

Wedding Ring
The Park Bench Rant

Spinnaker (The Park Bench Rant)
Wedding Ring
Capo on the first fret
Tabbed by Zack Richardson

Intro- **C**

C

I sat next to a man on a park bench next to a hotdog stand he said,

G

catch the dragon's tail if you can. it's a rush man!

C

G

it's a bad plan but if you get your fix maybe the fifth or sixth time

it's a life it's a lie.

C

I said I'm through with coke he said you want some dope?

G

I choked and said I meant the drink man, what did you think man?

C

and we sat on your front steps I killed a bug with a cigarette

G

and you told about your first hit and I felt bad, I felt bad.

C

I said this one needs a chorus, maybe a sludgy number with some minor chords

G

C G

that they can tap their toes to, and not get bored because it rhymes.

C

then I gave this ring to you in hopes that we'd stay gold till we grow old

G

abby lee come away with me.

C

lets get lost and maybe be happy someday have a house

G

with trees on a lane so shady I know it's sappy

C

and I got up and went for a walk got down the block

G

got stung by a wasp she was mid-fifties

C G

white anglo-saxon square they're not going anywhere.

C

got into a fist and cuff with my boss. I lost. he was pretty tough

G

so I left and dropped my smoke. felt like a joke, felt like a joke

C

and I stumbled down my street on two broken feet past the bank

G

who I forgot to thank for their correspondence found out I was broke.

C

in fact worst then broke they can pinch and poke and push the yoke

G

while the rich man laughs oh what a gas oh what a funny fucked up joke

C

and I passed a black man with a blank stare we share the same air doesnâ€™t

seem fair

G

that the poor get no healthcare while the rich and bald can buy new hair,

C G

its fucked!

C

no mister I donâ€™t mean to stare at your brand new car no you donâ€™t care

G

we can go to war, or if your wifeâ€™s a whore. fuck the poor! you snooze, your

sore!

C

all they do is snore thatâ€™s why I lock my front door and if somethingâ€™s lost

you just

G

C

call the cops, call the cops while people just want jobs where they donâ€™t

get robbed

G

who do we call, when you get robbed.

C

who really scores all the dirty drugs is it the rich or thugs? I can tell

you that it

G

C

aint the poor. mister keep your stocks and shares, corner offices and

executive chairs

G

I broke my last red cent for my womanâ€™s love

C

G

and mister I canâ€™t pay the rent this month, no mister I canâ€™t pay the rent

this month

C G

C