```
Slacker
Son of Dork
Capo 8
Intro:
G# G#/F# Fm Eb
                   C#
G#
                G#/F#
                                 Fm
my friend s a computer hacker
                                       C#
                                                       Eb
but in school everybody said he was a slacker
G#
                G#/F#
he writes science fiction novels
       Eb
                                C#
                                                      Eb
he builds whole towns and villages from cola bottles
C#
he does equations just for fun
                                       Fm
eats low carb ice cream with his mum
                 Eb
                                         C#
                                                         Eb
sews cub scout badges on his sweater
he s just a feeling you ignore, a dumb computer hacker
trash can on the floor, a pitiful disaster
cried to sleep at night when he never got it right
cos he never realised, it doesn t even matter
G#
later on in life he s drowning in his laughter
C#
three kids and a wife, he s happy ever after
stoked to be alive with his dream up at nasa
C#
                         Eb
                                                             G#
                                                                 G#/F#
                                                                        Fm Eb C#
Eb
loving everyday. well, i guess it really pays to be a slacker
             G#/F#
G#
                                              Fm
he stays up all night playing tetris
asteroids, pacman written on his games to get
                        G#/F#
                                                   Fm
wasted nights spent up in his bedroom
                                                  Eb
tough times, long nights, must have been a lot to get through
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C#
                                         Eb
he s getting sharp pains in his wrist
                                          Fm
in his world girlfriend s don t exist
                                            Eb
can t even get an add on my space
he s just a feeling you ignore, a dumb computer hacker
trash can on the floor, a pitiful disaster
cried to sleep at night when he never got it right
cos he never realised, it doesn t even matter
later on in life he s drowning in his laughter
C#
three kids and a wife, he s happy ever after
stoked to be alive with his dream up at nasa
C#
                         Eb
                                                             G#
                                                                 G#/F#
                                                                        Fm Eb C#
Eb
loving everyday. well, i guess it really pays to be a slacker
    G#/F#
          Fm Eb
                  C#
G#
Fm
        Eb
            C#
                G#
                    Eb
                        Fm
    C#
         Eb
 Eb
Fm
                 G#
                                Eb
                                               C#
       he s the one all alone in despair
                                                    Fm
he s the one who thinks life isn t fair
                                                C#
he s the one sitting right over there
                                                    Eb
he s the lonely guy on the side looking kinda shy
you could see him ride passing by on a pedal bike
he s the funny type kinda like napoleon dynamite
     G#
he s just a feeling you ignore, a dumb computer hacker
trash can on the floor, a pitiful disaster
cried to sleep at night when he never got it right
cos he never realised, it doesn t even matter
G#
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C# Eb G# G#/F# Fm Eb C#

Eb

loving everyday. well, i guess it really pays to be a slacker

G# G#/F# Fm Eb C# Eb

Eb

it pays to be a slacker!