

Little Joy - How To Hang a Warhol

Tom: A

A D A
 Momma, someday you'll be so proud of me
 You'll see me hanging in the New York gallery
 D A
 Someday i'm gonna draw from the left side of my brain
 D A
 People are gonna ask, 'is it brilliant or plain?'

Gbm
 But as long as I don't know how to hang a Warhol
 A
 I keep sketching birds, that are all like herds
 Gbm
 Very simple and true, like, you know, when we do to
 D
 And if you like them, yeah
 E
 But if you don't, its ot bad
 A
 'Cause I really don't care

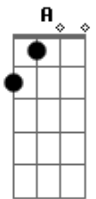
A D A
 I said, Papa someday I'm gonna write a symphony
 D A
 48-piece band all dressed up like me

D A
 I said, I'll write someday the saddest of old songs
 D A
 i'm gonna chill the marrow in their bones

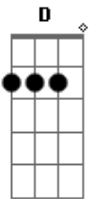
Gbm
 But as long as I can't get into Carnegie Hall
 A
 I keep writing songs that are all my own
 Gbm
 Very simple and dumb, like I always have done
 D
 If you like them, yeah
 E
 But if you don't, too bad
 Gbm
 'Cause it's all I have

E Bm
 Ever since I met her, I keep thinking
 Gbm E Bm
 'God, how great it is to play a guitar'
 Gbm E Bm
 This way I feel that she's always with me
 D E
 'Cause every other song's underneath this tongue
 A
 Is about our love

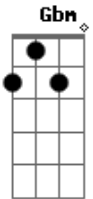
Acordes



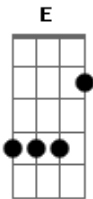
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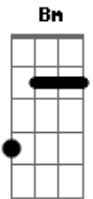
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