

Father John Misty - Pure Comedy

Tom: E

[Chords]

Db Ab2 (or other variant)

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--X--|--X--|
--3--|--X--|
--1--|--3--|
--0--|--6--|
--X--|--6--|
--X--|--4--|
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[Verse]

The comedy of man starts like this
 Our brains are way too big for our mothers' hips
 And so Nature, she divines this alternative
 We emerged half-formed and hope that whoever greets us on the other end
 Is kind enough to fill us in
 And, babies, that's pretty much how it's been ever since
 Now the miracle of birth leaves a few issues to address
 Like, say, that half of us are periodically iron deficient
 So somebody's got to go kill something while I look after the kids
 I'd do it myself, but what, are you going to get this thing its milk?
 He says as soon as he gets back from the hunt, we can switch
 It's hard not to fall in love with something so helpless
 Ladies, I hope we don't end up regretting this

[Chorus]

Comedy, now that's what I call pure comedy
 Just waiting until the part where they start to believe
 Ab2 They're at the center of everything
 And some all-powerful being endowed this horror show with meaning

Oh, their religions are the best
 E7

They worship themselves yet they're totally obsessed
 With risen zombies, celestial virgins, magic tricks, these unbelievable outfits
 And they get terribly upset
 When you question their sacred texts
 Written by woman-hating epileptics

[Outro]

Their languages just serve to confuse them
 Their confusion somehow makes them more sure
 They build fortunes poisoning their offspring
 And hand out prizes when someone patents the cure
 Where did they find these goons they elected to rule them?
 What makes these clowns they idolize so remarkable?
 These mammals are hell-bent on fashioning new gods
 So they can go on being godless animals

[Solo]

[Chorus]

Oh comedy, their illusions they have no choice but to believe
 Their horizons that just forever recede
 And how's this for irony, their idea of being free is a prison of beliefs
 That they never ever have to leave

Oh comedy, oh it's like something that a madman would conceive!
 The only thing that seems to make them feel alive is the struggle to survive
 But the only thing that they request is something to numb the pain with
 Until there's nothing human left

[Outro]

Just random matter suspended in the dark
 I hate to say it, but each other's all we got

Acordes



