

You Am I, Guys, Girls, Guitars

There's a guy singing in the edge of the room
Making sounds through a face like a prune
He's got them fancy checkered pants and a chip in his tooth
Oh no, yeah, yeah, yeah
Suffocating from patchouli and smoke
Here's the fifty-first song that he wrote
About the girl who split fifty weeks ago
Oh no, yeah, yeah, yeah

And there's a weight sitting real heavy down there on his shoulder
The patented moves growing colder
The seventh chord just keeps getting older

Oh my soul, just hit me if I get on a roll
But this all sounded so good in the bedroom cold
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

But its only a 2 AM tune
With a bridge lifted from "My Aim Is True"
From the setlist drink to the practice room
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

But there's a weight sitting real heavy down there on his shoulder
The patented moves growing colder
The seventh chord just keeps getting older

And he knows just as sure as this microphone stinks
There's a change coming through and he ain't going home alone tonight

And there's a weight sitting real heavy down there on his shoulder
The seventh chord just keeps getting older
Is it me or is the room getting colder

Oh, we're going down, but don't it sound sweet
Feel the dust building up at our feet
The seventh chord just keeps getting older