So maybe "god" isn't the right word, but I believe in you.

C E F C

C E F G