

Anything

Sixpence None The Richer

D A G  
This is my forty-fifth depressing tune

D A  
G Em  
They re looking for money as they clean my artistic womb

D A  
G Em  
And when I give birth to the child I must take to flight

D A G Em  
Cause the black in our pocket won t let us fight

A C  
A proper fight

A  
So hey baby

C A  
Can you shed some light on the problem maybe

C A D G  
Cause we re all tired and we d like to know

Em C Cm G G  
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show

Em C Cm G  
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign

C Cm G  
But anything would be fine

D A G  
We re all told to dance but we never picked the tune

D A  
G Em  
Hanging like puppets they feed us from bent steel spoons

D A  
G Em  
But we re sealing our lips for the someday when the needle

D A G Em  
And the vinyl play all the songs of the pain

A C  
Songs that explain

A  
All our circles and strains

C A  
So hey baby

C A  
Can you shed some light on the problem maybe

**C** **A** **D** **G**  
 Cause we re all crying and we d like to know  
     **Em** **C** **Cm** **G** **G**  
 If we should pack our tents, shut down the show  
                     **Em** **C** **Cm** **G**  
 Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign  
**C** **Cm** **G**  
 But anything would be fine

Solo

**C** **A** **D** **G**  
 We re all dying and we d like to know  
  
**Em** **C** **Cm** **G** **G**  
 If we should pack our tents, shut down the show  
                     **Em** **C** **Cm** **G**  
 Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign  
**C** **Cm** **G**  
 But anything would be fine  
**C** **Cm** **G**  
 Oh, anything would be fine