

## Love Song For The Birds In Our Backyard Ramshackle Glory

The whole song is G D C G. The strumming pattern is a little difficult but the chords are simple.

Just like that it was winter again here in the desert.  
In June, our house was empty. In September it s full of house guests.  
They re too punk, or I m too punk, for words to come out  
sitting here in the living room of our beautiful, broken-down house.  
I ve been working so much lately, when I m home I feel like a stranger  
in a foreign country where I can t speak the language  
of unemployment, minor crimes, plans to get the hell out  
I mutter fuck the police and lie down in our beautiful, broken-down house.  
Da da da da da da da da  
We were in the kitchen, it was the week you first moved in.  
I said, We re glad to have you. You shrugged. Well, it s here or a ditch...  
Thanks for dancing, thanks for singing, thanks for sticking around  
and making a home with us here in our beautiful, broken-down house.  
On my days off I like to sit up on the roof and watch the traffic.  
There s my buddy Micky from the laundromat, walking by looking pretty dope  
sick.  
And hell, I remember that walk, but I haven t taken it for three years now.  
So Micky, come here and lie down in our beautiful, broken-down house.  
Da da da da da da da da  
The last couple weeks I know you ve been having trouble breathing  
and maybe, truthfully, trouble with most things  
but don t you worry if the pipes freeze and power goes out.  
We ll just be friends who are cold, in the dark, of our beautiful, broken-down  
house.

G

D

And just like that it was summer again here in Tucson.

C

G

In March our house was a jungle, in July it s an abandoned parking lot.

G

D

You move back to England, you move with the seasons, you move where it s hip right now.

C

G

I say, Fuck them all and lie down in our beautiful, broken-down house.

Da da da da da da da da