

**Topsy Turvy**  
**Rodney Crowell**

Topsy Turvy

**Bb7**

Daddyâ€™s in the kitchen (?) sauerkraut,  
Mommaâ€™s in the bedroom nearly all cried out  
Daddy thinks whiskey makes him big and smart,  
Mamma thinks daddyâ€™s got a concrete heart

**D# G# D# G# Bb7**

I wish I had a brother or a sister into I could turn

Bustinâ€™ out the windows with a baseball bat,  
Daddyâ€™s gone crazy like a bunk house rat,  
Mommaâ€™s on the sofa with a big black eye  
I cross my heart and tell myself I hope they die  
I wish I had a nickel for every time I cursed the word (?)

Chorus:

**Cm Cm7**

Mad house all topsy turvy a ship of fools with scurvy

**Bb7**

I don t like a thing about the way we live

Mommaâ€™s on the pavement with a broken arm  
Telling everybody that he meant no harm  
Talk about denial with a great big D,  
You can try to fool the neighbors but you canâ€™t fool me  
I wish some kind of millionaire would come adopt me on the spot

Chorus

**F**

Police knocked on our door, theyâ€™ve seen it all before

**D# C#**

Why donâ€™t you use restraint, weâ€™ve had a few complaints

Now all the other women up and down the block  
Are tuning up the static with the front door locked  
They great us in the morning with a great big grin  
But I know theyâ€™re only waiting till the roof caves in  
I donâ€™t even know if we can make it to another day

Chorus+

I don t like a thing about the way we live (repeat many times)

by: JosÃ© Duarte  
jtduartel@gmail.com