

We Are All Compost In Training
Ramshackle Glory

One of my favorite songs off of Ramshackle Glory s album Live the Dream.

G C Em C

G **C** **Em**
i want freedom, not a boss that comes in a forty ounce bottle of anything or
C
taped scotch paper.

G **C** **Em**
i eat meat and drive trucks and shoot guns and donâ€™t trust in the federal
C
government to solve our problems.

G **C** **Em**
you might think Im joking, but Im not a republican. call me when your
C
president pulls out of Afghanistan,

G **C** **Em**
because thatâ€™s the day Ill get a cell phone number, and you can call and
C **G**
leave a message on voice mail that day.

G **C** **Em**
i fell asleep smoking so Id wake up on fire, because that might get me out
C
of bed for a while

G **C** **Em**
and back into battle with the things that I breathe, and the holes in my
C
arms, and the way that i think.

G **C** **Em**
and if freedom is doing what i want, well that means I gotta know what that
C
is, not just what it isnâ€™t.

G **C** **Em**
so Ill dig up the dirt and Ill throw down some seeds, because the world
C **G** **C**
needs more spinach, not more motherfuckers like me.

Em
motherfuckers like me

(ohohohoh, etc.)