

Little Drunk Fists
Slobberbone

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the
song. You may #
#Only use this file for private study, scholarship, or
research.....#
From rogerh@dotcomnow.com June 18, 2001, Transcribed by
Rogerh.....#

Little Drunk Fists By Slobberbone
Written by Brent Best
From the Album: Barrel Chested
www.slobberbone.com

This is one of my favorite songs on the album (heck, I love them all to be
honest)

Intro:

D A D A D A G D

(D)Little drunk (A)fists across the (D)tip of my (A)chin
(D)Guess I should have (A)known that they d (G)be there (D)again

(D)Little Drunk (A)fists across the (D)width of my(A) jaw
(D)gets sometimes to where (A)I just don t feel them at (D)all

(G)That s (D)ok
(G)I can wait (D)another day
(G)for these (D)stupid concessions to be (E)made
(G)you weren t (D)to blame for
(G)checkin johnny walker s (D)name on the
(G)policeman s (D)notebook when (E)he came

Little drunk fists need some to their own
went out to meet some friends but
ended up all alone

Little drunk fists find and pick up the phone
but fumble on the numbers when they try
to dial home

That s ok
I can wait another day
for these stupid concessions to be made
You weren t to blame for checkin for johnny walker s name
on the policeman s notebook when he came

Little drunk fists raised for just one more round
end up buying six when the fifth hit the ground

Little baby fists touch my face, clutch my nose
but they'd rather touch their mothers but she don't know

Little drunk fists drove
the car home last night
turned left on oak street
when they should have turned right