

Old 97's, Desperate Times

alternate chording

Last night I dreamt of you, Abbie Hoffman peddling your books,
I gave five bucks to you, the other kids just gave you dirty looks.
I said "I'm sorry it didn't work out quite the way you planned."
You said, "That's silly boy, the revolution is at hand."
And if you got a ten spot brother, I got a dime,
These are desperate, desperate times.

Last night I dreamt of you, Pepe Lopez strung out on a stage,
It don't even look like you, smiling like sawed-off twenty gauge.
I still remember the Telecaster down around your knees,
It's late November and I think I smell tequila on the breeze.
And if you got the Cuervo honey, I got the lime,
These are desperate, desperate times.
And if you got the shotgun honey, I got the crime,
These are desperate, desperate times.